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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Edited by
GEORGE HARVEY

JANUARY

THE SENATE'S SERVICE
By DAVID JAYNE HILL

AMERICA'S GOOD FAITH
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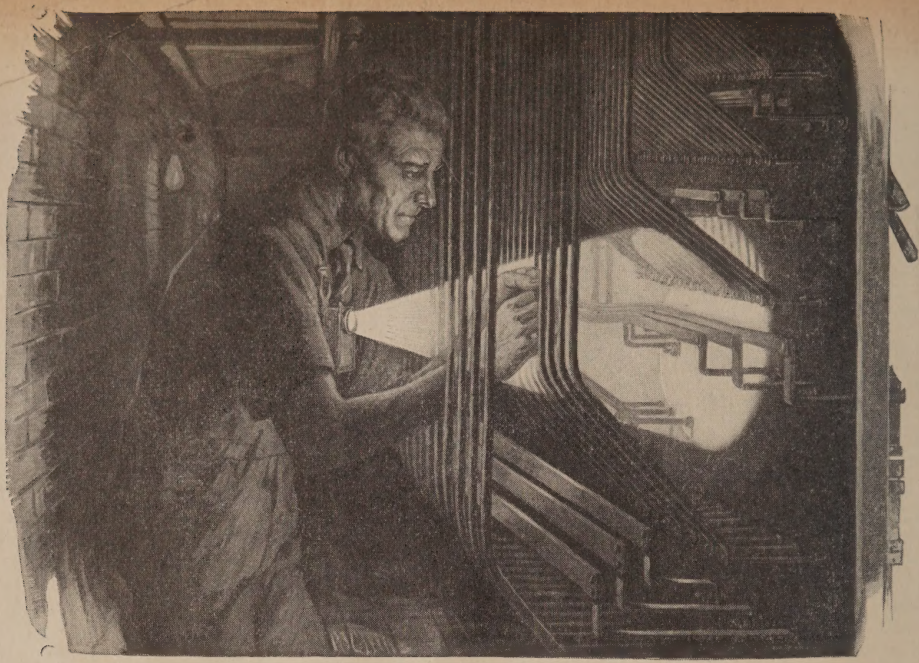

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
JANUARY, 1920

THE SENATE'S SERVICE TO THE NATION

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

DURING the months of discussion in the Senate regarding the Covenant of the League of Nations, there has been a steady growth of the conviction that no form of super-government should be accepted by the United States. This conclusion has rested upon two grounds: first, that a subordination of the powers of Congress to any form of international control is forbidden by the nature of the Constitution; and, secondly, that, even if such subordination were allowed by the Constitution, it would be inexpedient to enter into any international partnership that would involve the surrender of our national independence.

Even the most earnest advocates and defenders of the Covenant of the League of Nations have been finally compelled to assent to the soundness of these propositions; and they have, therefore, devoted their energies chiefly to the task of trying to make it appear that the Covenant does not set up a super-government, and that the sovereignty of the members of the League is in no respect diminished by the proposed compact.

If we could accept these representations as the correct measure of the League's powers and prerogatives, we should be entitled to celebrate the virtual triumph of the idea of an "Entente of Free Nations," advocated in this REVIEW one year ago, as well as the definite defeat of the

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original intention of the Paris Conference to create a super-government. Instead of the corporate entity to be established by the "Constitution of a League of Nations," controlled by an oligarchy composed of five Great Powers claiming a right of supervision over the smaller States, and having for its purpose the enforcement of peace by the exercise of preponderant military and economic force, the League is now represented by its proponents to be merely a voluntary association of entirely independent States, incapable of taking any action except by the unanimous agreement of all the members of the Council, whose united recommendations are held to be of a merely "advisory" character.

There would be no unanswerable objection to such an Entente as the Covenant thus represented would imply, if it were only a real one; for there is no more solid ground upon which to construct an international association than a clear and definite community of purpose when freely determined. In truth, by whatever name it may be called, whether "League" or "Alliance," such an association has no value except as it is in fact an Entente and continues to be one; but, for any association to have that character, there must be a common aim in which all the participants have the same if not an equal interest in uniting.

The League proposed in the Treaty of Versailles does not possess this quality. Its aims are divergent and even conflicting. On the one hand, it claims to be a general association for insuring future peace and international friendship; on the other, a union of victorious Powers for the execution of penalties upon conquered nations and the preservation by the victors of the fruits of conquest, which they have already divided among themselves and desire to possess henceforth for their separate benefit and aggrandizement. It is difficult to understand why any nation that has remained neutral during the war should wish to enter into this retributive combination, and thereby incur the hostility of those with whom they have continued friendly, in order to aid in executing the terms of a victory which they did not help to win but whose penalties they are now asked to aid in making effective.

Such an association as this League in its double character is declared to be is, in truth, at the same time something less and something more than an Entente of Free

Nations. It is something less, because it not only lacks the unity of purpose which an Entente must have, but it does not provide any clear statement of the principles on which it is founded. It speaks of justice, but it does not make justice the end of its existence. It proposes peace, but it is a peace which is not based on any defined national right but is to be imposed by superior force. It refers to law, but it does not provide for any specific code or agree upon its enforcement. It does not admit that sovereign States are jurally equal. It divides them into classes and bases the classification on power and magnitude, thereby eliminating that which is most vital in a true Entente of Free Nations,—their equal rights and their equal freedom. Being a combination for the mutual protection of all territorial possessions, regardless of the origin and nature of the title by which such possessions are held, in effect it repudiates the doctrine of national self-determination, and reaffirms the principle of imperial authority, thus reconsecrating the right of forcible conquest.

Notwithstanding the efforts to deny the charge that the Covenant of the League establishes a super-government, it is clearly demonstrable that it does so. It is true that an attempt was made in the process of revision at Paris to diminish the appearance of super-governmental authority in the League. The word "Constitution," which implied that a new authority was constituted, was dropped and the word "Covenant" made to take its place. The "Executive Council" became merely the "Council," thus obscuring its executive character. "The Body of Delegates," which seemed to connote the organic unity of the Powers, was changed to the more vague and indefinite designation the "Assembly," which is represented to be a mere hall of echoes where complaints and proposals may be voiced, without any power of action.

These changes were in effect admissions that a super-government had been intended and had been found objectionable; but while they serve to obscure the fact that the League remains a super-national authority, they do not divest it of this quality, for what appeared to be eliminated from the powers of the Council was already embodied in the obligations of the Covenant.

It has been thought in some quarters that, to disprove the super-governmental character of the League it was suf-

ficient to show that at most the Council can only "recommend" action, and especially as, even for this purely advisory act, a unanimous vote is required. This position seems plausible until it is remembered that there are obligations in the Covenant which the Council neither creates nor is able to modify. They are absolute, because they are obligations to act in a definite manner when a specified set of circumstances comes into being. In brief, they are entirely automatic in their operation.

This automatic character of the League has been dwelt upon by some of its defenders as constituting the pre-eminent excellence of the Covenant. President Lowell says in the *Covenanter:*

> There are two possible forms in which a league to maintain peace may be organized. These may be termed the delegated and the automatic forms. The first of these is like a federation of States, where certain powers are delegated to a central authority, whose action, within those limits, is binding on the several States. In a league constructed in such a manner a central organ would have power, to issue directions which the members of the League agree to obey. The automatic form is more simple, more primitive, but not ill-adapted to sovereign States whose duties to the League are so few that they can be specifically enumerated in the Covenant. It consists in prescribing definitely the obligation which the members assume, or will assume on the happening of a certain event, and giving no authority to any central organ to exercise its discretion in giving orders binding upon them.

It would be difficult to state more clearly in a few words the precise difference between the two types of association, the federative and the automatic. The former would leave decisions to a central body of delegates. The latter would create definite obligations to be fulfilled regardless of particular decisions in such a manner that each member of the League would be already pledged to act in a prescribed sense whenever the contingency occurred.

The distinction between the two forms of league is clear; but it is equally clear that a super-government may exist in the automatic form as well as in the delegated form, for the question whether or not a super-government exists turns, not upon the nature of the depository in which super-national power rests, but upon the degree of discretion and freedom of action retained by the national governments under the Covenant of the League. An Entente of Free Nations would retain them entirely, but with the pledge to pursue certain ends in common and to meet new

situations as they arise in a spirit of mutual helpfulness and co-operation in accordance with definitely defined principles of action. If, however, discretion and freedom have been previously surrendered, there is created a power which controls the action of the governments that have surrendered them and a super-government has been thus established, no matter where that controlling power is lodged so long as it continues to exist. That super-government may reside in the decisions of certain persons authorized to determine the action to be taken; or it may be allowed to reside in a mechanism acting automatically as various conditions come into being. In either case, discretion and freedom are no longer retained by the national government which has thus surrendered the power of free decision. Future action has then passed from the realm of freedom into the realm of necessity. A pledge having been given to act in a certain way in certain circumstances, a government thus pledged must act in the manner agreed upon whenever those circumstances occur.

It may be said in reply to this statement of the case, that, inasmuch as the governments in the League of Nations freely engage to be bound by the obligation of the Covenant, even though its mechanism be automatic and individual freedom be thereby suppressed, such a Covenant does not establish a super-government. Having been voluntarily created, it is not a super-government.

This observation fails to take into account the fact that the voluntary establishment of a super-government does not render it any the less authoritative, or any the less a surrender of independence, after the renunciation has once been made. The States of the American Union voluntarily created the existing Federal Government; but its superior control is in no way diminished or in any manner affected by the fact that it was freely established, except to render obedience to the superior authority more obviously a binding obligation than it would be if the compact had not been freely entered into.

The fundamental issue in the controversy over the Treaty of Versailles, and especially over the Covenant constituting its first Part, is: Should the United States entrust to an automatic mechanism, such as the League of Nations is described to be, powers which the Constitution has conferred exclusively upon Congress, or should those powers

be retained and freely exercised by the representatives of the people, as provided in the fundamental law which created the Republic? President Lowell says:

> Vigorous objection has been made in the United States, to a super-sovereign league that would have authority to order this country what to do in case of an attack against another member of the League. The objection is not without cogency, but it does not apply to the Covenant of Paris, either in its original or its amended form, for that covenant has adopted as its basic principle the automatic type of league, fixing the obligations of the members and the sanctions for violation in the pact itself, instead of leaving them to be determined by a representative body.

A representative body would at least be free, but a league of the automatic type binds all its members to action by the fact that their obligations and the sanctions for the violation of them are fixed in the pact itself. By whom are these obligations and sanctions fixed? The President of the United States holds that this may be done by himself alone, and that his partner in the treaty-making process has nothing to say about them. But, even, though the whole Senate should assent, by what authority could the President fix such controlling obligations in the pact itself?

I take no exception to the statement that the League proposed by the Covenant, both in its original and its revised form, is in the main of the automatic type, and that its obligations are largely predetermined; but it is precisely this predetermination of obligatory action dependent upon an unknown sequence of events that renders the League a super-government, under which every representative body, including the Congress of the United States, is deprived of powers conferred by the Constitution.

In Article X of the Covenant, for example, all the members of the League are solemnly pledged "to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League." When such aggression occurs, automatically it brings into operation the obligation, and action must follow as a necessity of the Covenant. Even a unanimous decision of the Council cannot set aside the obligation or avoid the necessity of action. The pledge applies to all future as well as to all present members of the League, and it is not affected by the merits of the case. If the United States unconditionally accepts this obligation, its Government is no longer free to determine its decision, for the

pledge is absolute, and whether it desires to act or not, wholly regardless of the provocation that may cause the aggression which it is pledged to repel, the obligation must be fulfilled.

It would be futile to assume that the fulfillment of this obligation will never involve war. Such a contention would leave the pledge without any value. Its whole force and significance lie in the assumption that every signatory of the Covenant will be obliged to engage in war whenever the conditions of the agreement demand it.

This involves surrendering to the operation of a mere mechanism of control the most important power any government possesses, the power to determine when and why it will engage in war. Such a surrender involves the creation of a super-government in the form of a blind, unconscious mechanism which, though animated by no human feelings and endowed with no intelligent foresight, may involve millions of men in sanguinary strife over questions remote from their interests; for this Article X of the League of Nations, according to the President of the United States, as we shall presently see, is not a provision, intended specifically to avoid war, but to preserve boundaries that have never yet been settled on any definite principles of right.

In the Conference at the White House with the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, on August 19th, 1919, the President made the extraordinary statement that the "invasion" of the territory of a member of the League is not forbidden by Article X. He said: "I understand that Article to mean that no nation is at liberty to invade the *territorial integrity* of another. That does not mean to invade for the purposes of warfare, but to impair the territorial integrity of another nation. Its territorial integrity is not destroyed by armed intervention. It is destroyed by retention, by taking territory away from it, that impairs its territorial integrity." When Senator Brandegee suggested that the words are not "territorial aggression," but "external aggression," the President, to support his interpretation, insisted, "But it says the preservation of its territorial integrity against external aggression."

Under this Article of the Covenant, according to the President's interpretation, invasion "for purposes of warfare" is not forbidden. An enemy might invade any coun-

try, so far as this provision for its protection is concerned, take possession of its resources, carry away its portable property, desolate its fields, destroy its mines, and even exterminate its population; but the President declares the obligation of Article X would not be brought into operation until it came to a diplomatic settlement! Then, and only then, would the obligation to "preserve territorial integrity and political independence" come into operation!

It is difficult to be patient with such an evasion as this, to which no government could resort in practice without losing the respect of mankind, including that of its own people. If this were the true meaning of Article X, it would be a mockery to call it "the heart of the Covenant." If such an interpretation were inserted in the act of ratification, it would undoubtedly be rejected.

The purpose of the President in trying to limit the application of Article X to the ultimate settlement of boundary disputes is obvious. It was to diminish the extent of the obligation assumed under it. The wide extent of that obligation is, however, distinctly revealed in the second sentence of that Article, which reads: "In case of any such aggression or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled." And if we turn to Article XI, which immediately follows, we read: "Any war or threat of war whether immediately affecting any of the members of the League or not, is hereby declared a matter of concern to the whole League, and the League shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations;" and yet the President insists that the obligation under Article X would not become operative until an invading nation had completed its conquest and decided to annex territory and impose its own rule!

Article X undoubtedly means what it says, and so does Article XI. The preservation of territorial integrity and political independence against external aggression is an explicit obligation, and that obligation is nowhere limited in the manner maintained in the President's interpretation. "Any war or threat of war" is "a matter of concern to the whole League," and "the League is to take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations." "In case any such emergency should arise, the

Secretary-General shall, on the request of any member of the League, forthwith summon a meeting of the Council."

The Council once called, the duty of every member is plain. It is to fulfil and enforce the obligations of the Covenant. "The League is to take action." That is a part of the contract. What action must it take? "Any action that may be deemed wise and effectual." It cannot abrogate or modify any Covenant obligation of the League. That is where the super-government becomes automatically absolute. The "whole League"—for it is a corporate unit and not a mere aggregation of separate States—and every member of the League *must* act in a manner to fulfil its obligations. If war is necessary, then war must follow, or the Covenant is broken and the defaulters are not only delinquent in performance, they are also subject to discipline. They may not then freely withdraw from the League (Article I), or they may be expelled from it (Article XVI).

The function of the Council is clearly defined in the second sentence of Article X: "The Council shall *advise upon* the means by which the obligation shall be fulfilled." "Advise upon" means that the members of the Council shall advise or take counsel together; not that, as a body, they shall merely give advice to the separate governments regarding the "means" they must employ in fulfilling the obligation. Under Article XI it is explicitly prescribed that *"the League shall take action."* It is clearly the function of the Council to decide what action will be *"wise and effectual,"* and then the League is to take that particular action. It may be *any* action, including war by the entire League; but from the nature of the case it must be a specific action and it is action *by the League.*

It seems a perversion of language to say, that, because the expression "advise upon" is employed, the Council acts only in an "advisory" manner. The League as such is authorized to "take action," not merely to advise its members to take action. No referendum is provided for; nor is it necessary, since unanimity is required in the Council. Every member will have had an opportunity of vetoing the action proposed under the instruction of his Government, before any decision is reached. No revision or confirmation of the decision is anywhere prescribed or even referred to. The implication is plain that the Covenant is

automatic here also, to the extent that the obligation to act upon a decision thus unanimously arrived at is fixed by the terms of the Covenant.

In saying this, I do not overlook the fact that the President has declared that all the obligations of the Covenant are only "moral" and not "legal," and that a moral obligation involves a personal "judgment" when it comes to execution, and that such a separate judgment may justify a refusal to fulfil the obligation! But I shall not attempt to enter into the casuistry in which this singular distinction takes refuge. I assume that, whatever the distinction between a "moral" and a "legal" obligation may be, it cannot be invoked in international agreements, in which all obligations are fundamentally moral, because they are based entirely upon national honor.

What I am more concerned about is, who has the right to pledge the national honor, and who under our Constitution must fulfil the pledge; and I assume that no one has the right—either moral or legal—to pledge the honor of the nation in a manner that may conflict with the fundamental law, or that may render disputable the obligation to fulfil the pledge after it has been made.

I draw attention, therefore, to the fact that, while the Covenant of the League of Nations, if respected, would predetermine the occasion for the United States going to war or refusing to go to war, and is to that extent a supergovernment controlling the constitutional right of Congress freely to decide these questions, it virtually places the entire control of foreign policy, so far as any independent national control is left, in the hands of the Chief Executive, who is at the same time the Commander-in-Chief of the military and naval forces of the United States. The moment war is automatically called for by the obligations of the Covenant, at that moment the President might claim the right to act by the authority of a treaty, and a decision regarding his right to act under the treaty could be reached only by a long and difficult process, if at all. It is probable that other nations would consider him bound to act, since his own decision that he should do so had already been expressed in the Council when action was "advised upon."

It has, I am aware, been intimated, that any proposed action by the League of a character objectionable to the Government of the United States could be prevented by

instructing the representative of this country in the Council to vote against it. Since unanimity is necessary to any decision of the Council, such action could be prevented by that single vote.

This is true, and it is also true that any other action, and all action, could be prevented by any one of the members of the Council, except that rendered necessary by the obligations of the Covenant, which all the members together could not change.

It is, therefore, evident that the President, having previously instructed the American representative in the Council how to vote on a particular issue, would be already bound by its decision, and would be honorably bound also to carry it into execution. If it be held that the Council does not determine action but merely gives advice, such advice would of necessity be in effect the President's advice, since no recommendation could be made without it.

In order that the full force of this statement may be appreciated, it is necessary to note that it is the Council of the League that "advises upon" the action to be taken whenever the machinery of the League calls for action. There is no other provision for it. To reverse it, to propose other action, or to refuse to participate in the action determined upon by the Council would be equivalent to declining to perform the obligation automatically brought into being. To any such course the reply of other nations would be, "You are repudiating the agreement of your own Government, which has already approved this action in the Council. You are already bound by it."

We come here to the most fundamental of all the questions relating not only to this Covenant but to the whole future policy of the United States in its relation to other countries and the issues of war and peace, namely: "Who is authorized to bind the United States in an international agreement?"

We know the answer of President Wilson. In his letter addressed to Senator Hitchcock on November 19, 1919, he declared that changes in the Treaty of Versailles which had been proposed in the Senate would be in effect a "nullification of the treaty;" and he had previously intimated that, if the treaty were in any essential respect modified, he would himself suppress the act of ratification. In his address in Denver, on September 25 he said:

> The negotiation of treaties rests with the Executive of the United States. When the Senate has acted, it will be for me to determine whether its action constitutes an adoption or a rejection.

This attitude is in effect an assertion that the President, "in his own name and by his own proper authority," may bind the United States in a treaty which fixes in the obligations of the contract the occasions when war must, and when it may not be engaged in by this Government.

If the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League of Nations skillfully interwoven with it as the only means of binding it upon the country can be thus forced upon the Senate, what may be expected when the League of Nations—the heir and virtual successor of the Conference at Paris—comes into operation? Will there be in the conduct of its business any greater publicity than in that of the Conference? Does it not promise to afford a secret centre for the adjustment and extension of "regional understandings," the validity of which is expressly secured by Article XXI of the Covenant? What contact will there be, unless it is established in some manner not foreshadowed in the organization of the Council, between that body and the public, or even between it and either House of Congress, except through the Executive, and may not the Executive be expected to continue to act upon the same principle as permitted the disposition of Shantung? After the experience of the Conference, who even of the regularly confirmed and responsible officers of the Department of State can be expected to know what is really going on in the Council? As the method of procedure is presented in the Covenant, all the decisions of the Council will be prepared, confirmed, and partly executed before the public or the Senate will know of their existence. The "honor" of the Nation being thus engaged, a refusal to act or even tardy action by Congress, which is constitutionally charged with furnishing the material means for the execution of international engagements, would place the Congress where the Senate is now placed in the minds of those who condemn its legitimate exercise of its prerogative as obstructive and partisan.

Do the American people—even those who are most anxious about peace and most desirous of promoting the comity of nations—wish either an automatic super-government or a secret executive government, or any possible com-

bination of them, such as the Covenant of the League of Nations if not modified will create? I cannot believe it. On the contrary I think the time will soon come when the whole country, and especially those who are interested in international peace, will realize what an immense service has been rendered to the Nation, and even to the whole world, by the effort made in the Senate to preserve the constitutional safeguards regarding the obligations to be undertaken by the United States with foreign Powers.

The two conspicuous features of the Treaty of Versailles which I have dwelt upon in this article,—the creation of a super-government by automatic action and the excessive power of the Executive through the exclusive control of our representative in the Council,—have seemed to a majority of the Senate to be in conflict with the spirit, and in part with the letter, of our fundamental law, which bases the national security on the division of power. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, without repudiating either the Covenant of the League of Nations or the conditions of peace with Germany, recommended such a modification of the Covenant, so far as the United States is concerned, as would remove this conflict.

There were three ways in which such a modification could be made.

The first was by "amendment." This is clearly within the constitutional power of the Senate with regard to any treaty, and it has often been beneficially exercised. In the case of the Treaty of Versailles, the large number of signatories was naturally urged as a reason for not pressing the process of amendment, but there was a more important reason. The treaty had already been accepted by several Powers, including Germany. A change in the text of the treaty would involve all the signatories, some of whom were, no doubt, content with its present form, whereas changes were demanded only as they might affect the United States. It was decided, therefore, to seek some more generous and expeditious course of procedure, and the thought of amendment was abandoned.

A second method of modification was by "interpretation." To this two objections were opposed. The chief criticism of the Covenant was, not that the text was equivocal, but that its clear meaning was not acceptable. If the treaty were ratified as it stood in its completeness, it

would be futile to try to make it mean what it evidently did not mean; and besides, an interpretation would be only an expression of opinion which might not be accepted by any other signatory and would have no value before an international tribunal. Even the President had no objection to "interpretations," he had made too many of them himself; but he opposed inserting any of them in the act of ratification!

There remained a third method, well established in diplomatic usage, with numerous precedents in the practice of this and other nations, the validity of which in an international engagement had never been questioned by any competent authority. This was the method of "reservation."

The theory of it is very simple. It accepts the treaty with the exception of certain obligations contained in it. It does not ask that those obligations shall be omitted or changed in the text of the treaty. It does not attempt to interpret them. It admits their existence and their authority for all who choose to accept them. It does not ask that the United States may have the benefit of them. It simply declares that they are not accepted by the United States as a part of the treaty to which this country becomes a signatory. In brief, it implies acceptance of the treaty with certain definitely specified exceptions or limitations.

The engagement being essentially limited in its character, it is of limited reciprocity as well as of limited obligation. It does not in any way alter the contract for those who make no reservations, except as related to the reserving Power. The acceptance of such membership may be refused by other signatories, if they choose to refuse; but their formal acceptance is not essential to the validity of the reservations if named in the act of ratification.

Ratification of the Treaty of Versailles, including the Covenant of the League of Nations, with reservations was the method adopted by the majority of the Senate and opposed by the minority, virtually by a party division: the Republicans standing for that principle, the Democrats, with few exceptions, opposing it under the direction of the President, who declared in his letter of November 19, 1919, to Senator Hitchcock, that a "resolution in that form does not provide for ratification but rather for nullification of the treaty."

This last statement is, perhaps, the most illuminating

admission of what the treaty was really designed to be that has come from any source. If the reservations that were adopted by the Senate on November 20th would in reality nullify the treaty, it is because they would defeat its purposes. We may, therefore, conclude that the treaty was intended to accomplish what the reservations aim to prevent. The President's objection to the reservations reveals the fact that he opposes what they require and requires what they oppose. In substance the reservations are as follows:

1. The United States shall be the sole judge, in case of withdrawal under Article I, as to whether its obligations under the Covenant have been fulfilled. Was the Council to determine this?

2. The United States assumes no obligations under Article X, *unless* in any particular case the Congress shall provide for the employment of the military and naval forces of the United States. Were these forces intended to be employed without reference to Congress? Or was Congress bound to act as the Council might direct?

3. No mandate shall be accepted by the United States except by action of Congress. Was it expected that mandates would be accepted without reference to Congress?

4. The United States reserves the right to decide what questions are of a domestic character. Was it intended that the Council or the Assembly should decide this question?

5. The United States will not submit to arbitration or inquiry questions depending upon or relating to the Monroe Doctrine. Was it intended that it should submit such questions?

6. The United States withholds its assent to the provisions of the treaty regarding Shantung. Is there any reason why it should not reserve assent?

7. The Congress of the United States will provide by law for the appointment of the representatives of the United States in the Council and Assembly of the League of Nations and members of commissions. Was it intended that they should be appointed solely by the Executive?

8. The United States understands that the Reparation Commission will regulate or interfere with the trade of the United States with Germany only when the Congress approves. Was it designed that the Commission might override the will of Congress in this matter?

9. There is to be no obligation for the expenses of the

League of Nations without an appropriation of funds by Congress. Was the League to determine and collect expenses regardless of Congress?

10. The United States reserves the right to increase its armament without the consent of the Council whenever the United States is threatened with invasion or engaged in war. Was the Council intended to possess authority to prohibit this?

11. The United States reserves the right at its discretion to permit nationals of a State that has broken the Covenant to continue their personal business relations with citizens of the United States. Did the Covenant intend to prevent all individual business relations while the State of which they are nationals is engaged in a law-suit with a possible rival in trade?

12. Nothing in Articles 296, 297, relating to debts and property rights, shall be taken to sanction any illegal act or any act in contravention of the rights of citizens of the United States. Does the unmodified treaty have a contrary effect?

13. The United States withholds its assent to Part XIII, relating to labor, *unless* Congress shall hereafter make provision for representation in the organization to be established, and in such event participation shall be governed by provisions of Congress. Was it intended to appoint representatives or accept decisions in this matter without the control of Congress?

14. The United States assumes no obligation to be bound by any election, decision, report, or finding of the Council or Assembly in which any member of the League and its self-governing dominions, colonies, or parts of empire, in the aggregate have cast more than one vote. Did the treaty intend that it should be under such an obligation?

If these reservations do really nullify the treaty, they do so only in matters concerning which the Congress of the United States might find its constitutional prerogatives transferred to a super-government or to exclusive control by the Executive. They do not in any respect prevent the United States from doing every just or generous act which is contemplated by the treaty. Their effect is simply to preserve its independence in conformity with the Constitution of the United States.

DAVID JAYNE HILL

THE LEAGUE AND AMERICA'S GOOD FAITH

By JAMES M. BECK

HISTORY repeats itself, not only because the nature of man changes but little with the centuries, but also because governments are, as Edmund Burke once said of civilization, "a triple contract between the noble dead, the living, and the unborn." The living can never wholly ignore the dead, but potent, member of this triple alliance, and this is the underlying cause of America's reaction against the League of Nations.

It followed one of the most notable debates in the history of the American Senate and in the forum of public opinion. For five months, the members of the Senate, representing on a basis of equality the forty-eight States of the Federal Union, whose ambassadors they are, debated the question as to the extent to which America was prepared to part company with its traditional policies as formulated by the Founders of the Republic, and this debate was continued among a people numbering over one hundred millions.

America's entry into the European war was not a departure from such policy, as is commonly supposed. The Founder of the American Republic in his farewell message clearly distinguished between the "extraordinary emergencies" in world politics, in which the American people ought to take a part and which amply justify "temporary alliances" with nations of kindred ideals and similar interests, and the "*ordinary* vicissitudes of her (Europe's) politics or the *ordinary* combinations or collisions of her friendships or enmities." The Senate's rejection of the treaty shows that the American people are not willing to ignore this distinction, and that the dead Washington is a

more potent force in controlling the destinies of the American people than the living Wilson. The verdict of the Senate should not be misunderstood. The effort to implicate America "by artificial ties in the *ordinary* combinations or collisions" of European politics is dead beyond resurrection.

This is not the first time that America has been invited to become a member of an European league of nations. Nearly a century ago, after the peace conferences in Vienna, of 1814 and 1815, and of Aix-la-Chappelle in the autumn of 1818, it was attempted to form a compact between the five principal European Powers,—Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia and Russia, for the preservation of universal peace. When England, under the wise guidance of Lord Castlereagh, declined to be enmeshed in this "league of peace," the Czar Alexander informally invited the United States to become a member of the "Big Five," and to this end, his Foreign Minister sounded the American Minister at St. Petersburg as to the disposition of the United States, if such an invitation were formally extended to it. The matter was referred to the Washington government, James Monroe then being President and John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, and, in a very striking communication from the latter to the American Minister to Russia, under date of July 5th, 1820, the United States declined the invitation. The reasons assigned for this course are so pertinent to the present crisis and so prophetic as to justify quotation. Among other things, Secretary Adams said:

> The political system of the United States is also essentially extra-European. To stand in firm and cautious independence of all entanglement in the European system, has been a cardinal point of their policy under every administration of their government, and from the peace of 1783 to this day. * * * It might, perhaps, be sufficient to answer that the organization of our Government is such as not to admit of our acceding formally to that compact. But it may be added that the President, approving its general principles and thoroughly convinced of the benevolence and virtuous motives which led to the conception and presided at the formation of this system by the Emperor Alexander, believes that the United States will more effectually contribute to the great and sublime objects for which it was concluded by abstaining from a formal participation in it than they could as stipulated members of it. * * * * * * But independent of the prejudices which have been excited against this instrument in the public opinion, which time and an experience of its good effects will gradually wear away,

it may be observed that for the repose of Europe as well as of America, the European and American political systems should be kept as separate and distinct from each other as possible."

With the retroactive wisdom of recent months, is it not now apparent that Secretary Adams was right in the sentence last quoted and italicized? Can it be doubted that Europe would have made a better and speedier peace if America had taken no part in the Paris Conference, other than in the discussion and determination of such general questions of world policy as concern all nations and are not local controversies between European states? The American representatives in Paris—or shall I say representative? — preferred, without any mandate from his countrymen to intervene in questions like Fiume, the Saar Basin, Dantzig and Thrace, and has done so at a great sacrifice of America's good relations with former friends and without rendering any real assistance to the Allies.

That the Senate rejection of the peace treaty on account of the League of Nations has caused deep disappointment and even greater irritation in Europe is recognized with regret by all thoughtful Americans. It is important that it shall not be mis-interpreted in Great Britain or France; for it was well said by Lord Robert Cecil, in words that the writer can only paraphrase from memory, that the best hope of the world for the preservation of a just peace lies not so much in the League of Nations as in the spirit of mutual cooperation between the members of the great alliance which called it into being.

I recently took occasion to say in the presence of Lord Finlay, that if the formation of the League of Nations had led to any alienation in sympathy between Great Britain and the United States, it would have been better that the League had never been born, and that, on the other hand, if, as I then anticipated, America should refuse to become a member of the League, a just and durable peace is still practicable as long as Great Britain, France and the United States cooperated, not as a formal alliance, but as a genuine *entente,* to preserve the peace of the world. The Anglo-French-American *entente* is not dead, even though the League of Nations be in a moribund condition.

It is vitally necessary that the three nations should understand each other in this hour of disappointed hopes

and avoid any mis-interpretation of motives; for I can only repeat what I said nearly a year ago in London:

> Anglo-American unity, upon which the peace of the world so largely rests, depends less upon the expedients of statesmen and obligations of written treaties than upon the potent sentiment of loyalty to the great destinies of the English-speaking race;

and I ventured to add an obvious truism,—which,—though a truism—is too often ignored,—that " the great essentials to this unity are mutual appreciation and understanding."

In the inevitable moral reaction from the heroic spirit of the war and in the disappointments of the Paris Peace Conference, this mutual appreciation and understanding have unfortunately undergone an appreciable diminution.

What is necessary is to salvage out of the wreck as much as is now possible. To do this, it is necessary that misunderstandings on both sides of the ocean should be avoided. For example: it is believed by many Americans that the League of Nations was the subtle suggestion of British statesmanship, whereby the great Empire would effectually dominate the destinies of civilization. Thoughtful Americans, however, recognize that the blunder of attempting to create a League of Nations at a time when the imperative need of the world was the speedy restoration of peace and practical reconstruction on economic lines, was primarily the error of the American peace representatives, who first induced Great Britain and then virtually forced France to accept that which the clear sanity of French statesmanship was disposed to reject as both illusory and inopportune.

It is not so generally appreciated in America, even among thoughtful men, that the multiplied vote of the British Empire was not desired by England so much as by its great and virtually independent overseas dominions. Few Americans realize that this recognition of Canada and Australia as separate international entities is in fact an injury to the centralized power of England in the control of the international relations of a world-wide Empire.

It is, however, not only in America that misapprehensions must be corrected; for recent utterances have shown that there is a distinct misunderstanding in Great Britain and France as to several essential features of the present crisis. Thus, it has been intimated by a distinguished English publicist that the action of the Senate is a virtual " repudiation " of America's promises, and it has been said

in France, by a distinguished journalist, that the action of the United States is virtually a "tearing up" of the treaty to which the United States is morally committed, and that France will be slow hereafter to give any engagements of America their face value.

These suggestions are unfortunate and most prejudicial. They injuriously affect the political relations between the three great liberal democracies of the world, which can only rest upon a friendly public opinion. They will intensify the opposition in the United States to any further attempt to secure the assent of the Senate to the proposed League of Nations. The American people are not conscious of any bad faith in this matter, and this must be clear to any fair-minded man who will consider dispassionately the events of the last twelve months.

The European nations had ample and exceptional warnings that the American peace representatives had no authority to commit their country to any treaty obligations. Under the Constitution of the United States, there cannot be, in fact, any such thing as an ambassador or peace commissioner "plenipotentiary." It is true that Colonel House, who flitted between the chancelleries of Europe with an undefined and extra-Constitutional authority, called himself the "Commissioner Plenipotentiary of the United States" and that the chief commissioner of the United States at the Conference was the President of the United States; but, wisely or unwisely, the United States, from the very beginning of the Government, had given explicit notice to all the world in its Constitution that no official, however great or illustrious, could commit the United States to any treaty obligation, except "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate" and "provided two-thirds of the Senate present concur."

The writer, when in England in the autumn of 1918, was surprised to see how little this provision of the Federal Constitution seemed to be known. If known, little practical recognition was given to it. Apparently no attempt was ever made by representatives of the European governments to ascertain whether or not the views of the American Peace Commissioners were those of the American people, as expressed in the final treaty-making organ of the government, the Senate of the United States.

I quite appreciate the difficulty and delicacy of such a

question; but the times were critical, delays were fatal, and it was, as it seems to me, the part of common prudence for the Paris Conference to examine with great care the credentials of all representatives, to see whether they had unlimited or only limited powers.

Apart from this fact, there was an even more significant warning to the Paris Conference in the Congressional elections of 1918. President Wilson saw fit, on the eve of the general election of November of that year, to ask his countrymen to indicate by their votes at the polls whether or not they were prepared to give him authority to negotiate in their behalf, with a moral obligation to accept his conclusions. While such an authority could only be moral and could not override the explicit provisions of the Constitution—for, in America, the majority only rules within a strictly limited sphere of power—yet a favorable response to this appeal for a blank power of attorney would undoubtedly have had controlling influence in compelling the Senate to confirm any action which the Peace Commissioners might take. In the electoral controversy which followed, the opposition not only urged the American people to refuse this unlimited proxy to their President; but the discussion turned largely upon two of the once famous "Fourteen Points," namely: the freedom of the seas and the League of Nations. As to the former, the American people were opposed to any proposition to weaken the effectiveness of the great naval Powers of the world, of which the United States was one; and, as to the League of Nations, while the American people were in favor of *a* league of nations—meaning thereby the general principle of international cooperation—yet they did not propose to commit themselves in advance to any form of such a league; for they realized the possibility that a league might be formed with which they would have no sympathy and which would impose obligations which the American people did not desire to assume.

Upon these issues, the American people, by an overwhelming majority exceeding one million votes, refused to grant the President an unlimited moral authority to commit them to any peace programme, and, incidentally, thus manifested their repugnance to some of the "Fourteen Points," including the freedom of the seas and any league of nations which would impair the sovereignty of the United States.

(I may say parenthetically that the President's "Fourteen Points" represented only his individual opinion, and did not, either legally or even morally, commit the Senate, to whom the Constitution had given the power to accept or reject any proposed treaty negotiated to give binding obligation to the Fourteen Points.)

Not less significant was the well-known but too soon forgotten fact that when, shortly thereafter, President Wilson announced his intention to go to Paris, the announcement was met with a storm of protest throughout all America, a protest in which his closest advisers and his most ardent journalistic supporters joined. It may be doubted whether the sentiment of the American people was ever expressed with greater unanimity. No one can gainsay the fact that President Wilson went to Paris in the teeth of almost universal opposition in his own country and without respect to party.

In this, the invincible common sense of the American people was again manifested. From their own bitter experience, they reasoned—even though subconsciously—that President Wilson's nebulous theories—compounded of scholastic formalism and a vapory internationalism—would only cloud the skies and muddy the waters of the Paris Peace Conference. Contemporaneous judgment has only anticipated the verdict of posterity that the Paris Conference would have made a better peace if President Wilson had not injected into an infinitely complex and surpassingly difficult problem his illusory abstractions.

When he returned in February with the first draft of the Covenant of the League, the American people again gave notice to the world in an unmistakable manner that they did not favor it, and to "make assurance doubly sure," more than one-third of the Senate—which had the power to defeat any treaty—gave formal notice by the so-called "round robin" that the proposed Covenant would not be accepted by the American people.

Whatever the verdict of history may be as to the failure of the European Peace Commissioners to give due consideration to the limited character of President Wilson's credentials when he first went to Paris, and while it will undoubtedly recognize the great difficulty of any such inquiry by them at that time, even though the American people had, in the preceding November, given an emphatic

expression as to their views; yet when more than a third of the Senate thus formally stated to the Peace Conference that the requisite two-thirds could not be obtained for the Covenant as originally drafted, it will amaze posterity that in the grave crisis which then confronted Europe the statesmen of Europe paid so little heed to the action of the Senate, but continued to follow President Wilson, as the children of Hamelin followed the Pied Piper. It is true that when the Senate gave this significant warning of its final action, in March, 1919, the Supreme Council, in President Wilson's absence, did wisely conclude that the League of Nations should be made the subject of a future and supplemental treaty. This was the part of wisdom and safety, and had that policy been adhered to, there can be no question that the Senate of the United States would have ratified the peace treaty, with the exception of the Shantung clauses, as to which it would have contented itself with a mere disclaimer of responsibility.

Unfortunately, on President Wilson's return to Paris, the European statesmen, responsive to his demand, reconsidered their action, and again forced the Covenant back into the treaty and thus again made the fatal blunder of inextricably interweaving the Covenant with the treaty.

A majority of the American people take a just pride in the fact that the Senate accepted the challenge and refused to permit its high prerogative to be defeated by that which was virtually a policy of coercion. The action of the Supreme Council in this matter was a fatal blunder. That was the time for the Peace Commissioners to demand that President Wilson should reconcile his pretensions of absolute power with the Constitution of the United States and the action of a majority of the American Senate.

This will be more clear to English readers if the situation be reversed.

Let us suppose that England had a rigid, written constitution which limited the power of its Government by providing that neither the Prime Minister nor the King, in whose name the Prime Minister acts, could make a treaty unless two-thirds of the House of Commons concurred in its wisdom. With this limitation of authority, let us suppose that Mr. Lloyd George had dissolved Parliament before the Peace Conference met and had appealed to the English electorate to give him a mandate to negotiate a

treaty of peace with a league of nations as an integral part thereof and that on this issue the English people had elected a House of Commons in opposition to the Prime Minister by overwhelming majorities. In such event, Lloyd George would have resigned. Let us suppose that he had had a fixed tenure of power, like the President of the United States, and had thereupon announced that he intended to proceed in person to Paris to negotiate a treaty upon the principles as to which he had vainly appealed to the electorate for a vote of confidence.

Let us further suppose that under these circumstances, Mr. Lloyd George had gone to Paris, in opposition to general public sentiment irrespective of party and had negotiated a treaty with the objectionable provision, and that, during the progress of the negotiations, more than one-third of the new House of Commons had signed a formal statement that they would not accept the proposed league of nations in the form negotiated by the Prime Minister. Let us imagine that Mr. Lloyd George proceeded to negotiate the treaty with the objectionable features, and then submitted it to the House of Commons. Can anyone question that an English House of Commons, always jealous of the maintenance of its constitutional institutions, would reject a treaty, an integral part of which had been negotiated in open defiance to its wishes?

Finally, I ask my English readers to suppose that, under these conditions, France and the United States accused Great Britain of bad faith and charged them with a "repudiation" of their moral obligations. Would not the English people bitterly resent the imputation?

In view of these facts, how can any Englishman or Frenchman fairly say that the American people have acted in bad faith or have "repudiated" any obligation? The conscience of America is so free from reproach in this respect that any intimation that she has acted in bad faith will intensify the growing feeling in America against any further participation in world politics; for the one outstanding result of the long debate in the Senate has been a swift and portentous reaction in the American mind in favor of the policy of isolation which, while adapted to America's infancy, is no longer worthy of one of the master states of the world.

Another misinterpretation is not less irritating and

mischievous. Thoughtful Americans have read with surprise the repeated statements in the English and French press to the effect that the opposition to the League of Nations in the United States Senate is a narrow and partisan one, dictated, on the one hand, by a disposition of the Republican Party to play politics and accentuated by a strong, personal dislike of President Wilson and a desire to deprive him of his laurels.

This suggestion is as unworthy and unjust as the other suggestion, so frequently voiced by European statesmen in congratulatory addresses to President Wilson, that it was his sagacious statesmanship which led the American people into the war. The fact is that the American people led their President into the war, and that there was never a time, from the sinking of the *Lusitania,* that they would not have participated in the war if President Wilson had given any intimation of his willingness to recommend that action. With admirable discipline they waited for their Chief Executive to give the word of command, and finally compelled him to give it.

It is equally unfair to suggest that the defeat by the Senate of the treaty is a narrow exhibition of rancorous partisanship. It is true that the votes in the Senate to some extent divided upon party lines. This was only so because a large majority of the Democratic Senators felt constrained to support the President in one of his vital policies. But not only did a considerable minority of the Democratic Senators oppose the treaty; but, if it had not been for its inevitable effect upon the next Presidential election, it is altogether probable that a majority of the Democratic Senators would have joined their Republican colleagues in rejecting the League of Nations. The votes taken on the amendments and reservations and upon the final resolution of ratification do not represent the full force of the opposition to the abandonment of America's traditional policies.

While it is true that, with few exceptions, the Republican Senators refused to accept the Covenant without reservations, which virtually nullified it for practical purposes, yet it is an error to assume that it was done for partisan or personal reasons. So far as partisan advantage was concerned, the Republican Senators, when the League was first submitted, had much to gain by accepting it; for when the President brought the first draft of the Covenant from Paris

last February, there was an undoubted disposition of the American people to accept it, not because they liked it, but because they were indisposed to complicate a critical world situation by rejecting that which had been done in their name, even though they had given ample and thrice repeated warnings that they did not favor the League of Nations. It was then common opinion in the United States that the Republican Party was almost certain to be returned to power in the Presidential election of 1920. There were thousands of Republicans of the type of Ex-President Taft and President Lowell, of Harvard University, who warmly favored the League of Nations; and, at that time it seemed probable that, if the Republican Senators opposed the League of Nations, it might result in a party schism that would lessen the probability, amounting almost to a moral certainty, of their return to power. If, on the contrary, they accepted the League of Nations, and such action disappointed the American people, the primary responsibility would be that of the Democratic administration which negotiated it. The Republican Party had much to gain and little to lose, as it then seemed, by a policy of inaction, or tacit acquiescence in President Wilson's League.

Upon the broadest grounds of patriotism and because the Covenant would permanently affect the destinies of the American people, the Republican Senators preferred to risk a party schism to defeat the project which, in entire good faith, they regarded as a menace to the best interests of the United States, and indeed, of the world, which could only be injured by following this will-of-the-wisp into the morass of disaster in which Civilization now finds itself.

Even more unworthy is the suggestion that the opposition was actuated by a mean envy of President Wilson's laurels or a dislike of his personal methods. This phase of the matter, I do not care to discuss; for all Americans feel, without regard to their party opinions, a deep sorrow at the physical calamity that has befallen the President, and they are indisposed now to express the resentment which they once undoubtedly had as to the President's attempt to force the Covenant upon them by methods which, if they did not contradict the letter of the Constitution, certainly violated its spirit. Undoubtedly the attempt to defeat the prerogative of the Senate by interweaving the Covenant with the peace treaty did accentuate the opposition; but it

is an altogether different proposition to suggest that this natural resentment against an extra-Constitutional method was due to any personal dislike of Mr. Wilson. The sooner that the French and British press, responsive to the suggestions of President Wilson's American newspaper organs, drop this line of argument, the better; for if the American Senate had felt that the Covenant could be accepted in the form adopted by the Paris Conference, they would have done so, without regard to their views with respect to the President's personality and methods. To assume otherwise is to impute to the American Senate, and indeed, to the American people, an unworthy and indeed ignoble attitude.

In attempting to interpret American public opinion, I have some reasons for my conclusions. I have just returned from a speaking tour throughout the United States, in which I traveled over seven thousand miles and addressed nearly thirty public meetings. It is difficult for any one to interpret public opinion in America unless he has had such an experience; for the country is a vast one, and that which is true of New York is not necessarily true of California. The impression made upon me in thus mingling with thousands of my fellow countrymen throughout the United States and covering a period of nearly three months was that the thoughtful people of America were deeply interested in the question, with a preponderating and swiftly increasing majority against any participation by the United States in such a proposed league. As the debate progressed in the Senate, a remarkable change of opinion took place. In some large cities, where, in February, it was impossible to organize a meeting to oppose the League, five months later the sentiment against it was overwhelming.

The swift reaction against further participation in European local questions was unmistakable, in no class more so than in that of the returning soldiers.

This last reaction is one of the tragic results of this misguided attempt to create a superstate. When the Armistice was signed, the American people had so far abandoned their former policy of so-called "splendid isolation" that they would have approved and welcomed a recognized *entente* between Great Britain, France, Italy and the United States. Never was the opportunity more auspicious. Unfortunately, too much was attempted. It is now obvious that the United States, while will-

ing to be the helpful friend of her sister democracies, was not disposed to be a partner of a large number of nations, some democratic and some autocratic, and with some of whom she has scant sympathy. The greatest opportunity to combine the liberal and kindred democracies of the world into an effective *entente* has been largely wasted.

Especially deplorable is the effect of this misguided attempt upon Anglo-American relations. The maintenance of those relations is of more consequence than any league of nations. It may not be too much to say that the best hope of the world rests upon the friendly cooperation of the two great divisions of the English speaking race.

If this great *entente* did not rest upon a surer foundation than the Paris Peace Conference and the League of Nations, the thoughtful man could only despair of the future of civilization. Fortunately, even the folly of the League of Nations cannot destroy the strong foundation upon which the Anglo-French-American *entente* now rests. That foundation consists not only of kindred interests and ideals, which will inevitably make for cooperation; but upon the powerful, though sentimental, fact of the comradeship of arms. It is cemented by the blood of those who fell in battle and now sleep in France. No temporary differences or passing irritation can lastingly destroy the sacred blood comradeship of the great Alliance. The spirit that will preserve it was never more nobly voiced than by Abraham Lincoln in concluding his first great inaugural:

> We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

. . . . . .

JAMES M. BECK.

JOURNALISM AND SERVICE

By SOLOMON BULKLEY GRIFFIN

"WHAT does the newspaper offer to a young person choosing his career?" is a question often asked. In replying there are many things to be thought about. There must be broad weighing of values. Especially must there be consideration of the individual predilections and tastes. If a young man or woman regards money and what it will bring as the most desirable thing in life, the answer is easy. Newspaper work is the last thing to be undertaken by such persons. In other professions—journalism is more and more becoming comparable with what were long termed "the learned professions"—as the years bring knowledge and accomplishments, the financial returns increase. Lawyers and specializing doctors, engineers, architects, professional men generally—clergymen excepted—in case they are competent, can count on getting more money as the years pass. What they have learned and practiced becomes capital that pays dividends. Not so of newspaper work that falls short of ownership in a paper. The newspaper worker may reach in comparatively early life the highest place on the editorial payroll. Having exhausted the possibilities on the money side, there he remains so far as pay goes. The aspirant who is doubtful in making choice of the line along which he will labor, should promptly discard the newspaper field of toil as too sterile and unattractive on the material side. Preeminently, helping to make newspapers is a toilsome life, where the possibilities of securing big financial returns are the poorest.

The saying that "poets are born, not made" applies in about equal measure to newspaper men. I have seen too much of newspaper offices and men who work in them not to know that the "nose for news," the instinctive and lasting love for ink, type and presses, is born with some men and women. Others may and do acquire the news instinct

and familiarity with the things that enter into the production of newspapers, and such get on, but there is lacking with them the spur of compelling love for one's work, the thing that glorifies service. So the zest of a great and enduring joy is not theirs. Out of this understanding I have always advised young men who felt they could be happy in other callings to eschew the newspaper, knowing that the hardships it would impose must irk and depress them, and so results be narrowed.

Expert insight into the meaning of news needs to be sought and cultivated, but all are inclusively served with the World's news through co-operative effort. It is share and share alike when membership is gained in the most comprehensive news-collecting agency ever developed. The intent is to secure accurate, unbiased reporting, and that purpose is as nearly attained as it is possible for fallible human effort to bring it about. This means that a power beyond the reach of personal or governmental intrigue, and that is Argus eyed, keeps watch for the enlightenment and protection of the people. It is news that informs and stirs mankind, and every reporter should be proud of his calling and respect the obligations it imposes. There has been set on foot in countries of the Old World a like movement among newspapers for co-operative newsgetting that is likely to prove one of the chief agencies for promoting good government in this period of world rebuilding. In the launching of this departure overseas Melville E. Stone has been an inspiration and guide. The attainment of such collecting agencies should put old commercialized news agencies across the water out of business, and so lessen the output of tainted news.

But adventure and romance that appeal so powerfully and legitimately to the young, and to all who remain youthful in spirit, do not constitute the deeper part of newspaper life. They are incitements to growth and they yield many satisfactions along the way, but if the purpose to serve does not dominate the mind and heart the newspaper worker has fallen short of full stature. Consecration, devotion and willingness to sacrifice self must have large play as compelling forces in a life work that is to be potential for good. In this journalism does not offer an exception, but a surpassing opportunity. The ownership of a paper can obstruct, but never wholly block the resolve of the

worker who means to serve the common weal as it is touched at all points by the newspaper, and to embrace every chance to do so. Often he will have to bide his time. All parts of the paper can be made to yield openings for social service and for presenting sound views of life.

Newspapers are no exception to the laws of growth. The theory that an endowed newspaper would produce the summit of excellence in journalism seems to me of doubtful foundation. Much striving lies back of every successful undertaking, and assured ease is not an incentive to striving. Endowed newspapers would by their nature be disposed to dullness, however lofty their aims, and so lose touch with most of us. Of significance in this connection is the fact that newspapers of every kind feel forced to appeal for patronage by professing devotion to the best interests of the people, even when such profession is mingled with a considerable measure of pretense. Of this selfish and venal kind of newspaper ownership there is too much when ownership has the power to dictate policies. But even then, saving grace can be and is put into such newspapers by men and women of character who contribute to filling their columns. Such workers will find their opportunity, be the fettering little or much, if patience and determined purpose be theirs. Statesmanship, which accomplishes results, learns to accept situations as they are and to make the best of them. So is it with life in a newspaper office. Honest resolve and resolute intent tell when diffused through the staff of any journal. In many an instance character and influence have thereby become stamped upon the product.

If newspaper workers are often shut up to making the best of whatever opportunity comes to them, what does this signify? They confront a law of growth that obtains in nature and in all human relationships as well. There is only one satisfactory way out:

> Act well your part, there all the honor lies—

and all progress as well.

But while one has faith, through knowledge of them, in the ability and willingness of the mass of newspaper workers to deal honorably and sensibly with the future of newspapers, what of some present tendencies and shortcomings in journalism? An editor who for a quarter of a century has done admirable work as a leader on an im-

portant paper in a Western State, confesses to discouragement. He sees "the rising tide of sensationalism and fatuity engulfing the daily press." Taking note of something appearing in a trade publication in challenge of demoralizing tendencies in modern reportorial "color work," which too often pays scant regard to the newspaper's obligation to make a truthful picture of life, "its fluctuations and its vast concerns," this Western editor writes:

> I wonder if we are ever going to be able to get back to the old system of honest, straightforward reporting? The boys are now trained to write stories. It is almost impossible to secure from even the best reporters of the present day a good, sensible, serious account of a public meeting or any important event. They are striving all the time to make their stories picturesque and to show that they have a talent for descriptive work. One great curse of the business as it seems to me just now is the desire of newspaper writers to intrude their personality between the reader and the event they are covering. Does it not seem to you that the reputation of the daily newspaper has gone completely to "pot"? Sometimes I think the whole business has become hopelessly disrupted and needs a smashing revolution to put it on its feet again. But the churches, colleges, most of the professions and many lines of business are subject to the same general form of criticism from the public. Perhaps we are no worse than other professions, but does it not irk one who has spent his life in active newspaper work to feel that the thing he believed at one time to be a profession has degenerated to a mere trade and a mighty squalid trade at that?

Without falling into such depths of pessimism as this, —I have large respect for the journalism of the United States to-day and confidence in its future, despite all faults —many a newspaper man solicitous for his profession, thanks God that the Associated Press keeps faith with its mission of reporting things as they are, without distortion or undue personal intrusion. It would indeed be a universal misfortune if the tendencies that distress the Nebraska editor should ever extend to the roiling of this fountain head of news gathering. That will never be permitted so long as the leadership of the Associated Press continues to be in wise hands. Motley has its uses, but for daily wear it would become intolerable. News must be illuminated, both in reporting and editorial writing, but when reporters "are striving all the time to make their stories picturesque and show they have a talent for descriptive work," straightforward narration will fail of the consideration it merits. The honesty that distinguishes great

work in literature, painting and all the arts carries suggestion to those who record history as it is passing. Much clarifying power flowed from the blue pencils of Dana and Bowles, masters of newspaper making, and regardful of perspective, good taste and the expert use of English. Our many Schools of Journalism can find profit in studying editing and reporting as they were exemplified by the New York *Sun* and the Springfield *Republican*. Telephones, typewriters and machine composition tend to promote carelessness in the preparation of copy and in proofreading. When the old niceties are preserved under the pressure of machine speed, it means that newspaper people are pouring out life blood in the process. That is the price to be paid for the best results in a newspaper office, and how many are cheerfully paying it!

Fortunate is the newspaper that possesses an atmosphere saturated with the purpose to render disinterested public service in a self-respecting way. Every worker may contribute to the creation and perpetuation of such an environment, and he or she can make no more important and helpful contribution to the future of journalism. Such an atmosphere can be made to permeate the entire establishment, and it is operative in calling out the finest qualities that reporters and editors and all the rest can bring to the paper. In such an office the rights of the reader are made paramount, and this proves a solvent of many problems in the writing and typographical presentation of the news. Under the sway of this basic point of view it is recognized that the average of popular intelligence is much above the demagogic conception of it, and that it pays for newspapers and politicians to deal sensibly and as adequately as may be with matters of public concern. There are happily many newspapers which afford standing illustrations of the applicability of this contention, as well as those that serve as flaming challengers of it. As a rule of newspaper conduct, too, it is safe to affirm that in the long run all problems, quite as much in the business office as in the editorial rooms, can be dealt with most advantageously by considering first the obligation to give the reader full measure of truthful, painstaking, bright service every day in the year. Newspapers were established for their readers and should be conducted for them. Nowhere is this better understood than by intelligent promoters of our

highly organized modern system of publicity. Excellence in newspaper making gives advertising agents a business asset which they value. No owner or publisher, therefore, need fear that the best his editorial and news departments can produce will impair the prosperity of the paper, due regard being paid to the sympathetic portrayal of matters of interest to the people—and the wider the rcognized range of such interests, the better. There is high value, too, in a discriminatingly liberal use of well selected reading matter that entertains and informs, as Col. Nelson of the Kansas City *Star* so successfully demonstrated. There is loss in living too exclusively in the events of a day.

Newspapers face special necessity for worthy service as the staggering world seeks to recover its poise. Problems of surpassing acuteness, magnitude and moment must be given consideration, and out of the attitude of the people toward them will come results. Readjustment that is worth while is to be made by clinging to ideals worthy of those who have preserved to us opportunity to enlarge our faith in the ability of self-governing peoples to adjust themselves to changing conditions and enlarging human needs. A profession that lives and moves and has its being in the homes and offices and lives of the people is able, above all other agencies, to make them feel that sense of personal responsibility that will be necessary to carry us through.

Where is there an agency of service such as newspaper workers can command at this time and all times? Where else is there greater need for thought and care, for the best exercise of the finest human wit and conscience and intellectual and spiritual adequacy, in order that those who play upon this harp of a million strings shall do it worthily, to the benefit of their fellows and the glory of God?

SOLOMON BULKLEY GRIFFIN

A SOLDIER AT THE SORBONNE

BY GEORGE BOAS

IF there is one thing we Americans must accept the blame for, it is the State University. There is nothing like it anywhere else in the world; it is thoroughly American. Early in February, 1919, by a lucky turn of fortune and the mismanagement of a detail I was to be assigned to, I was able to enter two of Monsieur Picavet's courses at the Sorbonne and one at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes. Having been an instructor for two years in the University of California, I was naturally interested in comparing this American product with its French counterpart. For they do stand for similar things in their communities; they practically sum up the spirits of them they serve. The University of California represents the ideals and satisfies the needs of the State of California. If you were to look for one institution most adequately typifying a State which achieved its grandeur by the efforts of gold seekers, you could do no better than to select that showy collection of buildings opposite the Golden Gate, in which everything native to the soil is hidden and even the architecture, pieced together from Italian bell-towers, Corinthian columns, and New York National Banks, reminds one of a civilization struggling to be born. And the Sorbonne in its sober and serious way at the side of the Collège de France and opposite the Musée de Cluny reminds one of the complicated and well-knit character of France.

When I went to Berkeley, after about twenty-two years of life on the Atlantic Coast, I was inspired and delighted. The armies of men and women students, the climate, the landscape, the business-like management, the friendliness of the people, all were of a sort bound to charm one whose Western frontier had previously been Grant's Tomb. It was my good fortune to work under a man whose high

consideration for his subordinates made associating with him a pleasure. He gave me complete freedom in every way, allowed me to select my own text-books, encouraged me to lecture as I would, always looked for my Contributor's Clubs when they were due, liked to have me write in my spare moments, and agreed with me that the courses we had to give were a dreadful mistake, and that it was lucky for the higher life that we were giving them rather than some pair of solemn idiots who would believe in their ultimate importance. The colleague with whom I shared my office taught dramatics and used to imitate Gadski singing the *Erlkönig,* with an accompaniment on his desk top. He could do the whole opera of *Faust*—Gounod's of course—including the ballet, and particularly loved to do it as a round-shouldered seeker after truth would sit down for a conference with me. He was so friendly that he insisted on keeping my card on the door even after the Administration had penalized me for going to war. My best friend was that finest of philosophic minds who had read my papers in Phil.I when Royce gave it. Berkeley in those days seemed to me a promised land.

In the same way, as I entered Monsieur Picavet's course in the first six centuries of philosophic thought during the Christian era, and shook hands with my professor who had actually known Taine, and watched six young women and twelve young men seat themselves, young men including a sailor from Brittany, an officer of the Chasseurs with a green and yellow fourragère and a medal of the Legion of Honor, a private of the twenty-second section of the General Staff, and a priest with the Croix de Guerre, my heart felt lighter and I was gladder than ever that the armistice had been signed. I was back at the work which belonged to me, work of which I was part and parcel, work to which I knew I would devote my life and to which I actually did devote exactly two months and twenty days before abandoning it, as it now seems, forever.

Here, too, as in Berkeley, the people were delightful. No one remarked on the odd spectacle of a male person with Aide-de-Camp's insignia on his collar, an Indian's head on his left shoulder, and shiny spurs on his russet boots, carrying a volume of Plotinus in Greek and Latin under his arm. My professor gave me a quiet little room in the Annexe to the Collège de France,

lent me Bouillet's French translation of Plotinus—lest my Greek had become rusty during my military service—and always treated me as an authority on things American, from the development of religious tolerance to the ceremonies of initiation among the Hurons. The Chasseur was making a study of evidences of Aristotelianism in St. Augustine or something of that sort, and loved Gregorian chants and d'Indy. And then there were the other men, each of whom had had a share of active service and had now returned for his examinations. Their cordiality was reminiscent of a finer civilization, wherein the society of nations was real, bound together not by political and commercial aims and by the hope of aggrandisement, but by a common religion and a common hunger for knowledge. At all times, even when our officers were making themselves most thoroughly unpopular in Paris, though our political philosophies may have been hopelessly antagonistic, our community of intellectual interests held us together.

So far my experiences at entering Berkeley were being repeated. But here, as the novels say, all resemblance stopped.

The people who were so charming at Berkeley were members of the faculty. Honest as my students were, they were not on the whole the sort who could love Epictetus and Irving Berlin at the same time. Everyone of my friends at the Sorbonne could have done both. They were not so intellectually straight-laced; they were not highbrows. At any rate, those with whom I talked read Félicien Champsaur as well as Anatole France and were quite as capable of saying that Gerbert was a *type épatant* as that Henri Becque was an analyst who relied more upon words than upon real distinctions. My students in California would have read either Champsaur or Anatole France, but never both. To them it would have seemed trivial to speak of an intellectual pioneer and a pope as a *type épatant;* they would never have dreamed of discussing Monsieur Becque's art, they would have discussed his heroines. They were consistent people, either all black or all white, which leads one to reflect that Jack Spratt and his spouse were probably French.

What made my California students so dreadfully consistent? Why was it that they seemed to feel the various

interests in life to be antagonistic rather than complementary? Why was it so strange to them that a good football player should possibly be a good economist? And why were they largely in the right?

Because, I believe, the university as they knew it made for specialization by its very liberality. When a man can do what he likes, and if he is fairly mature, he becomes individualistic and narrow. He is egoistic like a spoiled child. A University which offers at the same time advanced courses in Ice Cream Making and in Indo-Germanic philology, in Millinery and in Hegel, is likely to be so catholic that it has no educational policy at all. Anyone who has ever taught in such a delightful place knows the chaos which prevails at registration time when an irresistible creature in a yellow silk sweater just *has* to find two more units and wonders if your course in Inorganic Chemistry wouldn't do. He knows that although no subjects are required, units are—or used to be—and that consequently a student studies units and not subjects. Nor does it seem to matter what those units are. To be sure I never mastered the system—it is doubtful whether anyone ever did, for there were in my time junior certificates and certain vaguely defined entrance requirements and all that, which have now been swept aside as relics of an earlier day, a day of standards and discipline. But one will recognize the event and its significance and agree that we have turned out a rather too solemn cohort of ill-educated prigs who are narrow and very unhealthy and often rude, but so proud of their specialty and their Teutonic *grundlichkeit.*

Superficially there is again a resemblance herein to the Sorbonne. No entrance requirements are thrust on one, one can get a liberal education from the *Cours Publics.* But for such a butterfly existence one is not ceremoniously made a Bachelor of Arts. If it is a question of a degree, there are examinations galore. Little books are for sale which tell you all about them. I used to read them over in the Librairie Larousse and gloat over my doctorate. No one ever forced me to take an examination; if I did not want a degree, that was my own affair. But the University of Paris did not decide that anything I took in sufficient quantity warranted my getting a degree. It did not decide furthermore that a Bachelor of Science was an expert hog-raiser simply because the Minister of Agricul-

ture in his turn decided that hogs were necessary to the life of the State.

In California, or in any American State University, if there were sufficient interest in knitting, courses would be given in it. But people would not become Bachelors of Knitting, but Bachelors of Arts, majoring in Knitting. In France, Knitting might claim its adherents, and it is possible that the Minister of Public Instruction might found an Institut National de Tricotage. He might even affiliate it with the University. But he would never dream of giving an *agrégation* in Knitting nor a *Docteur ès Lettres* in Knitting. That is French conservatism. It consists of inventing new names for new things. Californian radicalism consisted in calling new things by old names and hence preventing all discussion. One never knows what a degree means in this country. A woman can go to Teachers College at Columbia for four years and study design and come out a Bachelor of Science. Another can go to Berkeley and write a long paper on the *Persuasive Effect of Open Vowels in Congressional Debate* and discover that she's a Doctor of Philosophy. There is no harm in studying design and the persuasive effect of any or all vowels, and I have no intention of suggesting that there is. The harm lies in an Administration's permitting and encouraging a poor girl to think that her work on Public Speaking is identical with someone else's in Logic, when the only similarity is the amount of time spent on them.

In Paris one notices the relegation of broad backgrounds to the *Cours Publics*. The *conférences* are for students and go into detail. Monsieur Picavet literally spent weeks on the question of how the doctrines of Plotinus were disseminated throughout the Western world. In a broad background course this information could and would have been conveyed in five minutes. But for purposes of scholarship, if one is really to know something of the history of the reflective imagination, it is just as important to know how a man living at one end of the world could influence a man living many years later at the other end as it is to know that the two held similar views. It is not enough to face similarity in thought; there is also the problem of how the similarity got there. But that is dull and does not come into a broad background. Monsieur Picavet's six women and twelve men, however, dull as it

was, gritted their teeth and went at it. It was beautiful to see them.

As a result of our broad backgrounds, our students do seem more able to generalize and to talk of movements and currents and tendencies. The French students I met seemed to spend more time on individuals. Whereas our student gets wildly excited over associationist psychology, the French student, as far as I know him, talks about Mill. To him a movement seems to be known by the men who made it; to us the men are known by the movements they sponsored. It is no question here of judging between the two habits of thought, for both have peculiar merits. The man who talks in general terms is likely not to be bewildered by a new name; but on the other hand he is likely to overlook essential differences between men and to leap to conclusions. He becomes impetuous and sometimes shallow. The man who deals in individuals, who treats every thinker first by himself and then by his relations to other thinkers, knows at least one thing thoroughly and doesn't assume the burden of proof borne by the generalizer. He doesn't talk wildly and extravagantly. But at the same time he runs the risk of limiting his vision.

When I say that the French student is interested in individuals and the American in principles, I do not mean either to make a sweeping statement covering all members of both classes nor yet to push the distinction too far. But it is typical to see a Frenchman start with a man like Condillac, examine his philosophy minutely, and after the examination seek to show its relation to materialism in general.

A French professor will take a text from Lamartine and develop a whole system of philosophy out of it. An American will take a system of philosophy and reduce it to a few texts. I was talking about this the other day to a Frenchman and he agreed that it was true, pointing out, however, that French thought, particularly in the field of literary criticism, was of both types. In Sainte-Beuve one finds the finest sort of criticism beginning with the individual; in Taine and in Brunetière one finds the opposite tendency, treating individuals as incidents in the history of thought, as not so very important incidents either. But, as my French friend said to me, "of course Taine is less French in his manner than English."

Now every Frenchman would not agree that Taine was anything but French; every Frenchman, though, would most decidedly agree that Sainte-Beuve was nothing if not French.

Taine's manner is not so much English as it is a false Hegelianism. And our manner, too, is, I believe, a result of our devotion to German education. German education may be very good in its way even if it does drive most of the German children to suicide—perhaps because it does. But it swamps the human being in an ocean of generality. Windelband's *History of Philosophy* moves along with scarcely a word about the Philosophers. They are out of place there, stuck off in small print like naughty children with their faces to the wall. That Plato had anything to do with the formulation of his ideas seems a heresy to Herr Windelband. His ideas were born of Socrates's. This is no place to engage in a discussion of historical method, but any American student of philosophy will recognize the school in which he was trained.

Unfortunately this school has grown attractive to the American student. I have seen him in four universities worshipping. It is very strange: we are supposed to be abnormally practical but we take to unfounded theory like fish to water. I have heard of men in Royce's class in metaphysics give an account of his doctrine with him present which must have made that most practical of philosophers doubt the testimony of his ears. But the amusing thing is that the American critic doesn't think Royce is practical, although the bulk of his work is on everyday problems, and he ended his life with a series of books on insurance in which even insurance experts could see nothing hazy. We almost unanimously misunderstood Royce, because he was original and had his ear to the ground. By the same token we hailed James as the most utterly American thinker we had, forgetting Emerson. His theory, we said, was practical and full of horse-sense. But James had nothing to say on American problems and Royce wrote a volume on them. James, though he gave a semblance of intellectual shrewdness by the use of homely phrases and picturesque figures of speech, is really so hopelessly abstract that not even pragmatists can understand him. And I hope no one will attempt to.

A Frenchman in the university is not allowed to grow

petty because of his interest in individuals. For when he comes up for his examinations, he is called upon to generalize and to expand, and he fails miserably unless he sees the doctrine above the man. In an American examination, the reverse is often the case, and the man who knows general facts and no particulars—who knows what he has been taught, alas—is bound to fail. And the instructor who asks for them is also bound to fail. But this difference is not radical, for the scholars of both nations have too much sense to overemphasize one manner of study.

The fundamental difference between the University of California and the Sorbonne is not, as I saw it, the quality of student nor the quality of teacher. These differences exist, but they are relatively unimportant, and will lessen as our West buys better books and stops listening to cranks. The fundamental difference is the quality of educational policy. This is too big a subject to be treated here, but I may say that no institution of learning can hope to justify itself unless knowledge be its aim. The Sorbonne has that aim, the Collège de France has that aim, the Ecole des Hautes Etudes has that aim. The University of California or of any other State has not that aim and does not pretend to. It exists for other ends entirely. It tries to improve the agricultural product, and the average home and the industrial output. But it thinks it cannot realize this fine programme by a simple homely procedure. It does not see far enough and does not appreciate the fact that the older university is carrying out its very modern plan without trouble and without expense. Thus the University of Paris holds a real place of honor in the community, whereas our expensive collections of professors and classrooms and young people mean nothing and are a problem in themselves. Having no common aim their work degrades; subjected to a narrow political group their growth is checked; hampered in their search for truth, they seek relief in rebellion, and achieve little more than the discredit of learning and instruction as a career.

GEORGE BOAS

STUDENTS AT CAMP UPTON

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

"I HOPE, sir, that I shall be able to learn to read and write while I am here."

It was a stalwart young man, of twenty-four or twenty-five, who said it; with a wistfulness and a pathos that the words alone fail to convey. He was a native of Florida; of Anglo-Saxon stock; with half a dozen generations of American ancestors. Legally, he would be eligible to the Presidency of the United States. And in the early years of the twentieth century, in the country which boasts the greatest free school system in the world, he had grown to manhood unable to read or write his native tongue.

"Where were you born?" my friend the Major asked in passing another young man, who was laboriously writing a few simple words in an unformed, childish hand, but regarding them with something of the pride which the sculptor feels at liberating the hidden angel from the block of stone. "In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, sir," he replied. "Did you never go to school when you were a child?" "Not a day, sir, until I came here." "Why not?" "Well, sir, my mother died when I was nine days old, and my father when I was four years; and—I had to make my living." And so, almost within the shadow of Independence Hall, he was permitted to grow to manhood unable to read the Declaration that made that Hall famous.

"Why did you come here?" I asked another. "Well, sir, it was like this. Up in Michigan, where I was born, I could scarcely make a living. You see, sir, I had never had a chance to learn to read and write, and so the only work I could get was shoveling sand or something like that. And I had to have foreigners, sir, who weren't even citizens of the United States, bossing me and getting three or four times my pay, just because they could read and write and I

couldn't. So I came here, sir, for they told me that here I could learn to read and write."

Such were the testimonies, given by the score and hundred, all through that memorable autumn afternoon. There were there hundreds of Americans citizens, many of them of long American descent. And they were, or had been a few weeks or months before, illiterate. In our piping days of peace and prosperity, in our days of non-militarism, with the army reduced to a skeleton and no thought of rational preparedness even for defence, in the days when the schoolmaster was abroad and, in Brougham's words, we trusted to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array, when we were boasting on the Fourth of July of our unrivalled system of universal, free, popular education—in those days, these men were growing up illiterate, unable to sign their names or to read the Constitution of the United States.

Then there were along with them some other hundreds; men not native to the soil, but immigrants from more different lands than were to be numbered in the League of Nations. Arron Cless, from Transylvania; Hussein Bermahnd, from Morocco; Jan Fajkowski, from Poland; Fermin Manrique, from Venezuela; Konstantines Michopetros, from Greece; Antonio Rizzo, from Argentina; Salvatore Palmitore, from Italy; Ignatz Schopinski, from Russia; Boty Kalcheff, from Bulgaria; Kusti Franti, from Sweden; Jose Benitez, from Spain; Stephen Bognar, from Hungary; John Jukica, from Austria; Antony Coite, from Algeria; John Arends, from the Netherlands; Armando Eguilus, from Mexico; Sylvester Bachunas, from Lithuania; Michael Myatowych, from Dalmatia—representatives in all of forty-three different races or nationalities. Some had been brought hither in childhood; some had come hither in young manhood. Under our benign system of open door, or open house, we had welcomed them all, and then neglected them. They had come hither as aliens, and we had suffered them to remain aliens, unable to read or write a word of our national language, and therefore unable to acquaint themselves with our history and our laws, or even with the printed records of current events, save as such information was filtered to them scantily and too often inaccurately through an alien medium. Incidentally, we were also preparing ourselves intelligently to

wonder and reasonably to complain at their failure to become thoroughly Americanized and assimilated, and at the ominous growth of Socialism, Communism, Bolshevism and what not among them.

But now these, native and foreign born alike and together, were learning to read and write the English language, promptly, practically, thoroughly. How, where, and why?

Ninety years before, Brougham had said, as already quoted: "The soldier can do nothing in our day. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array." The schoolmaster is still abroad, very much more than Brougham's utmost vision scanned when he made his confident boast. But the relations between the schoolmaster and the soldier are very different from those which Brougham anticipated.

For the schoolmaster had quite failed these men, of whom I am writing, and they were being cared for instead by the soldier. They were themselves soldiers. They were getting, because they were soldiers, the instruction which the schoolmaster had neglected to give them. They had become soldiers largely in order that they might thus learn. Not one of them, probably, would ever have learned to read and write English if he had not become a soldier. For this was the Recruit Educational Centre at Camp Upton that I was visiting, and in which I was thus finding human clods transformed into intelligent men, mere brawn endowed with brain.

"Oh, well," says somebody, "it is not surprising that in a nation of a hundred and ten millions there are a few hundreds of illiterates to be found."

A few hundreds! If that were all! For significant as was this spectacle before me, still more significant was the cause that had led to its existence. It was the failure of the schoolmaster to meet the vital necessities of the nation, or the failure of the nation to utilize him for meeting those necessities, which had literally compelled the camp to take up the work of the classroom, the army to become an academy. For years we had been boasting of the intelligence of the nation, and of a percentage of illiteracy so small as to be negligible. The census reports were flattering, of course. It is "as easy as lying" for an illiterate to

answer " Yes " when the canvasser asks " Can you read and write?" He is not required to prove it by the act. But when the great war came on and we had to summon soldiers to fight for the nation's life, there was a different showing. The examining boards under the conscription act were not content with such facile question and answer. They got the facts. And the appalling fact that they found out was that of the young men of military age in the United States, so far at least as the national language was concerned, about one in every four was illiterate. To be exact, 24.9 per cent of them were unable to read the Constitution of the United States or an American newspaper, or to write a letter in English to the folks at home.

It was a serious situation. Under the law of 1889, enacted in time of peace and self-glorification, a man could not be enlisted in the army unless he could speak, read and write the English language. But the blistering, damning fact was that there were not enough men with such knowledge of English to fill up the quotas of the army. We had either to accept illiterates, or to go without the soldiers who were needed imperatively to fight the Hun. There could of course be no hesitation in such a matter, and so an emergency law was passed, under which there were enrolled hundreds of thousands of men who could not read nor write, and many of whom could not speak, the language of the nation.

Then it was that a member of the General Staff, Lieutenant-Colonel Bernard Lentz,—it would scarcely be exaggeration to add, *clarum et venerabile nomen!*—conceived the scheme of the Development Battalion, and organized and directed it. The purpose of that extraordinary body was to couple up a course of elementary instruction in English with the necessary instruction in military affairs. The idea was to give the men after they had enlisted the qualification which the law—before the emergency act—had required them to have before enlisting. During the war such a battalion was formed in every camp in the country, and it was found that in them in three months or less the men learned English sufficiently to enable them to receive, understand, execute and transmit verbal or written orders, and to read and understand drill regulations as printed in soldiers' handbooks, and therefore, of course, any ordinary book, newspaper or other printed matter in

the English language—three months or less from illiteracy to literacy!

Now Colonel Lentz was able not alone to devise and to execute this great work, but also—which is most to the present point—to appreciate its results and their potential significance to the army and to the nation. The work had been done to meet an emergency in time of war. Why not continue it, to meet an emergency in time of peace, the emergency which every nation must meet when it finds a quarter of its young men illiterate. He saw no reason why the work of the Development Battalion should cease with the ending of the war, or why the physical, mental and moral benefits which had accrued from it because of the war should not be continued indefinitely in time of peace.

His plan was to establish in each army camp a Recruit Education Centre, in which to give instruction to illiterate Americans and to aliens ignorant of the language and principles of the country. This would of course necessitate the repeal of the act of 1889, which ruled all such men out of the army. It took him about six weeks to convince the Secretary of War and the Chief of the General Staff that it was worth while to make the experiment, and to get permission to open such an Education Centre at Camp Upton. The Centre was opened on May 1 last. In September following a little company of twenty-eight graduates of the school went "on the road" to show the practical results of the work. The twenty-eight included representatives of fourteen different nationalities. On May 1 not one of them had been able to read or write a word of English, or knew anything of military drill or tactics. In September, before multitudes of critical spectators in the chief cities east of the Mississippi River, they displayed the bearing and performed the evolutions of veteran soldiers, and in addition a competent mastery of both spoken and printed English speech. Illiterate "rookies" had in four months become accomplished soldiers and intelligent men.

That is the work that is being done at Camp Upton. But that is not all. These men are being made not only well-trained soldiers, but American soldiers; not only intelligent men, but intelligent American citizens.

These men are being endowed with American minds, and taught to think American thoughts, and to look at things from an American point of view. For they learn

not only the traditional three R's, but also history and geography, especially American, and civics—the fundamental principles of American government and political, industrial and social organization. They are led to take an intelligent American view, not alone of historical facts but also of current events and conditions. Note how they deal with the "dismal science" of political economy:

He was, I believe, an Italian. He listened with rapt attention to a discussion of the high cost of living, and strikes, and what not else, dawning appreciation kindling in his face till at last it blazed forth in words:

"I see! I see! I get two dollar a day. Not enough. So I strike, get four dollars; twice as well off as before. Pretty soon fellow in shop across the street, he strikes too. He get four dollars. Some other fellows strike; all get more wages. So many strikes, so little work done, things get scarce, prices go up. Pretty soon when I go to buy things, my four dollars not buy as much as two did. Strike no good!"

And I thought, What a pity that some officers of labor unions and Members of Congress could not for three months be "rookies" at Camp Upton!

What do the men think of it? One of the staff said to me at Upton, in the presence of two or three-score of the student-rookies: "If there's anything wrong with the food, the men grumble. If their clothes are not right, they kick. But if there's any cutting down or slackening of school work, there's a riot!" And the men standing around heard him, and vigorously smiled and nodded assent. And as dusk was falling at the close of a November day in which, since morning, the men had been hard at work, studying, reciting, drilling, marching and countermarching in review, a day's work that would have driven both the "grinds" and the football squad of a college to revolt, or to collapse, I saw hundreds of the men, physically so weary that only military pride kept them from drooping, resolutely clinging to their desks and seeking the last words of instruction, and finally leaving the school rooms with manifest reluctance and regret when the over-wearied teachers were compelled to dismiss them for the day.

What do they think of it? There was one, a Dane; who "took a day off" and went up to New York. Coming back, he brought six of his countrymen, who because of

what he had told them of the army wanted to join it too. "Good work!" commented his commanding officer; "Glad to have you keep it up." "I could bring a lot more, sir," he replied, "but—well, sir, I can't afford it." "Can't afford it? What do you mean?" "Why, sir, it costs me so much for their railroad fares down here!" The officer promptly assured him that a way would be found to relieve him of such expenses for all the men he might bring, and then suggested that he might take a furlough, to give him a well-earned vacation from camp work and also an opportunity for recruiting work. But his countenance fell. "Please, sir, I thank you; but—no furlough. It would keep me out of school so long!"

The army, you see, is a very wicked and disgraceful thing. It is the embodiment of mere physical force, as opposed to intellectual and spiritual forces. It is, according to our Pacifist friends, distinctly brutalizing in its tendencies. A soldier, according to our Socialist friends, is essentially a brute; in the lowest possible scale of humanity. What better demonstration of these propositions could be found than those which I found at Camp Upton?

The men at Upton, and at all the other camps, if only the Government will provide for the perpetuation and extension of the system, will many of them at the end of three years return to civil life. They left it illiterate and inefficient; they will return to it literate and efficient. They left it aliens; they will return to it Americans. And but for the three months or more at Upton and three years in the army they would remain all their lives what they were before, illiterate, inefficient, aliens. Is it not worth while, just for their own sake, to do this thing? And is it not worth while a thousand fold to do it for the sake of the innumerable others whom they will influence? For every one of these men, returning to civil life, will be an evangelist of intelligence and of Americanism, in those very *partibus infidelium* which we have smugly and inhumanly permitted to be developed within our own borders.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

AMERICA AND EUROPE IN RECONSTRUCTION

BY JEROME LANDFIELD

Of the general breakdown of the European economic machine, Mr. F. A. Vanderlip not long ago drew a dark picture. It is possible that his picture was overdrawn in the effort to rouse America to action; but if the colors are too sombre at the present moment, they will not remain so if the present disorganization is not speedily and effectively dealt with.

Upon the heels of Mr. Vanderlip's statement came a call to action from Mr. H. P. Davison, who presented a rough sketch of a plan of relief. Mr. Vanderlip and Mr. Davison are both men of vision, and perhaps they may stir up our provincially-minded Americans to meet the situation without delay.

Our interest in reconstruction in Europe is not merely concerned with the problem of how those war-worn and disorganized peoples may regain a state of prosperity that will enable them to pay off their financial obligations to us. There are two other important considerations involved. We must find a market to absorb our surplus production. Otherwise we shall face a period of business depression, curtailment of industry, unemployment, and labor unrest. Further: if Europe does not speedily reconstruct its economic life and provide its people with employment, there is danger of an inundation of Bolshevism which will menace all civilization.

Both Mr. Vanderlip and Mr. Davison realize that America, because she has suffered little from the war and because of her vast amount of capital and her enormous productivity, must play the leading part in European reconstruction, and that this part must be played on a scale that transcends individual interests, and disregards the relative financial responsibility of different countries and their

attractiveness as measured by ordinary standards of investment and credit. Both of these experts, however, seem to think that credits, if extended in sufficient amount for sufficient time, will serve as a panacea for the ills of Europe.

This is well as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. Credit alone will not start industry. Those who were manufacturers before the war face many other problems today. Their trained workmen were drawn into the army or into the munition plants. Many were killed, and more were permanently disabled. For four long years no fresh men have come forward to serve their apprenticeship and become skilled workmen in various lines of industry. Any manufacturer who would start his factory again faces the problem of assembling and training new workmen. Then, too, the manufacturer must face the question of obtaining raw materials, of machine repair, of markets under the changed conditions of credit and exchange; and, above all, be confronted with new psychological and social factors in his labor problem. He does not know upon what to count, or how to estimate the probable success of his venture. If he cannot do this, there is little encouragement for him to begin afresh and risk his remaining capital. It is easy to talk of patriotic industrialists starting up production again, but they need more than patriotism. They need to see how they can surmount practical difficulties and make their individual enterprises successful.

Probably the greatest brake upon the progress toward economic reconstruction in Europe today is socialistic theory. If times were normal and industrial production were proceeding in its accustomed channels, it might be possible to introduce many innovations and try many experiments of a socialistic character without endangering the welfare and the very existence of millions of people. A strong and healthy man can stand many a strain and hard knock to which the invalid would succumb. Europe today is an invalid, and to try out upon her prostrate body new social and economic experiments, would spell disaster. She has need, as never before, of executive brains and labor discipline. Anything that tends to discourage the initiative of enterprise and management, or that seeks to substitute for it workingmen's control, with its ignorance and its costly mistakes, threatens the continued existence of her

peoples. Those men in all countries who are carrying on socialistic agitation—who are persuading workingmen that they can dispense with capitalistic brains, that industrial plants are rightfully their property, and that they are competent to carry on the processes of industry themselves—are threatening the economic future of the world.

The great source of this infection today is Bolshevik Russia. If the workmen of Europe and America could but get a clearer picture of the ruin wrought in that unhappy land by the attempt to put into practice such ideas, they would be cured once and for all of the dangerous delusions that are being spread so malevolently. On the contrary, they are taught that the Soviet system has produced an earthly paradise, concerning which a venal press is circulating lies to protect the interests of its capitalistic supporters.

But Russia is bound up with European reconstruction in another way. Mr. Davison, in his brief analysis of the European situation and America's relation thereto, did not go far enough. While America, as a great reservoir of capital and as a great producer, must take upon herself the task of financing European trade and industry, there is another indispensable factor. Russian reconstruction is an absolutely necessary prerequisite to European reconstruction.

Leaving out of consideration for the moment the labor question and the problem of credit, Europe needs, obviously, two things: food and raw materials. Both of these she can obtain in large measure from America, but under conditions that do not permit the completion of the economic cycle and at ruinous rates of exchange. Before the war, Russia produced food and raw materials for Europe, and then furnished a market for her manufactures. If Europe is to be fed, order must be restored in Russia and agricultural production resumed; only so can Russia's own people be fed; only so can they be placed again in a position to purchase the products of the factories of Europe.

The first step, therefore, in any comprehensive plan for European reconstruction, is to help Russia. This vast territory, with its unexampled resources and its many millions of inhabitants, is today suffering from a disease that is all the more dangerous and debilitating because it has been allowed to go on so long unchecked. If it continues, a hundred million people will be reduced to a state of moral

degradation that will threaten the whole world with its infection. If, on the other hand, American capital and American enterprise are directed to the restoration of Russian agriculture, and to the Russian production of raw materials, Europe can be saved.

What are the conditions that confront us in this great work? In any country, that portion of the population which possesses brains and energy bears the responsibility for cultural and economic development. In Russia this element was not numerous in proportion to the mass, and now its numbers have been fearfully reduced. Many have been ruthlessly slaughtered, many are in hiding, many are refugees in the freed portions of Russia or in foreign lands. But upon them alone rests the future of Russia, if she is to emerge from her present chaos. They are united in a patriotic effort in the East, the North, and the South, to recover their native land from the blighting tyranny of the Bolsheviki. They must first of all be given full support, both because of the necessities of the future, and in recognition of their loyalty, at such heavy cost, to the Allied cause.

Those portions of Russia which have been recovered must be immediately supplied with implements and equipment necessary for the resumption of agricultural industry, and this must include the simple manufactured articles of which the peasants stand in dire need. Next to this must come the rehabilitation of the railroads and the resumption of coal and oil production. Afterward must follow the resumption of the iron, copper, and other industries, and the production of Turkestan cotton. All this involves large, long-term credits, and the investment of vast capital.

The alternative is manifest. The only Europeans who have made an intensive study of Russia and know how to deal with her are the Germans. Russia will eventually awake from her present nightmare. Lacking American assistance and support, alienated by our policy, the new Russia will turn to Germans for technical and organizing service. The Germans will know how to put an end to disorder in Russia, and they will also know how to marshal all the resources and man-power of the country to their own profit. It is the very opportunity that is sought by a defeated Germany. While England, France and Italy are struggling slowly along toward reha-

bilitation, Germany will forge ahead, and in a few short years will acquire the power necessary to take her revenge.

Germany's plan before the war was well thought out and definite. In its simplest form it was as follows: The Russian empire contains the greatest area of undeveloped resources in the world, together with 150,000,000 of cheap labor, ignorant and docile. If Russia be allowed to develop for itself and marshal its forces as an independent state, it will in time become a menace to Germany's ambitions and even to her safety. The solution of the problem is to import food and raw materials from Russia, and then to make Russia the great market for her manufactured products, thus giving full employment to Germany's capital and technical equipment, while keeping Russia in economic serfdom. Furthermore, it is important that even in Russia's raw material industries, German management and direction should be supreme. To this end, Germany studied Russia intensively, and succeeded in understanding her as no other country did. By diplomacy, by intrigue, by corruption, Germany exercised a potent influence over the Imperial Government. She was able to force the making of a commercial treaty by which Russia sold her birthright. It was her policy to keep Russian labor ignorant, and therefore tractable. It was her interest to keep other foreigners out, or block their efforts to operate in Russia.

Her ingenious schemes were temporarily interrupted by the war. Now she has begun anew, and her plans, changed in some respects to meet the altered conditions, are moving forward as if directed by the master minds of a General Staff. First she breaks the Russian military power by propaganda and by clever support of successive revolutionary movements, culminating in the triumph of Bolshevism. This has reduced Russia to social and economic chaos, and has at the same time, in accordance with her designs, eliminated the intelligent class from Russia.

The Allies at Paris helped forward the German plans amazingly. In the first place, they have despoiled Russia, their ally, more grievously than did the Germans in the infamous Brest-Litovsk treaties. They have flirted with the Soviet Government. They have alienated every patriotic Russian. And as the final outcome, there seems to be a sinister understanding that Germany is to recoup her losses out of Russia in order to pay her indemnities.

In this *démarche* certain international bankers are Germany's agents. In Germany the dominant power has been that of the great industrialists and financiers. The Junkers were merely their accomplices. Their partners and associates abroad know well how to manipulate ingenuous statesmen and turn them to their purpose. The war was lost for them in a military sense, and their problem now is how to win the peace. The terms to Germany are hard, and of course they must protest loudly; but Austria and Russia have been broken up, and the insecure little states that have been set up must, in all probability, fall under the economic sway of Germany.

This is how the situation stands today. European reconstruction depends upon Russian reconstruction as its *sine qua non,* because rehabilitation is out of the question without Russian food and raw materials. If Russian reconstruction becomes a German task, Germany will be able to pay her indemnity; but in doing so, she will become the most powerful nation in Europe, and will at the same time have at her disposal not only enormous economic resources,—against which Western Europe cannot compete,—but also reserves of men for military purposes that run into the millions: men whom the Germans know how to handle, and who will be imbued with the conviction that the Allies are their enemies, because, in spite of their terrible sacrifices for the Allied cause, they found themselves deserted and despoiled.

There is but one way out, and that is for America to do her part, and do it quickly. The loyal and constructive forces in Russia, upon whom the future of Russia rests, must be given aid in unstinted measure in order to recover their country and to organize its prosperity.

We are confronting a problem that involves not only the future of America, but the future of civilization.

JEROME LANDFIELD.

"WITH KINDLY CONSIDERATION"

BY BASIL M. STEVENS

"Q. IF a man entered your house and attempted to assault your wife would you fight to defend your wife?

"A. I would try to persuade him not to do so.

"Q. But if he persisted would you fight?

"A. I would not fight."

Questions and answers of this tenor are familiar to all men, who, while in the Army, had anything to do with the so-called conscientious objectors.

"Q. Do you believe in Governments?" asked Senator McKellar of Tennessee.

"A. I believe in the elimination of classes. When that has been done there will be no need of government. I am against violence in all forms."

The above is part of the testimony, before the Senate Labor and Education Committee, of Jacob Margolis, an I. W. W. attorney in Pittsburgh, who declared that he was "against God, Government and Church," and that he did not believe in wages or profits.

He had actively opposed the passage of the selective service law, and confessed to having been arrested, but subsequently released, upon a charge of conspiracy to obstruct the operation of that law. "I favor all strikes," he said. "I welcome the feeling of unrest."

The New York *Times,* on October 18, 1919, published a report of the Deputy State Attorney General of New York State, made upon the completion of a survey of the radical publications in New York City. In this, he stated that these publications were largely subsidized by the well-to-do New York parlor radicals, who *"are in general the same people who subsidized the pro-German propaganda and furnished the money for the pacifist, peace-at-any-price campaigns and contributed to the cause of the conscientious objectors."* The keynote of these publications was declared to be the advocating of "the overthrow of the present

system of Government, the abolition of the wage system, and dictatorship of the proletariat."

The public, as a rule, thinks of "Conscientious Objectors" as isolated instances of cowardice, but the writer, while serving as Assistant Trial Judge Advocate of a General Court-Martial, and as an assistant to the Camp Judge Advocate at Camp Funston, for nearly six months, became convinced that many men, who during the war, claimed to be conscientious objectors, were, in reality members of the I. W. W. and kindred organizations.

The growth of this element of unrest, classified as International Socialists, Humanitarians, etc., has been made possible by the vacillation and procrastination, if not actual encouragement, upon the part of those, whose duty it is to firmly suppress their activities. Instead of a definite and unyielding policy concerning the treatment of these agitators, there has been a conciliatory attitude towards their machinations.

This leniency enabled these people, during the war, to organize a gigantic conspiracy, and to perfect an organization in such a manner that they were able to reach the foundations of one of the most important departments of our Government. The essential purpose of the Espionage Law was to prevent persons from obstructing and embarrassing the Government in the prosecution of the war; yet those so engaged were aided and abetted, directly or indirectly, in the violation of this statute by some one or more persons connected with the War Department.

Though not agreeing with his viewpoint, one can find no fault with the real religious conscientious objector who accepted the non-combatant service offered him, and who adhered to all regulations made to govern his conduct. There was, however, another kind of objector, called, "conscientious" by the War Department, but who, in reality, was an "obstructionist."

The writer, a Democrat, in narrating the following facts, has considered no rumors, no suppositions and no guesses, but writes with knowledge obtained from personal familiarity with official orders and communications of the War Department, heretofore published in the newspapers, together with personal knowledge of obstructionists gained while prosecuting 100 of them. These were men who had refused to do any military service, to do any kind of work,

or to even wear the uniform, and who claimed exemption from any kind of service, for alleged religious reasons and as believers in International Socialism, Socialism, Humanitarianism, etc.

While in the guard house, awaiting trial, one of these obstructionists wrote:

> From what little news we get, we almost go crazy for joy when we read or hear that the red flag is rapidly waving over more and more territory in Europe, for we know it means liberty in the fullest sense of the word for those down-trodden workers.

Most of these men, at their trials, refused to testify, but made unsworn statements, which are not considered as evidence, and precludes the prosecution from cross-examination. It was, thus, impossible, except when the accused consented to testify, to obtain any information, beyond what he was willing to give, in court.

In such a statement, Jacob Haugen, said in part: "When the capitalist system is completely eradicated, militarism and war will automatically be swept off the face of the earth. * * * I, as a worker, am continuously pitted against exploiters of labor, and any other struggle arising out of the conflict of interests of the capitalists of the various nations is of no concern to me."

After refusing to serve in our Army, Clarence J. Maurer, a "Christian pacifist" and an International Socialist, said: "No one will deny that it is *right* and *good* to refuse to fight for a nation which threatens the safety of democracy and the world."

Frank J. Burke, said, in part: "Can you * * * tell me that the workers of this country * * * economic slaves, subject to the dictates and will of their plutocratic masters, have a greater enemy in some foreign land? As an International Socialist, my heart and hand goes out to my mis-guided fellow-workers all over the world * * * to them, I shall never turn traitor."

A Humanitarian state of mind was defined by Ulysses deRosa, an International Socialist, who joined the Society of Friends, June 6, 1917, as follows: "We are all brothers, whether I was born in Germany, Italy or where." Answering the question: "Which comes first, the Government of the United States or International Socialism?", he said: "First my duty to God, then to my fellow-man and then to the Government."

These are only a very few examples of those, who claimed exemption from all military service, because of Socialistic, International Socialistic or Humanitarian beliefs, and who, by order of the Secretary of War, had to be treated with "kindly consideration."

Then, there were those who claimed membership in religious sects or organizations, whose creeds or principles prohibited their members from participation in war in any form. With them, religion was a matter of personal piety and a selfish desire for eternal salvation. They specialized in the governance of personal habits, and revelled in emotional luxury.

Many of these men, the records showed, had joined these sects after April 6, 1917, the day war was declared. As a member of the Discharge Board of Officers, the writer examined many Mennonites, Dunkards, etc., members of the same sects or religious organizations in which the obstructionists claimed membership, who had accepted non-combatant service. They informed the Board that it was within the authority and discretion of local pastors to grant permission to members of the congregation to accept non-combatant service.

Religion and Idealism were, thus, used to cloak cowardice and disloyalty.

It probably will not be out of place to quote extracts from some of these "religious statements:"

Allen Schmidt said: I disobeyed because I could not conscientiously do the work. . . . *On Jan. 1-18* I became willing to change my life from rong to right, and *repented and on January* 6-18 *I joined the Church of God in Christ, Mennonite,* which teaches the following doctrine: "Love your enemies . . ." (Matt. 5:44). "My kingdom is not of this world, if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight" (John 18:36); the above essential principles the Church . . . have ever maintained, *and thus I have been taught all my life* and therefore I have been unable to take any military service.

It may be noted that, not until the time when his selection for service became imminent, did he repent and become willing to change his life from "rong to right" though he had, all his life, been taught the "essential principles" of the "Church of God in Christ, Mennonite."

The impossibility of reconciling "the law of God: Thou shalt not kill * * * with warfare, a slaughter of human beings," was the basis of Oscar E. Brex's objection

to any service in the Army. As a Christian, he could not "conscientiously do anything that will aid in carrying on of war, neither under military nor civil authority, nor as a free man." He, also, expressed the hope that "humanity may soon enjoy religious liberty, freedom of thought and conscience in the United States and throughout the world unmolested," and then said: "I do not believe in governments forcing by law, people to do things against their will and conscience, either in peace or in war time, but that is what conscription would do to me if I had not taken this stand. I am a free man in Christ and cannot put myself under bondage."

Because he is a Christian, Robert J. Morrow was "a conscientious objector." He told the Court:

> I am a child of God, saved by God's matchless grace twelve years and nine months ago. . . . I accepted Him as my own personal Savior & through His precious blood my sins were all forgiven & I became a child of God & He became my Father. . . . Since Christ has left me to be an Ambassador for Him, it is my duty and privilege to act for Him. . . . He is not pleased with any nation putting His children of to-day, who are seeking to please Him, in an unequal yoke and commands us to 'Come out from among them and be ye separated' saith the Lord. I cannot therefore become a soldier and it is the government's duty as a minister of God, if it acts as God has commanded, to set me free." When asked if he desired counsel to defend him, he answered: "I only got God for my counsel."

Congress, on May 18, 1917, provided for the members of religious sects and organizations, which might be opposed to war, in Section 4 of the Selective Service Law. Neither this nor any other act of Congress contained any semblance of special privilege for any objector. This section was as follows:

> Nothing in this act contained shall be construed to require or compel any person to serve in any of the forces herein provided for who is found to be a member of any well recognized religious sect or organization at the present time organized and existing and whose existing creed or principles forbid its members to participate in war of any form and whose religious convictions are against war or participation therein in accordance with the principles or creed of said religious organizations, *but no person so exempted shall be exempted from service in any capacity that the President shall declare to be non-combatant.*

The local boards had instructions to induct into the military service and to send to army camps all men between the ages of 21 and 31 years. So far as the public knew,

every man, so sent, was to enter the combatant service of the United States Army, unless exempted by the above quoted section of the Act of Congress. There was, however, a secret working of the military programme, by which objectors of all classes found protection awaiting them. Every man who expressed or showed any disinclination towards military service found a well organized and well promulgated propaganda of the obstructionists awaiting to "educate" him.

The first bit of tangible evidence of this secret working of the military programme, was the War Department's order of October 10, 1917, issued by the Secretary of War, paragraph 2 of which was as follows:

> With reference to their attitude of objecting to military service, these men are not to be treated as violating military laws, thereby subjecting themselves to the penalties of the Articles of War, but their attitude in this respect will be quietly ignored and they will be treated with kindly consideration.

The last paragraph provided:

> Under no circumstances are the instructions contained in the foregoing to be given to the newspapers.

Extreme latitude was allowed in interpreting the word "objector" by a second secret order promulgated by the Secretary of War, on December 19, 1917, wherein it was stated:

> The Secretary of War directs that until further instructions on the subject are issued "personal scruples against war" should be considered as constituting "conscientious objectors," and such persons should be treated in the same manner as other "conscientious objectors" under the instructions contained in confidential letter from this office dated October 10, 1917.
>
> Under no circumstances should these instructions be communicated to the newspapers.

The Executive Order of March 21, 1918, declaring what service was non-combatant, directed that no punitive hardship of any kind be imposed upon "conscientious objectors," not accepting assignment to non-combatant service, before the Secretary of War had classified them, and had issued instructions relating to their disposition. Pending these instructions, these men were ordered segregated and placed under the command of a specially qualified officer of tact and judgment.

On April 18, 1918, the Secretary of War issued a special letter directing the attention of all commanding

officers to these directions regarding the treatment of obstructionists.

The number of obstructionists increased rapidly. They assumed an attitude of defiance to all military orders, even refusing to prepare their own food. It, finally, became necessary to allow officers some latitude in dealing with them, so, on April 27, 1918, an order, permitting trial of those "objectors," whose attitude was sullen or defiant, whose sincerity was questioned, and who were active in propaganda, was issued. This was superseded by the letter of July 30, 1918.

A board of inquiry, under the direct supervision of the Secretary of War, was subsequently formed. The letter of July 30th, above mentioned set out, in full, "the desires of the Secretary of War as to the methods to be pursued in dealing with" the so-called conscientious objectors. It declared the function of the board to be to "determine the sincerity of men professing conscientious objections, both *as to refusal to perform non-combatant service and also with regard to the performance of combatant service.*" It also provided that "such men as may be indicated by this board to be sincere, conscientious objectors, both *as to combatant and non-combatant service,* shall, on recommendation of the board, be furloughed, without pay for agricultural service."

"Trial by court-martial of those declining to accept such non-combatant service" was authorized by this letter, "in the following cases: (a) whose attitude in camp is defiant; (b) whose cases, in the judgment of the camp commander, for any reason, should not await investigation by the board"—(of inquiry)—"hereinafter referred to; (c) who are active in propaganda." There was a "joker" connected with this order, as well as with that of April 27, 1918, in that the findings of all courts-martial involving "conscientious objectors" had to be reviewed by the Secretary of War, who before our entry into the war, said: "You might classify me as a professional pacifist." Answering a complaint of Upton Sinclair regarding the alleged mistreatment of Socialists, the Secretary of War wrote:

> I think, however, he should be informed that we are now doing absolutely all that public opinion will stand in the interest of con-

scientious objectors *and others* whose views do not happen to coincide with those of the vast majority of their fellow countrymen.

This letter of the Secretary of War was reprinted and distributed in circular form. One of these circulars was taken from an obstructionist at Camp Funston.

The War Department letter of June 10, 1918, provided the conditions upon which farm furloughs could be granted "conscientious objectors." The Board was authorized to recommend them for such furloughs, and some were recommended therefor, but before an application for their services on farms had been received, their conduct had become such that it was necessary and expedient to court-martial them. They were sent to Leavenworth. The Secretary of War, desiring to treat "conscientious objectors" with "kindly consideration," in January, 1919, ordered the release of 113 obstructionists from Leavenworth, upon the ground that they had not had an opportunity to accept the farm furloughs for which they had been recommended by the Board of Inquiry. They were granted full pay, furnished with new suits of civilian clothes, and received their discharges from the Army. Ulysses deRosa, above mentioned, who told the Court that he would accept such a furlough, if allowed to "pick" his own employer, was one of these 113.

Col. E. G. Davis, formerly an assistant adjutant general, testifying before the Senate Military Committee, February 26, 1919, declared that the Secretary of War had no direct authority in law to order the release of these men, but that he had probably exercised his power to extend clemency at any time, and had ordered them restored to duty. Upon their return to a duty status, he evidently ordered their immediate discharge. At the same time, men, who had performed honorable service, were refused discharges to enable them to go home to their farms.

The weight of the "joker" attached to the orders authorizing Court-Martial of obstructionists was fully appreciated by the defeatists and especially the National Civil Liberties Bureau. Camps were flooded with circulars, calling attention to the fact that Secretary Baker was giving the objector proposition his personal attention. One bulletin declared that Mr. Keppel—former Dean of Columbia University—the Third Assistant Secretary of War, had advised the National Civil Liberties Bureau and

objectors to wait until the entire draft was in camp, and at that time Mr. Baker would "do the job up thoroughly for all conscientious objectors."

Sunday, September 1, 1918, the father of one of the objectors came to Fort Riley, Kansas, carrying a small portfolio, and went to the "conscientious objector camp" where he met several of the men, some of whom he seemed to know well. The Corporal of the guard asked him for his pass. Not having one, it was explained to him that he must procure one before he could communicate with any of the "objectors," and he was ordered to leave. Later, he came back and handed some papers to one of the obstructionists. A special sentinel, noticing this, arrested him, because he could not show the required pass. He was taken to Headquarters at Camp Funston, where it was found that the portfolio contained "copies of correspondence, letter and telegraphic, between himself and his son and others who seemed to be interested in the propaganda among the conscientious objectors."

One of the letters to his son contained the following advice: "I would draw the line on work which promotes the war and not stand on technicalities, as, for instance, cooking your own food on the theory that the Government should provide it."

Discussing the political situation with his son, he wrote that war in Roumania was to be stamped with the disapproval of the then Roumanian Cabinet, and expressed the thought that England was about to be controlled by a Socialistic or labor element, that would bring about the end of the war so far as that country was concerned. Nowhere in any of the correspondence was there an expression to the effect that Germany was to be interfered with in her campaign for world dominion.

It is impossible, here, to quote more fully from the report of the Judge Advocate, who conducted the investigation of this matter, but the correspondence showed that he "had been in communication with the Friends Relief Society of Philadelphia," which he admitted was "aiding the conscientious objectors regardless of their faith," also with "Roger N. Baldwin, National Civil Liberties Bureau, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York," and, among others, four men, three of whom had sons among the obstructionists, and one, whom the correspondence showed had pub-

lished "matter in behalf of" these objectors. A telegram from one of the three, above mentioned, dated August 25, 1918, to him, read: "Appreciate value of your co-operation."

It was evident from a letter in his file that he had attempted to persuade one of these three men to encourage his son to refuse to do any service at that time. The reply, however, was the only letter found "in the correspondence where a father" seemed "to be unwilling to join in the general propaganda."

Reports, advice and complaints from the "backers" of this propaganda were received, and sent to the officials at Camp Funston, by the War Department. The Division Surgeon, at that camp, in October, 1918, received by second endorsement, correspondence headed "War Department, Sept. 30, 1918. (Memorandum: For the Surgeon General's Office)." This memorandum stated that the department had had *"considerable trouble"* with one Nathan Berkowitz, a vegetarian,—who, told the court that he could not accept military service, because he had been a conscientious objector for fifteen years and a vegetarian for thirteen years,—whose "physical condition has suffered considerably" because of his refusal to eat meat. To quote the last part of the memorandum:

> The suggestion has been made to me that it might be worth while to have him examined physically with a view to possible discharge from the army *as a solution of an embarrassing situation.* I am passing the suggestion along to you for what it may be worth.
>
> F. V. KEPPEL.
>
> *Third Assistant Secretary of War.*

The Camp Surgeon, an American, not an Internationalist, remained true to his oath of office. His report recommended "that he be retained in the service, no disability found which would warrant discharge."

David Eichel, one of these obstructionists, wrote "to Honorable Secretary Keppel" and the letter was returned by the Company Commander with instructions to write it in military form, and to send it through military channels. as provided by Army Regulations. The Lieutenant, a few days later, found on his desk, a letter, signed by Eichel, which contained the following sentences:

> If you persist in imposing petty hardships upon correspondence, I will deem it my duty to *inform Mr. Keppel through some other*

channel . . . I hope you will see fit to send this letter thru, and by all means leave your scribbling upon it. It is my earnest desire that the person to whom it is addressed see it.

This letter to "the Honorable Keppel" was written to thank him for the "very conciliatory and kind hearted letter" answering a complaint regarding the treatment of Eichel's brother, another "conscientious objector," then serving sentence.

For technical faults, and not for lack of evidence, the sentence of death, which General Wood recommended be reduced to twenty-five years, upon three obstructionists, tried at Camp Funston, was disapproved and the men were honorably restored to duty. They were all International Socialists. One, who had been a member of the I. W. W., was discharged by order of the Secretary of War. The other two were ordered assigned to non-combatant service, as recommended by the Board of Inquiry.

The decision was recommended on or before December 10, 1918, in the case of Julius R. Greenberg, and while carefully guarded from the public, the pacifist element was evidently kept well-informed. Greenberg was returned to Camp Funston, January 31, 1919. A letter found in his possession at that time is prima facie evidence of an apparent close communion between the War Department and the defeatist or pacifist element. A copy of the letter follows:

WAR DEPARTMENT
The Adjutant General's Office

December 10, 1918.

Re: Julius R. Greenberg case.

1. Report from the Judge Advocate General's Office states this is one of the several General Court-Martial cases from Camp Funston, recently received in the office of the Judge Advocate General where recommendation was made that the findings and sentence be disapproved and the soldier restored to duty.

The case goes to the President for action.

By order of the Secretary of War.

(Signed) R. J. HERMAN,
Adjutant General.

Added in the handwriting of the writer were these words:

For your information, will let you have further information when available. (Signed) F. V. KEPPEL.

The War Department has stated that the secrecy of the above mentioned orders was due not to a desire to conceal

them from the country, but to " prevent the spread of conscientious objector disaffection." How, then, did it happen that the obstructionists knew all these orders, openly boasted about them, and quoted them to justify their defiance?

At his trial, Jacob N. Martens, said:

> According to the regulations of the War Department, no punitive . . . hardship of any kind shall be imposed on any conscientious objector for refusing to perform work of any kind that appears as contrary to the dictates of his conscience, whose case is pending final decision.

A Socialist, Lester G. Ott, told the court that " by making that answer I thought that I had complied strictly with the letter and the spirit of the regulations provided for Conscientious Objectors."

William A. Dunham, who objected to service for reasons based upon his " individual religious convictions," had, before starting for camp, " requested dismissal from the Presbyterian Church " of which he had been a member for ten years. In an unsworn statement, he said, in part: " Legally, I rest my defiance upon the contention that Lieut. Carter's command was not lawful but unlawful. . . . I contend that Lieut. Carter's command, given with the alternative condition of punitive treatment, . . . confinement . . . was unlawful . . . in violation of Sect. 12, Clause (b) of the order of July 30." He, then, quotes from this paragraph.

These are only three of the many instances wherein the " secret orders " were quoted almost literally.

Resting the charge that the War Department knowingly or unknowingly, aided and assisted the I. W. W.'s, Internationalists, Humanitarians, etc., in their programme of blocking the raising of the army, by the adoption of a conciliatory attitude which caused the extension and perversion of the Act of Congress for the protection, comfort and solace of these obstructionists, upon the above facts,—though more could be produced,—the reader is asked to judge for himself whether the War Department, as represented by the Secretary of War and his Third Assistant, intentionally assumed the role of Internationalists, or unintentionally aided and abetted them by failing to realize the gravity of the situation.

BASIL M. STEVENS

I DISCOVER THE OLD TESTAMENT

BY ANNA BRANSON HILLYARD

THE Shunammite Woman started it. In a conversation on faith-healing some one referred to her, and I, who have a passion for looking up things, went straight to my Bible. I found her story in the fourth chapter of Second Kings, a tale as perfect of its type as any one of those half-dozen masterpieces that one counts on finding in every collection of the World's Best Short Stories.

The prophet Elisha stopped often at the house of the Shunammite Woman on his itinerant ministry, so she set aside a room for him, with "a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick," and bade him welcome there. Elisha wanted to do something for her in return, but she would ask nothing; so, finding that she had no child and her husband was old, he promised her that she should bear a son. "Nay, my lord, thou man of God, do not lie unto thine handmaid," she said, as incredulous as Sarah over the promised motherhood.

The child was born in due season, grew up, and "it fell on a day that he went out to his father, to the reapers. And he said unto his father, My head, my head. And he said to a lad, Carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him, and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees until noon, and then died. And she went up, and laid him on the bed of the man of God, and shut the door upon him, and went out. And she called to her husband and said, Send me, I pray thee, one of the young men, and one of the asses, that I may run to the man of God and come again. . . . And she said to her servant, Drive, and go forward; slack not thy riding for me except I bid thee. . . . And when she came to the man of God . . . she caught him by the feet . . . Then she said, Did I desire a son of my lord? did I not say, Do not deceive me?"

The prophet went back with her to the house, and "behold, the child was dead, and laid upon his bed. He went in therefore, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord. And he went up, and lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands; and he stretched himself upon the child; and the flesh of the child waxed warm . . . and the child opened his eyes." Then he summoned the mother and said, "Take up thy son. Then she went in, and fell at his feet, and bowed herself to the ground, and took up her son, and went out."

As I read, my throat began to ache, and there chased through my veins the little chills that are the tribute of the subconscious self to literary super-excellence. You must read the whole story, unparaphrased and without omissions, to get the full effect. It was the marking of an epoch for me, my delight in the sheer technique of the tale. I had heard, of course, that the Old Testament was a library in itself of history, fiction, poetry and folk-lore; I had read that many wise men had declared that if they could have but one book, that book would be the Bible; but I had judged both these statements to be inspired more by piety than by literary discrimination, and consequently I had read little in the Old Testament except for religious purposes, and those purposes led me to the Psalms and the later chapters of Isaiah to the practical exclusion of other writings.

Now, however, with all the zest that editors assure us inspires them on the discovery of a new star in the literary firmament (What a fine phrase that is! Almost Biblical in its antiquity), I thumbed the thin, resistant pages of my Bible, eager to come upon other tales as good. I found Jezebel, whose painted face long ago captured the imagination of mankind; Jepthah's daughter, pitifully mourning her virginity; Ruth, gleaning for Boaz, and speaking her immortal "Whither thou goest, I will go," to Naomi. And here I stopped to marvel that those words, even in this day of feminism rampant the words a woman gladly swears to her lover, should in that far-off time have been spoken by a widow to her mother-in-law, between whom it is matter of common expectation to find but little love. Who, I wondered, were the first lovers to seize upon their beauty and appropriate it?

Other famous personages were there: Samson and

Delilah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Rachel, David and Jonathan, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, Jonah and the Whale. They range themselves inevitably two by two, according to the Noachian precedent. I was one of those lucky children, who, with shining morning faces, went regularly to Sunday-School from infancy to early womanhood, and these stories were taught me there on the uncompromising terms of verbal inspiration and Presbyterian inerrancy. My adult self can only rejoice that the heterodoxies of the Briggs trial have become the intellectual orthodoxies of these days; and that the measure of salvation is no longer the measure of one's belief in the magic strength of long hair, and suspended piscine digestion.

But not all the stories I found were old friends: I made new and startling acquaintances which led me to the conclusion that the Devil would have absolutely no difficulty in quoting Scripture to support his own Satanic ends. I began to see why the Roman Catholic Church discourages indiscriminate Bible reading.

In our Sunday-School prizes used to be awarded to the scholars who read the Bible from cover to cover. I never won one, so I cannot judge from experience of the feelings of adolescent boys and girls who read lustily through not only the long and dreary regulations for the ritual of sacrifice, the genealogies impossible of pronunciation, and the blood-stained histories of tribal feuds; but also through a ritual of sexual purification that is plainer spoken than any non-medical book on venereal diseases, through tales of lust, adultery, rape and sodomism couched in terms of almost animal simplicity. My acquaintance with English and Continental literature, while not descending to noisome depths, is yet not limited to the *jeune fille* story; but never have I seen in any novel, play or essay dealing with the amorous nature of man such uncompromising realism as I have found in the narratives of the Old Testament. Take the circumstantial account of the rape of Tamar in Second Samuel; or the death of the Levite's concubine in Judges. For a parallel in horror to the latter tale you will have to go to the Report on the Belgian Atrocities.

I am told that it is not unusual for boys in certain stages of puberty to read the long sequence of lustful stories that they find in the Old Testament. It is not possible to suppose that such reading has anything but a pernicious in-

fluence on their imaginations, especially as they find it in a book which they are taught to reverence and which they are accustomed to hear exalted for its moral teachings. It is quite true that almost every one of these tales is followed by the account of the revenge taken upon the criminal, either by God or by some blood relative; but the revenges themselves are none too highly moral in tone. The justice meted out to Ammon, who assaulted Tamar, was a combination of lynch law and fratricide, plus violation of hospitality: it rather suggests the murder of Rasputin. The loss of David's first son by Bathsheba in infancy, after the classic tale of the killing of Uriah, cannot be considered a very terrible punishment for the double crime of adultery and murder, especially as David, who already had six sons, showed a most reprehensible cheerfulness immediately after the occurrence.

Henry Drummond is said to have received many letters from men and women whose faith found its stumbling-block in the Old Testament, "its discrepancies, its rigorous laws, its pitiless tempers, its open treatment of sexual questions, the atrocities which are narrated by its histories and sanctioned by its laws." What Henry Drummond did to remove that stumbling-block I do not know; but for the present generation the way seems to me to be made clear by the application of the standards and methods of literary and historical criticism to the books of the Bible. With their help one gets a clearer idea of the primitive morality and the primitive ideas of God which prevailed in those days; and gets rid of the false supposition that from the legendary moment when Moses came down from the Mount bearing the two tables of stones, the ancient Hebrews lived under a moral dispensation equal to that evolved through thirty-five subsequent centuries.

The books upon the subject, most of them written during the past fifty years, are a joy to a disputatious and adventuring mind. Pioneer work was done in the last years of the eighteenth century by Jean Astruc, a French physician, who launched the theory that the compiler of Genesis used two earlier documents, in one of which God was spoken of as Jehovah, in the other as Elohim. From a French prison during the Revolution Thomas Paine sent forth *The Age of Reason,* which was the first book to challenge the verbal inspiration of the Bible in a form which

reached the masses of the people. He and his publishers were severely persecuted, socially and legally; and his name is still *anathema maranatha* to the uninstructed orthodox, who apparently do not know that practically all Biblical scholars of academic standing have given up the theory of verbal inspiration, and are applying to their study of the Bible the accepted standards of literary and historical criticism. (Let any one who doubts this statement look up the matter in that stronghold of conservative learning, the Encyclopedia Britannica, noting the references there made to the Encyclopedia Biblica.) "How shall they learn without a preacher?" It would seem a heavy score against the intelligence of the Christian ministry that it has left its congregations uninstructed in the history of the composition of the Bible, and therefore an easy prey to the ridicule of the sceptic.

Historical criticism, bitterly as it has been assailed, is the salvation of the Old Testament as a religious book. Only as the record of the progressive evolution of the idea of God among a primitive but deeply religious people, can the God of the Old Testament be related to the God of Jesus Christ and the Christian Church today. You cannot get away from the plain facts of the narrative: the early Hebrews, up to the time of Hosea at least, believed that their Jehovah was but the best of many gods, jealous of other gods, stern and revengeful, exacting an eye for an eye, and under no obligations to play fair with any people but the Hebrews.

Moreover, if we are to take the morality of the Old Testament as inspired of God for our edification, as the orthodox have so emphatically insisted is the case, we shall not always be edified. Take, for instance, the behaviour of Abraham when he went into Egypt. He passed Sarah his wife off as his sister, for fear he might be killed if Pharaoh was pleased with her, and accepted lavish gifts from him in return for property rights in the pseudo-sister. Whereupon the Lord "plagued Pharaoh (who had acted obviously in all innocence) and his house with many plagues because of Sarah, Abraham's wife." Very justly Pharaoh remarked to Abraham, "Why didst thou not tell me she was thy wife? Why saidst thou, She is my sister? . . . now, therefore, behold thy wife, take her and go thy way . . . and they sent him away, and his wife,

and all that he had." Mind you, he goes off, he who had come to Egypt driven by famine, "very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold," the profits of the prostitution of his wife; and when he comes to his altar at Bethel he calls upon the name of the Lord, and the Lord, his confederate in this spoiling of the Egyptians, has not the tiniest word of reproof for him!

Moses, the exalted leader of the nation, the law-giver, the mouthpiece of the Lord, is credited with super-Prussian standards of waging war. In Numbers 31 he sends out his captains, at the instance of the Lord, to fight the Midianites. After waging a bloody war of extermination, "they brought the captives and the prey, and the spoil unto Moses . . . and Moses was wroth with the officers of the host . . . and Moses said unto them, Have ye saved all the women alive? Behold these caused the children of Israel . . . to commit trespass against the Lord . . . and there was a plague among the congregation of the Lord. Now, therefore, kill every male among the little ones and kill every woman that hath known a man by lying with him. But all the women children, that have not known a man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselves." Later on in the chapter, "The Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Take the sum of the prey that was taken, both of man and of beast . . . and divide the prey into two parts . . . and levy a tribute unto the Lord . . . one soul in five hundred, both of the persons, and of the beeves, and of the asses, and of the sheep." The number of the virgins so disposed of is given as thirty-two thousand, which is probably a lustful exaggeration.

In Second Kings is told the story of the infamous pogrom carried out by Jehu, at the instance of Jehovah, upon the children of Ahab. Treachery and blood soil every incident of it, yet "the Lord said unto Jehu, Because thou hast done well in executing that which is right in mine eyes, and hast done unto the house of Ahab according to all that was in mine heart, thy children of the fourth generation shall sit on the throne of Israel."

It is customary to refer this horrible punishment visited upon the seed of Ahab to the murder of Naboth, who was stoned to death on a charge of blasphemy, trumped up by Ahab's wife, Jezebel, in order that her husband might get possession of Naboth's vineyard. If that was the true cause,

it appears, from a comparison of the punishment meted out to David for the murder of Uriah, that a vineyard was of very much more importance in the eyes of the Lord than a woman.

When Jehu was commissioned to exterminate the clan Ahab no specific mention was made of Naboth, but the reason given was the avenging of "the blood of my servants and prophets," whose shedding was attributed to Jezebel. But it was presumably to offset the slaughter of these prophets that Elijah and his followers killed all the priests of Baal. A very important point must be considered here. When the Israelites conquered Canaan they took over the shrines of the natives (witness a delightful story in Judges 17 and 18), and also some of their modes of worship. The gods of the Canaanites were called *baals,* or lords of the land; and it naturally came to pass that the title Baal was applied to Jehovah, and that he was worshipped quite as sincerely under the one name as under the other. The Canaanitish influence undoubtedly strengthened the orgiastic character of the worship of Jehovah, retarding the development of religious ideals, and therefore came under the ban of the more spiritually-minded of the people; but what is denounced by the writers of the historical books was not a distinct, heathenish cult: it was rather the popular, ritualistic form of the national religion. Perhaps it is not an entirely unfair comparison to recall the fashion in which the pioneers of the Protestant Church condemned Catholicism as idolatry, and personified it as the Scarlet Woman.

Ahab's punishment, therefore, was for being wrong in the form in which he chose to worship Jehovah, a form certainly very gross and licentious, but still one which was not below the average of the religious customs of the day. His savagery in support of his chosen ritual had been fought with equal savagery by Elijah. The brutal character of the punishment is the more amazing when one reads, immediately after the Lord's commendation of Jehu for executing it, that Jehu "took no heed to walk in the law of the Lord God of Israel with all his heart; for he departed not from the sins of Jereboam, which made Israel to sin." These sins of Jereboam consisted precisely in the country shrine worship for the support of which Ahab's seed was exterminated.

The only reasonable explanation of the whole affair lies

in the fact, established by historical criticism, that the later prophets, who were fighting hard for the purification of the worship of Jehovah by the elimination of the country shrines and the ritual, wrote these records with the intention of making out a strong case for their reform. Their inconsistent brutality is chargeable to the chronicler's conception of a tribal god with human passions; and we who have the many persecutions of the Christian Church behind us, who know what the prophets of more enlightened civilizations have sanctioned in God's name, can only agree that God is not to be judged by the deeds of all who call him Lord.

Those who still insist that the Old Testament records are without exception inspired revelations for the guidance of twentieth century morality can say absolutely nothing today against the arrogation by the former Kaiser of the approval and support of God. The Hebrew kings who believed themselves anointed of God, even as the Hohenzollern believed himself to be, claimed, as he claimed, the sanction of God for the breaking of treaties, the looting and burning of captured cities, the murder of non-combatants, the rape of women and children, and their transportation to work in the fields of their conquerors.

Having been thus convinced by the evidence of one's eyes that this Jehovah of the Jews is not the God of love and justice one has been taught to revere, one is naturally curious to learn how the Hebrew conception of the deity was evolved. Old Testament scholars have traced it back through the Mosaic tradition to an ancient Semitic god. In the same chapter of Exodus which tells the familiar story of the bulrushes, the scribe writes that Moses, fleeing from Egypt, came to the land of Midian, which was in Asia, on the borders of the Red Sea. "And he sat down by a well. Now the priest of Midian had seven daughters; and they came and drew water, and filled the troughs to water their father's flock. And the shepherds came and drove them away; but Moses stood up and helped them, and watered their flock. And when they came to Jethro their father, he said, How is it that ye are come so soon today? And they said, An Egyptian delivered us out of the hand of the shepherds, and also drew water enough for us, and watered the flock. And he said unto his daughters, And where is he? why is it that ye have left the man? call him,

that he may eat bread. And Moses was content to dwell with the man; and he gave Moses Zipporah his daughter."

Jethro served the altars of Yahweh, the god of the Midianite-Kenites; and Moses, tending the flocks of his father-in-law, naturally assisted him in his priestly duties. Like most Semitic Gods, Yahweh was a god of fertility, and his name probably meant "he who causes passionate love."[1] (The institution and practice of the rite of circumcision, various provisions of the Levitical code, and the license of the country shrine worship, against which the prophets inveigh, prove that the conception of Jehovah as a sexual divinity persisted for many centuries.) Volcanic eruptions were interpreted as Yahweh's appearance upon his burning mountain. While Moses lived with Jethro he was so impressed by the power and majesty of Yahweh at the burning bush on the sacred mountain that he went into Egypt to preach release to his captive countrymen through trust in Yahweh. When that release was brought about, thanks were of course returned to Yahweh, and a covenant made with him. It is interesting to read that Jethro, who seems to have been a wise and delightful old gentleman, was officiating priest at the first sacrifice after the Hebrews arrived at Yahweh's sacred mountain, Horeb.

Gradually, in the course of centuries of crude anthropomorphism, out of a primitive conception of a god of fertility, worshipped with license, emerges Jehovah, God of Israel alone, jealous of other gods and their peoples, swayed by human passions, appeased by burnt offerings, God of battles, God of revenge, God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, a tribal god with but tribal morality; developing with a developing civilization into the God and Father of all the world, the Prince of Peace, the God of Love, who sends his rain on the just and the unjust, who lives in the hearts of men, and is worshipped not by burnt offerings, but by the sacrifices of the spirit.

The clue to this development, so much of it as took place before the Christian Era, lies in the now well-established theory that the Old Testament is the work of the reform prophets of the Babylonian Captivity and later. According to this theory the Pentateuch was not written by Moses in the fifteenth century B. C., as was once supposed, but was a compilation made about 500 B. C. from oral tradi-

[1] See Dr. G. A. Barton's *Religions of the World.*

tion and records dating back to the ninth century. The historical books were composed between the eighth and the fourth centuries. Job belongs to the fifth or fourth century; the romances of Esther, Daniel, Ruth and Jonah were written after 500 B. C., as fiction: tales to point morals. The Psalms and Proverbs, ascribed to David and Solomon, heroes of olden days, were collections of the poetry and epigrammatic wisdom of many centuries, their final recension made in the second century B. C. Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon also belong to this Maccabean Age. The most ancient books of the Old Testament are the writings of Isaiah, Amos, Hosea and Micah, which date from the eighth century.

I speak for many, I am sure, when I chronicle my surprise at finding that the prophets and their unnamed disciples wrote and compiled the Hebrew Scriptures in the eight hundred years directly preceding the Christian Era. For some fifteen or twenty years of my life I attended Sunday-School and church with punctilious regularity, with enthusiasm for things religious and with keen interest in things biblical. Out of that attendance and interest I got a fair acquaintance with popular Bible stories, a smattering of theology, a treasure of beautiful phrases, sundry rules of moral conduct, and a conviction that it is the spirit that quickeneth. I do not belittle these rewards, but I justly complain that in all those years I got absolutely no information about the history and composition of this most wonderful book. Every non-clerical person of my acquaintance to whom I have spoken of my newly-acquired knowledge has proved to be as ignorant as I was. Brethren, these things ought not so to be. Those Hebrew prophets should not be without their due honour and blame in twentieth century Christendom. They were sealed to a double mission: they were on fire to free the worship of Jehovah from idolatrous and sensual practices, and they were enthusiastic patriots, eager for the return of Israel from exile. It was as advocates of these two principles that they wrote and edited the history of their race and its religion.

It makes one nervously self-conscious to offer a testimonial to the value of the Old Testament. One remembers unhappily how, during the Tercentenary of the King James Version, a certain British headliner, tongue in cheek, set

the caption, "A. J. Balfour Endorses the Bible," over that statesman's Edinburgh speech. And yet there are but few readers in our generation who know of the treasures in the Old Testament. The orthodox, who read their Bible with reverence rather than interest, the indifferent, who do not read it at all, and the sceptics, who visit upon it the sins of the dogmatic theology they abhor, alike cut themselves off from a source of genuine enjoyment. A browser among books will travel many a long and weary mile before he will find elsewhere such rich and varied pasturage as that afforded him by the Hebrew Scriptures.

ANNA BRANSON HILLYARD.

RESULTS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

BY JAMES H. HYSLOP

In 1882 the English Society for Psychical Research was organized amidst the general ridicule of the scientific world. Materialism and agnosticism were so strong from the triumphs of physical science that residual phenomena of any kind were either discredited or explained away by all sorts of pseudo-theories. The Spiritualists had assumed a contemptuous attitude ever since Swedenborg, whom they would have done better to have followed or to have improved upon by better experiments. The Church shied at the subject because it had been defeated, in so many efforts to defend its dogmas, by the constant victories of physical science, until it distrusted the very method of science. The Philosophers looked down on the subject with that benign contempt which that class has always shown toward the work of experiment, and rested easy in the comforts of an idealism which physical science neither understood nor respected; which the philosopher himself could not make intelligible, and which the man of the world rejected with a shrug of the shoulders. For a long period of history, Philosophy had complete control of all human knowledge, until she divided the patrimony among the special sciences who were her children, and who usurped for themselves the domination of the world leaving to their mother, in the language of Lotze, as her dower's right, the insoluble problems of the universe.

It was in the midst of all this opposition and ridicule that a small group of Englishmen organized the Society for Psychical Research. They were such men as Professor Henry Sidgwick of Cambridge University, England, Mr. Frederic W. H. Myers, Professor Balfour Stewart, Professor (now Sir) William F. Barrett, Professor (now Sir) Oliver J. Lodge, Arthur James Balfour, afterwards Prime Minister of England, and a host of Continental asso-

ciates of similar scientific standing. These men went about their work with the spirit and method of science, collecting data alleging some supernormal character. Prior to their time and efforts, stories were rife and would not down about haunted houses, apparitions, thought transference, marvelous results under the influence of hypnotism, and alleged communication with the dead. The Society set about collecting well accredited statements regarding personal experiences in these fields, and in the meantime it prosecuted experiments to test the claims of thought transference, which it named telepathy. It also collected a large mass of coincidental experiences associated with dying persons. After some years' work, it announced that it regarded telepathy as proved and that apparitions, such as it recorded, were not due to chance.

On these results the members of the Society, official and lay, were fairly well agreed. But when it came to mediumistic phenomena, some of which were investigated in the course of this work, they were not so well agreed. Mr. Myers, on the basis of large powers for the subconscious, and of mediumistic phenomena which he did not publish, adopted the belief in survival after death. Dr. Hodgson on the avowed evidence of communication with the dead, accepted the same belief. The same was true of Sir Oliver Lodge and later of Sir William Barrett. Other leaders of the work have not publicly announced their belief in spiritism, though they hold it privately. But there is no aggressive tendency on the part of any of them to urge the hypothesis or to make any progress on the basis of it.

If it had not been for the absurd talk about telepathy by people who ought to have had more scientific intelligence, there would have been much more general progress in psychic research. I do not mean progress in collecting facts, but in the interpretation of such as have been collected. Telepathy has been a universal solvent of mysteries for every man who has been afraid to admit anything that really explains. This habit has prevailed ever since the attack on Mesmer. When they could not dispute Mesmer's facts they disputed his theory by an appeal to the imagination. Scientific men were right enough in disputing his fluidic theory, but it would have been infinitely wiser to have confessed ignorance than to have set up the imagination in the place of a fluid. They soon discovered

this when Braid brought forward "suggestion" as the potent charm to explain everything, when, in fact, it explained nothing. But the very fact that no one knew what it meant gave it security against refutation. You cannot deny what you do not understand. Consequently, as a solvent of mysteries for people who could not think, "suggestion" has had no rivals. You could hold the plebs at bay with it while you postponed the day of judgment.

It was precisely the same with telepathy. Many researchers recognized at the outset that the claims of the Spiritualists had to be investigated and it was a part of the avowed object to do this. But they took an attitude of hostility toward Spiritualism and sought first those phenomena by which they hoped to explain away the theory of the Spiritualists, though professing to be searching for evidence of a future life! So biased was the spirit with which they set about their work that Mr. Myers definitely stated in his great work, *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death,* that so far from defending Spiritualism, it was a criticism of that doctrine, though he announced the same conclusion! There was, of course, enough that was contemptible in the Spiritualists' claims to invoke this opposition and it was as much as a man's scientific life was worth to show any mercy to that school. It was its own fault that it received so little sympathy. Even if a man believed it to be true, it was not safe to admit it, and the only course open to an intelligent man was to ignore it and to deal with other problems of the supernormal.

The consequence was that the investigators first attacked the problems of thought transference and in the course of some years of work announced that telepathy had been proved. From being mental coincidences between living minds that excluded chance coincidence and normal sense perception, and connected with the present mental states of agent and percipient, the advocates of it began to extend its meaning to the process of A selecting from the subconscious of B whatever was necessary for impersonating the dead.

Now there is no evidence whatever for any such process. There has been even no attempt to investigate such a process or to prove it as a fact. It has been assumed as possible; and then having dwelt on its possibility for

purposes of controversy, the mind has come to believe it to be a fact! And this is called scientific procedure! Of course, it is "possible" that the subconscious may be an agent in affecting the mind of the medium. But there are so many other "possibilities" that these kill themselves off. We must have evidence for a *fact,* and there is no evidence for subconscious agency of one living mind on another, and it is hard to see how you can prove that the subconscious is a telepathic agent because we can never tell what the subconscious is doing. But assume that we can. Not much progress is made with that. For the real thing to be explained is the fact that this subconscious of the psychic always selects the right facts from the subconscious of the living for proving the personal identity of the dead, facts to be transmitted to the medium and then delivered back to the sitter as messages from the dead, the subconscious fooling either itself or the normal consciousness of the sitter, whose subconsciousness supposedly knows no better!

But then the stretching of the hypothesis does not stop here. Many of the facts delivered as messages are not known by the sitter either consciously or subconsciously and can be proved not to have been known. I shall not take the trouble here to illustrate or prove this, but facts of this type exist by the thousand. You cannot use the hypothesis of telepathic access to the subconscious of the sitter in such instances, as the data are not there for transmission or selection. So our *soi-disant* scientific people, with out any evidence whatever, now stretched telepathy to cover these new facts and assumed that it could reach out into the whole world of living consciousness and select the right person for obtaining the desired information, select from his or her subconscious the proper incidents which the sitter does not know, and then after this intelligent process palm the facts off as spirit messages, knowing how it gets them and lying about where it gets them! There are no mechanical analogies in any such assumed process. You could not assume that the person or persons from whom such information was filched were either consciously or subconsciously thinking of or trying to transmit the needed facts. The whole process has to be selectively initiated and carried out by the medium.

Now there is no scientific evidence whatever for any

such process. As already asserted, all that we know is that there are coincidences between living minds that exclude chance and normal perception, and whether they are direct transmissions between living minds or intermediated by spirits, no one knows. We know only the facts and telepathy is but a name for those facts, not a name for any causal process whatever. The consequence is that it can no more be used for explanation of the facts than chemical affinity can.

Now, all along in this collection of data there has been an increasing mass of facts consistent with the hypothesis of communication with the dead, to say nothing more of it, and that hypothesis coincides with all the scientific and ethical theories of human consciousness, while the so-called telepathic theory has no causal or ethical implications whatever. What I have shown of the assumptions that have to be made,—and these without evidence—in extending telepathy, indicates clearly a perfectly topsy-turvy condition of things. The hypothesis cannot be made responsible for any scientific laws or limitations whatever. But the spiritistic theory, in so far as it is based on phenomena of personal identity, is practically intelligible and appeals to well known laws of nature. Telepathy is an appeal to the unknown and thus violates the first condition of a scientific explanation. We do not know any process whatever in connection with the phenomena of telepathy and so cannot use it for scientific explanations. It is quite otherwise with the spiritistic theory where the facts illustrate personal identity. In the first place, we explain the actions of a living person by the action of consciousness on the organism. In conversation with a man, we interpret his vocal statements, not as blind, unconscious and mechanical actions, but as evidence of associated intelligence. Wherever the evidence is sufficient, we infer intelligence in connection with certain facts. Now, that particular person with whom we were conversing dies and his body dissolves. No more actions occur in connection with his bodily organism from which I can infer the continuance of that consciousness. But suppose that I go to another living organism whose consciousness never knew the facts about my friend, and the incidents of his last conversation are all detailed over again to me, why should I not suppose or infer that the same consciousness is instigating them

that I would infer with the living organism? On the one hand, the proved fact of telepathy, whatever the process, would make this possible, assuming that consciousness actually did survive and only awaited favorable conditions for communication, and we might legitimately suppose that the facts were evidence of the survival, without any appeal to a process to account for them or to make them intelligible.

Now when we say "spirit" in such a situation we do not mean a quasi-material form, as usually imagined, but we mean the continuance of the consciousness or stream of consciousness which we once knew, and now infer, to explain certain movements and actions of a given organism. We are not setting up an unknown process, such as telepathy is. We are inferring the same mental states that we knew operative at a former time, and, if in the living it be the nature or the capacity of consciousness to cause movements or sensory pictures in the mind, why may not the same power be active after death; and when a suitable organism or set of conditions is found in the living, why may not the same consciousness produce the same effects? In both the conception of the process and the appeal to persistence of consciousness we are using the known to explain the facts. The appeal to telepathy is to the wholly unknown as a process. The facts are nothing but mental states and as such are not special types of phenomena individually considered. It is the absence of normal stimuli that is striking. The consequence is that we shall not be in any position to understand telepathic coincidences until we ascertain the special process by which they are produced. If telepathically induced mental states represented individual phenomena of a special type different in nature from ordinary mental states, the discovery of a special process would not be so important. Any other associated event or agent might suffice to explain it. But telepathy is but a name for a coincidence between phenomena which, individually and in normal conditions, are perfectly familiar, and it is the coincidence that is unusual, not the mental state. Consequently we must know what the process is that establishes the coincidence, to understand it. But it is precisely this process that is totally unknown. So far as we know, the process might be the action of spirits as messengers for carrying the thoughts of one living person to an-

other. We have no evidence that any such thing occurs, and it would involve a complicated process to effect it in this way. The habit of science is to take the direct course for explanation instead of the indirect, unless the evidence points to the indirect one. Hence, I do not refer to the possibility of spirit agency in telepathy as if it were a fact, but only to exhibit our ignorance of the real process, and it is that ignorance which forbids the use of "telepathy" to explain anything whatever. It remains a name for facts which still seek an explanation.

But concede that telepathy actually explains the mental coincidences, or that we know the process by which it is effected, this would not help us in the least in such facts as point to the action of spirits in communicating. As I have already indicated, telepathy assumes that A acts on B. But the phenomena which illustrate the personal identity of the dead must be represented as B *selecting from A and all living consciousness* the facts necessary to impersonate the dead. That is a totally different phenomenon and must have a like different explanation. There is nothing selective about the ordinarily assumed telepathy. There is the natural selectiveness of mind in the phenomena which represent the survival of human consciousness and it is the selectiveness of a mind distinct from the mind or minds assumed as the source in the hypothesis of telepathy. The interest in the selection, the connections and associations manifested in it, the variations from the natural interests and associations of the sitter, the disregard of the sitter's expectations and wishes, the evidence that the sitter's present mental states are ignored, are all incompatible with any form of telepathy whatever, except one which does nothing but duplicate the facts which illustrate the personal identity of the dead, and there is not one iota of scientific evidence for any such process. It can have no standing without such evidence.

I shall challenge any scientific man to dispute these statements, and they must be disputed in order to purchase any favor whatever for telepathy as a rival of spiritistic theories. The fact is, telepathy has never received any support whatever except such as is due to the respectability of scepticism against spirits. It would not be tolerated in any intelligent scientific court. The evidence and the scientific character of the explanation is all on the

other side, and as a consequence of this and the voluminous mass of facts, I shall not even present here any of the evidence for spiritistic theory. I exclude from that evidence, of course, all physical phenomena and such as do not illustrate the personal identity of deceased persons. They are subject to further investigation for their alliances and might possibly be explicable by spirits, but are not evidence of such causes. At this date, however, I consider the spiritistic theory as so well proved scientifically that I regard every man who does not admit it simply as either ignorant or prejudiced. Schopenhauer said practically the same thing in 1850.

In this verdict I do not exclude the right to be perplexed about the explanation of the processes by which the evidence is secured. Most people wish to understand phenomena or to understand the process of communication or to have some knowledge of the life hereafter before they will admit that the existence of spirits has been proved. This is absolutely absurd. We cannot explain or understand anything until after we have proved it to be a fact. We cannot demand that we shall explain how we communicate with spirits before we admit the fact of it. The explanation of any phenomenon is always subsequent to the admission of it as a fact, not prior to that admission. All that has been proved is that spirits are necessary to make the facts intelligible at all, and whatever else it may be desirable to know has still to be ascertained and proved. We know very little about the process involved in communication and we have many difficulties *in* the theory, but none *against* it. Readers must learn to distinguish between objections *against* a theory and perplexities or problems *within* it. Nearly all the so-called objections to it, except the possibility of fraud, are not objections at all, but additional problems.

As a consequence of all this I shall take the existence of spirits as proved and endeavor to show what else has been accomplished by psychical research.

There are two difficulties which the layman always sees in the phenomena which we invoke in favor of the spiritistic hypothesis. They are: (1) the triviality of the facts, and (2) the absence of definite knowledge about the nature of the life after death. Both of these are easily removed and would never be mentioned by any scientist.

In regard to triviality of the facts, we have two answers to the layman's difficulties. First, trivial facts are absolutely necessary for the proof of the spiritistic theory. We are not trying to prove that we communicate with the dead. That is a mere incident in the far larger problem of ascertaining whether spirits exist. Materialism is strong enough to require that we prove that spirits exist, and in order to do this we must prove the personal identity of a given person. We must have supernormal facts which illustrate that personal identity, and the more exceptional and trivial they are, the better. Witness what is necessary to prove a murder, or the personal identity of a Tichborne. This claimant for a fortune was not able by any facts to establish his identity, and in the trial appeal was made to very trivial facts like scars on his person, etc. No intelligent person would escape the nature of the problem in such a way as to ignore what the primary condition of proof in it is. Moreover, many of the communications are not trivial at all. This is the second consideration in reply to the alleged difficulties. They are often as exalted in character as anyone would desire, but they are absolutely worthless as evidence for spirits. They are either wholly unverifiable by the only testimony that can be accepted in such cases, or they represent ideas which are easily explicable by subconscious production. We have first to prove the existence of spirits, and then to determine with some measure of accuracy the limits of subconscious production, before we can feel any assurance about many of the alleged messages.

In regard to the absence of knowledge about a future life, it can only be said that there is no lack of communications about it. They are probably as plentiful as the messages in proof of personal identity, and, so far as the persons are honest who furnish the communications, the mass of them is perhaps larger than that of the evidence for survival. The fundamental obstacle to their acceptance is the want of verification. Science can never attach any value to unverified communications from any world, spiritual or physical. What is alleged in any field of inquiry is subject to the laws of evidence and we have not yet been allowed the means for even trying to verify statements about a spiritual world. There are so many contradictory assertions and communications about it that we have to reconcile these

or remove the erroneous ones before we have any right to form a conception of that world.

The real problem for the intelligent man, after obtaining evidence of survival, is to understand the confusions and errors in the communications, and especially the difficulty about transmitting proper names. The explanation of these involves some knowledge of the process of communicating with spirits, or between the dead and the living. Now it is this process which we have not yet ascertained with any degree of clearness or entirety, but we have some hints of what it is in certain types of communication, and further investigation may reveal more of it.

In certain types of mediumship it has been characteristic to represent the communications in the form of a reality like the living. Apparitions are the type of it when spirits purport to be objects of perception and similar representations are given of other objects. The ordinary Philistine, assuming that such alleged messages represent a spiritual world as identical with a material one, is able to cast suspicion on the phenomena, and the conjurer has no difficulty in imitating alleged communications, reproducing the manner of psychics to perfection. But careful records of the personal experiences of private people, who have no professional interest, and experiments with accredited private mediums show the same kinds of phenomena. The mediums apparently see apparitions of persons and objects alike. Everything appears in phantasm, whether symbolically or otherwise, and in so many cases are representative of evidence for the supernormal that there is no mistaking the fact that the messages or communications are pictographic visions. Voices are only an auditory form of the same phenomena.

Now, it has been remarked in the phenomena of both spontaneous and experimental telepathy that the thoughts of A transmitted to B appear to be in the form of apparitions or mental pictures; not always, but frequently enough to suggest what the general process of transmission is. Comparison with mediumistic phenomena shows that the process is the same as in pictographic communications with the dead. But the process, whether between living persons or between the dead and the living, means, in untechnical terms, that the thoughts of A appear as realities to B. Or, to state the same fact technically, the thoughts of the agent,

A, are transmitted telepathically to the percipient, B, in whom they appear as veridical hallucinations. The thoughts or mental pictures of A, become the thoughts or mental pictures of B, to whom they are apparent realities.

It is evident that this fact explains at least most apparitions of both the living and the dead. It may not explain all of them, but it certainly explains most of them, and the whole problem of "spirit clothes" becomes a perfectly simple one. The perplexity of the layman and, more especially, of the scientific man, to whom it is absolutely incredible that we should duplicate our old clothes after death, is greatly modified and, in so far as the miracle of it is concerned, is entirely removed. Many other phenomena yield to this explanation and I shall remark only that of feeling that one's self is another personality. The transfer of emotions, of impulses, or of ideas may disorder the whole equilibrium of the subject that receives them.

The important fact to observe at this juncture is the inference to be drawn as to the nature of the spiritual world. Having eliminated the material reality of the apparitions, and regarding them as telepathic hallucinations produced by the thoughts of the dead, we must conceive the spiritual world as a mental one whose thought has causal power to simulate reality. This phenomenon occurs with the living in their dreams, deliria, hallucinations, and hypnotic suggestions, so that it is not wholly anomalous to find it with the dead. Assuming, with Mr. Myers, that it is the subconscious functions,—which are wholly inutile for the living,—that survive, it would be most natural that the subject surviving should think in pictures that simulate reality; and, telepathy being the mode of transmission to each other and the living, we should expect veridical hallucinations as a consequence, apparent physical realities, but really mental ones simulating them. Thus the spiritual world is a thought world with its ideas and emotions transmissible from person to person.

We might, then, conceive the spiritual world as a rationalized dream life, like poetic day dreaming. Whether it shall be rationalized will depend on the habits of the person while living. Our ordinary dreams seem chaotic and meaningless, but modern psychology shows that they are less chaotic than we are apt to suppose. That

which seems chaotic is only the margin of a more consistent and rational stream in the subconscious that does not emerge in the normal consciousness at all. Even our waking life has this chaotic character, but we disregard it because of our selective interest in certain important portions of it. The marginal associations in it are as chaotic as the marginal constitution of our dreams, which are most probably the fragments of associational events not observed or regarded by the subconscious. Assuming, then, that the subconscious life is a consistent stream, we should have it perpetuating itself in the spiritual world. Our dream life there would be determined by the character which we gave both our conscious and our subconscious life when living. It is our conscious life that determines the contents of the subconscious, so that the habits of the one are the habits of the other. Whether our lives after death will be rationalized dream lives or irrational ones may depend on our habits here. The momentum of our present lives continues, and unless we modify them after death they continue just as they were here. They will be poetic and happy only in accordance with the degree of our adjustment to a rational life.

But now that telepathic agency and communication are accepted or assumed, we find them associated with all sorts of effects on the living. They are not always consciously produced. Many an incident that proves to be good evidence of identity comes unintentionally. The communicator is trying to do one thing, and a different thought slips through. This is because he cannot absolutely control the process of transmission. Everything depends upon which mental picture, the marginal or the central one, is picked up by the receiving agent. But conscious effects can also be produced.

Now take the condition immediately after death; this involves the freeing of the subconscious from the shackles of the bodily life and its sensory action. The dream life of the subconscious goes on just as it did with the living subject and the imagery is taken by this subject for reality, just as we do in our dreams and deliria or hallucinations. This subject comes in contact with a psychic, and his ideas, beliefs, and theories are transmitted to that psychic or through him or her to some living person. It is a dream life communicated to the living and will be nothing but

that subject's ideas and opinions for the time. They will appear as earthly memories projected as beliefs about the spiritual world. Whole philosophies may be transmitted in this way and each communicator would be giving his mere dream life, not representing the reality of the new world in which he is placed, but the merely earthly memories mistaken for the reality of another world, as they are in dreams. It will be perfectly apparent how all this might lead to contradictory accounts of the spiritual world and also to all sorts of obsessions, good and bad. Alleged revelations would occur, good and bad, perhaps, and all sorts of disturbances which we have not time to discuss or prove here.

This continued dream life would have to be reduced to a rational form before it would appear consistent, and even then it might not represent anything but earthly memories. It must be suppressed and a mental life adjusted to the realities of a spiritual world established in the place of the mere dominance of earthly memories, before we could expect any rational account of a spiritual world to be given to us. All that involves very many difficulties for the investigator as yet, and I shall not dwell on it here. The important thing to observe is the lesson which such a view enforces about the habits of the living. They are the key to the solution of the problem quite as much as the fact of communication. If we want the communications to be rational, we shall have to live rational lives. Our habits are the fixed things in our nature, and if they have to be changed after death to suit the new environment, it may be more difficult to change them when out of the body than when in it. Ethical idealism is thus the condition of escaping the unpleasant consequences which are entailed by an irrational life. The more "material," that is, sensory, it is, the more apparently material it will be after death, and all the effects of such habits must be overcome to reach the spiritual development which should begin here. An interest in a non-sensory life, or the subordination of the sensory to an inner life of spiritual ideas, emotions and impulses, is the primary condition of more ready adjustment to a spiritual world, or the production of it, assuming the dream constructiveness of a spiritual life.

This is a mere outline on which the informed psychic

researcher and the philosopher may work to his heart's content. It is a confirmation of the idealism of the last century, though a modification of it at the same time. There is no space to go into any of these problems here. Nor can we as yet dogmatize about the results. We have only opened the gates of another world by communication and by the discovery of one of the methods or processes of communication. There are other than the pictographic processes, but I shall not discuss them here. The main thing is to see in the one method which is most clear the indications of what a spiritual life out of the body may be, and prosecute inquiries until we can reduce the complexities of the phenomena to some sort of order and usefulness in the ethical life of living men to whom the belief in a future life must be of some practical value or lose its interest.

JAMES M. HYSLOP.

THE WING OF DEATH

I

BY ELIZABETH SHIPLEY SERGEANT

October 20th—Mont-Notre-Dame.

THEY have stretched a sheet around my cot this morning. It does not shut out the pervasive poilu smell. And I can still see the young French soldier directly across the ward. Day and night he lies high against a back-rest. He has a great hole in his abdomen, and a torturing thirst, and cries faintly every two or three minutes:

"Infirmier, infirmier, à boire, à boire."

October 21st.

The poilu can't be more than twenty. His eyes are caverns, dark wells of pain in a face blanched and shrunk to the angles of the bones beneath. They gaze out from under a shock of dark black hair that seems to grow every hour longer; gaze with the persistently hurt, surprised expression of a child who has put his hand in the fire, and finds that fire burns. When they first began to haunt me, emerging from the murk of the tent and vanishing again, early yesterday morning, I thought they were a sort of symbol. Ether bedazed me and I could not quite grasp the meaning of the symbol. I confused the poilu with a black-haired Oklahoma boy whom I found last June in a French hospital at Meaux; alone but for one muttering Arab in a vast, dirty ward; bed-bugs crawling over him; blood soaking his shirt and blankets. The most lost and miserable American of all.

Now his face stared at me, gaunt and craggy, from the French soldier's bed. I begged Mercier, my orderly, to change the Oklahoman's blankets; told him that my fellow-countryman could not make his needs understood; insisted eloquently—and heard Mercier laugh—that he should take the "houses" off my legs. I was unable to

help so long as their weight pressed me down. Mercier explained that they were not to be removed. But it was the poilu's head, glooming clearer and clearer like a tormented ascetic head in a Spanish painting, that at last brought me to myself. I remembered exactly what had happened to me; and it seemed—seems now—altogether negligible in the light of that suffering stare.

"*Infirmier, à boire*—just one little drop?"

Valentin, the cross old orderly who passed just then tells him brutally to shut his mouth. It will be wet in due time, not before. And Valentin shuffles on, in his felt slippers and his streaked gray-blue clothes, which depend flabbily from a loosely hinged back-bone. Here comes Mercier, taking temperatures. Mercier is a generation younger than Valentin. He swings his muscular hips as he walks, as if he belonged to the Breton sea. But it seems that *dans le civil* he is a coiffeur at Le Mans. Mercier declares, after consulting his wrist-watch, that *le petit* must wait exactly nineteen minutes for the next swallow of champagne.

Miss Bullard, meanwhile, briskly reminds Mercier—who continues to stand poised, twisting waxed blonde moustachios—that it is nearly ten; only half the temperatures taken; no dressings done; several stimulations to be given men who are very low; the surgeons due on rounds at any moment. Mercier looks crestfallen, murmurs, with a half glance in my direction:

"*Je n'ai pas l'esprit au travail ce matin*"—"my mind isn't on my work this morning."

Miss Bullard, as she hurries on, gives the little soldier a smile from under her white veil, that brings a momentary look of peace into his bewildered eyes. But soon the monotonous whimper begins again:

"A drink, a drink"—he is wanly beseeching me now as if I ought to be able to rise on my two splints and "slip" him a few drops from the bottle on the shelf over his bed. A woman—not nursing—in an evacuation hospital—during an attack. . . .

Have I said anything else to myself these two endless days and nights? Raw flesh—shattered bones—pain—fever—thirst—disability—death. Why should I be caught up into this revelation of the ultimate of war unless I can turn my understanding to some service?

There is one unbearable sound. A dull, pierccd, animal plaint, nothing like the usual moan of pain, or the cries of the wounded who are being dressed. A sort of sigh went up from the whole ward when it began. Miss Bullard dropped everything and ran, though the man she left is only a little less in need. Her look is fixed as she prepares her hypodermic in the alcove beyond my bed.

She works so swiftly, so gallantly. Did she realize when she put me in this corner near her table of supplies, the satisfaction I should get from the perfection of her technique? From simply *seeing* her, single-handed, single-hearted, direct a whole hospital, and meet the outstanding needs of her twenty-four *grands blessés?* She must have known it would be a spiritual substitute for the nursing she would be giving me under other circumstances. She can do only the essential now. Racked and lacerated as I feel, I am yet one of the least serious cases. Two-thirds of the patients are just barely being kept alive. She literally does not stop one second in the twelve hours she is here. Even so, she is consumed (as I have seen Lucinda consumed at Dr. Blake's hospital this last six months) by the desperate need to do more. Miss Bullard sleeps a mile away, in a ruined village, in a room with no window-glass and no stove. She has to walk there again for lunch. Only a sort of exaltation keeps the human machine going through such stress. She must have been drawing for months on springs far deeper than the normal springs of human energy and endurance.

She sends Mercier to tell me, as her fingers fit rubber tubes together, that she will make me comfortable for the day before long. I am ashamed that I do want to have my face washed, that I do want to feel her soothing touch at my feet. The soldier she had to desert is two beds away from me. His face was considerably shot to pieces. He has to be fed through a tube. But he lies there dumbly patient and acquiescent.

Afternoon.

Yes, only those who cannot help themselves ask for anything here—at least by day. I believe I was conscious of it even those first irresponsible hours. For when I heard my own voice calling Mercier—as it did so often—I was amazed and repentant. Extraordinary how quickly one

becomes part of the mechanism; how one can bear anything in company. Just because it is war, and must be borne. *C'est la fatalité.* Inevitable. Irrevocable. Immutable. Interminable. Nothing exists, or ever will exist but this khaki tent pitched in the mud; this rain that drips, drips through the roof; this stove that smokes; this back-breaking cot; these grimed and stuffy blankets; this clinging smell of damp, and coal-smoke, and iodine, and disinfectant, and suppurating wounds, and human sweat and dirt. Yet to name the obvious discomforts is to exaggerate them. They become submerged in a more profound initiation—an initiation which is almost a compensation.

A visitor has made this clear to me. The *medicin-chef,* full of apologies for not having himself visited me sooner, ushered him in. They came mincing down the ward together, between desperately sick men of whom they seemed quite unaware; the *medicin chef,* in his unsullied horizon blue, looking a sort of operatic tenor after the hard-pressed shabby surgeons I have so far seen; the visitor an elongated, dapper personage from the Maison de la Presse. He had journeyed all the way from Paris, in his best Rue François I^{er} uniform to bring me "the condolences of the French Government."

Mercier provided a camp stool. The stove was belching yellow clouds. Drops trickled down his neck. The attention of the *blessés* was glumly superior. He sat there shivering, coughing, fondling an imperceptible moustache with one nervous hand, blinking away smoky tears, as he made polite conversation. His reddened eyes took in my bandages, the "cradle" that raised the bedclothes over my feet. But what they dwelt on with fascinated commiseration were the fragment of my skirt that Miss Bullard had pinned about my shoulders, and the pillow she had improvised—Gertrude E's coon-coat, which luckily came through intact. (The hospital has no bed-pillows and only three back-rests).

"How uncomfortable you must be, Mademoiselle!"

Poor Monsieur, not nearly so uncomfortable as you, though I tried hard to make your half-hour as easy as I could.

One thing I do mind—greasy old tin plates. I can swallow sickish tea, and *limonade,* that never saw a lemon, and gratefully, when Mercier holds the china "duck" to

my lips. But when he brings me onion-scented soup, full of vague floating vegetables, in an ancient tin receptacle. . . . He was very proud at lunch time. He had succeeded in finding an egg, a very round and orange fried egg, which skated madly over that dubious black surface. It was perfectly cold. But I choked it down with a humble fear that I was being pampered.

I *am* pampered. I have sheets. Miss Bullard, of course, produced them. And though she had been up all my first night, she went the long distance to her room and brought back a night gown and comb of her own. Even a new tooth-brush and a box of "Dorin Rose." (Dorin Rose! The visitor should have noted that pathetic effort to be faithful to feminine tradition.) As my cot is curtained off, she keeps the window in the Bessano tent open over my head. The French surgeons allow no air to blow through the ward. And as soon as she is gone at night the orderly zealously shuts my port-hole from the outside.

I dread the moment when Miss Bullard goes for a good many reasons—the moment when I am left alone in this world of anguished men. It is then that it is most intolerable to be helpless. If only I could do the small things the orderlies neglect, once the nurse's eye is off them. Even during Miss Bullard's lunch hour—if she takes a lunch hour—there is a more restless spirit among the *blessés.* They talk of her from bed to bed. Her *drôle de français,* her funny French, which they delight in; her capacity; her sympathy; her well-earned Croix de Guerre. After all, they say, why should an American woman be nursing Frenchmen? There are no French nurses here. *"Elle a bien du mérite."* But soon they began to wonder why she isn't back; began to fuss. And at night, when she has given the last hypodermic, and put on her cape and stolen out, black desolation settles down over the tent.

October 22nd.

Last night the ward was like a sombre tunnel, full of smoke and noxious gas; monstrous moving shadows; painful reverberation. Feet, feet, trampling, trampling; *brancardiers,* shuffling into the tent with new burdens. Shall I ever forget how their feet are sucked into the glutinous mud of the Marne? It is as if the mud were insatiable. And it gives out, in the dark and silence, the muted sound of all

those other stretcher-bearing feet which it has sucked and strained at for four years. Mont-Notre-Dame was an important French hospital centre until the Germans took it last spring. On the recovered ground a French hospital has been planted again. And yet again come the *brancardiers,* bearing still, horizontal shapes on their shoulders, shapes once vivid, earth-loving, now writhen, agonized, indifferent. War is a doom, trampling, shuffling itself out to eternity.

And the orderly on duty last night was a doddering old fellow who let the men get completely out of hand. It is no kindness, as I have discovered. The least serious cases make the worst row. The "thigh" began it:

"*O là, là, là, là, ô là, la, la, la*"—each "ô" a note higher in the scale and the "*la's*" running down in Tetrazzini's manner.

"*C'est-il-mal-heur-eux, c'est-il-mal-heur-eux*" responds the "arm" in the next bed, who has no intention of being outdone.

"*Damnée guerre, damnée guerre,*" echoes the "shoulder-blade."

This had been going on perhaps fifteen minutes when the little poilu opposite me tore off his bandages. Patience is a terrible virtue. Would not wars end if ten thousand wounded men tore off their bandages and bled to death? But the process is hideous. The *vieux,* badly scared, called Mercier, and with much stifled gasping and cursing they together bound him up again in the flicker of a lantern.

Can it be that only forty or fifty miles from here people are discussing, over partridge and *fraises des bois,* whether it would be better for Foch to accept an armistice or to push the Germans to a complete *débâcle?* Better give a few months more, and several thousands more men, say some. I wish they could spend a night in my cot. Can it be that in Paris, I too, believed in the end of the war? The very evening before my accident, the evening of the day when the French army entered Lille I came out of the Castiglione, after a dinner, into light. *Light* in Paris at eleven o'clock at night. *Light* after nearly four years of war-darkness! Those great torches, flaring brazenly from the Tuileries terrace, on brazen enemy guns strewn over the Place de la Concorde, conveyed, as they were intended to do, a sort of shout of triumph. The enemy

had been driven so far, so far, that not the boldest or fleetest of his bombers could any longer threaten the heart of France.

Yet here the fear of air-raids is not conjured. I shall not soon forget the whirring pulse that throbbed and burrowed into our tent-tunnel in the small hours of last night. Ominous, dis-composing. Air-planes, squadron after squadron, passing just overhead. Boches or our own? The complete defencelessness I felt so long as the uncertainty lasted made me aware that what I had hitherto taken for moral courage during raids was purely physical; a pair of good legs and a convenient mediaeval cellar had sustained me. I know something about the psychology of the bomber, too. Great to drop off your load on a group of tents; to get a direct hit, a tongue of flame. (Lord, it was a hospital!)

After all, I am just as bad as the men at night, but for New England pride. My soul also escapes from what Jules Romains would call the *unanimisme* of the ward; from the bonds of a common fate, which enjoin a decent patience. I become an impotent, aching creature, full of unpleasant holes, lost in a corner of devastated France, infinitely remote from everyone I care for. The hospital unit had moved up from Château-Thierry the night before I got here. No telephone connection with Paris yet. So I cannot get cables through to my family in America. I can't even telegraph my brother-in-law, Ernest, at Dijon, or Colonel Lambert at the Red Cross; or Sid! who has just lost his brother, on top of losing almost his entire squadron in the Argonne; and is due in Paris on leave. He wired me the night before my accident to cable his mother, and there should be an answer by now—and I of no use.

I ask for tea. The orderly comes running. (*"Ca change, une femme,"* thinks he. And I—"I can't see his dirty hands in the dark"). But tea is no sedative. I hug my stone jar of hot water tight, but I can't escape from memory. The memory that my work has come to a fortuitous end just as the war approaches its final crisis. The memory of the accident itself. These three nights, which have dragged by like many centuries as I have relived it, step by step, image by image; a series of sharp, visual images strung together by blindly logical circumstance.

Four American women, with a French woman in nurse's uniform, their guide, are descending from the train at Epernay, when they are met by a French officer. Plump, pink, smiling, the officer. They have come for an afternoon's drive to Rheims, and the American battle-fields of the Marne, and will return to Paris via Château-Thierry in the evening.

Ravaged fields, shapeless villages. . . . Soon the Lieutenant has stopped the motor by a steep hillside. The battlefield of Mont Bligny, very important in the defence of Rheims. He warns us that it has not been "cleaned up," that we must touch nothing unless we are sure of its nature.

The ladies stream up and across the field, littered indeed with all sorts of obscene rubbish. Someone finds a German prayer-book. Someone else an Italian helmet. There may be a skull in it, warns the Lieutenant, but hangs a French one on his own arm for me. Mademoiselle has a queer looking object—a series of perpendicular tubes set in a half-circle, with a white string hanging down at either end. The inside of a German gas mask, she says. We all walk across the hilltop as far as the holes dug in the ground by the forward French sentries; we look towards the German lines beyond—then turn back along the crest of the hill, where it drops off sheer to a wide valley. The Lieutenant, Mademoiselle and I are ahead, the others some fifteen yards behind. Suddenly the officer notes what Mademoiselle is carrying:

"Put that on the ground, please," he says curtly, "I am not sure what it is."

A stunning report, a blinding flash, and I am precipitated down the bank, hearing, it seems, as I go, the Lieutenant's shriek of horror:

"My arm, my arm has been carried away!"

I lift my head at once; two women cowering with pale faces, then running towards the road; the third standing quiet by a stark, swollen figure, the French woman, stretched on her back, with her blue veils tossed about her. Great gashes of red in the blue.

"*Macabre* of the movies"—and aloud I hear a voice, which is mine, add:

"She is dead."

"Yes—Terrible."

I seem oddly unable to get up. Ringing in my ears.

Faintness. The effect of the explosion. Very tiresome, not to be able to help. I crawl further down the hill to get away from blood. But something warm is running down my own face. Blood! I sit up and take out of the handbag still on my arm a pocket-mirror. Half a dozen small wounds in my left cheek. Unimportant. But my eyes fall casually on my feet, extended before me. Blood! Thick and purplish, oozing slowly out of jagged holes in my heavy English shoes and gaiters. I seem to be wounded. Queer, because no pain. I call to one of the women. She makes a meteoric appearance, tells me I am splashed with blood from the dead; is gone again. I must, I think, lie down. The chauffeurs seem to be above me on the hill now, carrying the officer away. A long interval. They are bending over me.

"Can you walk?"

"I'll try."

It doesn't work. So they make a chair with their arms. One of them is grumbling that the other women aren't on hand.

"*Les blessés sont plus intéressants que les morts*—the wounded are more interesting than the dead," he remarks.

From my "chair" I note more objects, innumerable objects similar to the one that exploded, straggling like octopi in different parts of the field. The soldiers grin when I point them out; hand-grenades. Now we have reached the first limousine. The officer is propped on the right half of the back seat, his bloody sleeve (not empty yet) hanging at his side. I am lifted in beside him, my shoes removed, my feet placed on the folding seat. Those nice, expensive brown wool stockings from "Old England" ruined. . . .

The chauffeurs refuse to wait for the other ladies. Must find hospital at once. Unpleasant sensation of severing all connections with the friendly world. Inhuman country. Badly rutted roads. The officer quite conscious, desperately worried:

"I did tell them not to touch anything, didn't I, Mademoiselle? They'll break me for this." . . . Repeated again and again. Also the reply, "It wasn't your fault, Monsieur."

A bleak barrack at last. An amazed "Major" who sticks his head into the bloody car. But can do nothing

for us. Gas hospital, this. Surgeons eight kilometers further on. I feel pain at last and the Lieutenant is suffering. But we talk a little—about his wife and his profession of teacher. Will I write to his wife to-night for him? Say he is not so badly hurt. . . .

Dusk already. Two more dreary barracks in a plain lean and gray. Another French doctor, black-bearded and dour. Very displeased to see both of us, especially the woman. Two stretchers. The Lieutenant disappears in one direction while I am carried into the *"triage"* and dumped on the ground. To be tagged, I suppose, like the wounded I have seen in the attacks of the last year. At least twenty Frenchmen lounging in this barn-like place. Orderlies, stretcher-bearers, wounded soldiers, all pleasantly thrilled.

"We must cut off your clothes, Madame."

"Bien Monsieur."

I can be dry too. But if there were the least kindness in his grim, peering eyes I should tell him how desolated I feel to be giving so much trouble in a place where—I know it as well as he—women are superfluous.

Compound fracture of both ankles. Flesh wounds from *éclats*. A little soldier writes out a *"fiche"* in a deliberate hand while I am being bandaged and given ante-tetanus serum. The *fiche* goes in a brown envelope, pinned on my breast as I lie on the stretcher.

"Is it serious, Monsieur?"

"The left foot, yes, very."

"Can I not make connections with the rest of my party so as to send a message to Paris?"

No, the chauffeurs have gone already. I am to be sent to a hospital near Fismes. And the stretcher proceeds to the door. Stygian darkness now. As the men slide me into the lower regions of the ambulance I look up and see, peering down from the top layer, the very white, rolling eyeballs of two very black Senegalian negroes.

"You thought you'd be alone?" remarks the dry surgical voice. "No—*Bon voyage, Madame.*"

The ambulance door seems hermetically closed. How the engine groans on the hills. How heavily the Senegalians breathe. How my foot thumps. How the hammering on the wheels pounds in my head when we break down.

Another lighted *triage*. I am lying on another mud

floor, surrounded again by men, men. Perhaps I am the only woman in the world. But the atmosphere is more friendly. An orderly approaches:

"You have three compatriots here."

"American soldiers?"

"American nurses."

Were ever such blessed words? And the tall, sure, white-veiled woman who comes in to take my hand and not reproach me for my sex, seems to divine just how I feel. Croix de Guerre with palms—Mayo graduate—can this be the nurse who lived so long in a cellar at Soissons nursing American soldiers? I put her in a Red Cross article months ago! A presence to inspire instant confidence.

"Only a bed in the poilu tent," she apologizes. "Impossible to make a *woman* comfortable."

. . . . . .

The bed is grateful. Long, long wait. Finally a surgeon with a woman assistant materializes beside me. Surgeon with red face and shabby uniform, and as bandages unreel, a troubled look. He says immediate operation is necessary.

Miss Bullard confides me to an orderly, Mercier. She cannot see me again to-night. Must prepare two hundred new arrivals, *blessés* of yesterday's attack, for operation. Mercier seems kind. To be brought out of ether by an ex-coiffeur is normal after all this. When the stretcher-bearers come, he helps them lift me, wraps blankets about my bloody and exiguous clothing. He says he ought not to leave his ward but he comes along beside the stretcher, snubbing the *brancardiers,* who are lower in the hospital hierarchy than *infirmiers,* as I have already discovered. The movement of the stretcher on these human shoulders is soothing, though. And the rain that falls on my face from the black night. Too bad to leave it for the lighted x-ray room, so narrow and stuffy and full of perspiring men. They can't even find the *éclats.* I point out where they must be. Long wait on the floor. At last the summons to the operating room.

The surgeon is ready. In a white blouse with a large black pipe in his mouth. He removes it to caution the men who are lifting me on to the table:

"*Voyons, voyons,* don't you see it is a woman?"

A true Gaul. Unable not to point the ruthless fact.

I turn my eyes to the green-painted ceiling. It is spotted with black, black like the surgeon's pipe. Flies. The woman assistant ties my hands to the table. The surgeon is bending over my wounds now, shaking his head, and his next phrase has no double meaning, and his voice no irony:

"All because a foolish woman wanted a little souvenir of this great, great war."

I am getting ether in large quantities now. Sensation of vibration—of waves beating, and through it voices very clear:

"Who is she?"

"A journalist."

. . . . . .

The tent again. Blackness, clammy chill, penetrating pain. Mercier's hands smell strong of cigarettes. Kind Mercier, washing my face very tenderly——

October 23rd.

They are going to evacuate me by the noon train to-day with a lot of other wounded. The surgeon says my progress is sufficiently good, and of course my bed is needed. He has been in to give me special recommendations for the American surgeon (whoever he may be), who will next have me in charge.

This is less of a "tonbib," an army surgeon as caricatured by Gus Bofa, than I thought. He has spared no pains for me, and Gallic to the last, has packed my injured members in the whole hospital stock of peerless and priceless absorbent cotton. He has left the small wounds on my face alone:

"Can you suppose I would touch anything so delicate as the face of a woman?"

. . . . . .

I am leaving with a dominant sense of the fascination of surgical technique. As so often in the past my mind has come to life and helped largely in saving my nerve. The limitations of this plant are greater than those of any similar American hospital I have seen, except perhaps one field hospital. Its externals are less inviting. But I am inclined to believe that so far as essentials go, good workmanship is rather more scrupulously observed here. Cer-

tainly the surgeons take a more individual interest in their cases. I have watched the surgeon of this ward—who is not mine—making rounds every day. No detail is too small for his attention, and he has a personal relation with every man. He is visiting the "*evacuables*" now, urging each one to write back a full account of his journey and progress.

The *medicin chef* has come to say good-bye. I was not mistaken in thinking him the operatic tenor of the hospital. He stands at the foot of my bed holding one of his numerous "*paperasseries*" poised before him, like a sheet of music—an order from M. Clemenceau, urging that all consideration be given me. With that in my hand I am to be descended from the train near Vincennes, at the regulating station for Paris wounded. "The *regulateur* will have made all arrangements." I wonder? I have been able to communicate with nobody. And now I must leave Miss Bullard, my rock of safety, my friend, (a "collectable" as Ethel Sidgwick says) and journey away alone on a stretcher. I don't want to go.

Miss Bullard has dressed me in more of her garments (my own completely demolished) even to a scarf that was her mother's about my head. Gertrude's fur coat on top. The brown envelope, with records inside, again pinned to my chest. Great bustle in the ward. The orderlies are assisting the departing *blessés* into their tattered uniforms and tying up their war treasures—such as the *éclats* that have been removed from their wounds. They are very particular about the exact number, and I am not at all in fashion not to have kept mine.

Mercier presents a last tin plate of soup. He insists gruffly that I have been no trouble, no trouble at all. The sun is slanting on the tent floor for the first time, the stove swallows its own smoke. The little poilu opposite is better. His face is less pinched, his eyes several sizes smaller. He has reached the stage of patience. He looks on me as a sort of friend now, though we have never exchanged a word, and I feel as if he were reproaching me for going off to a better fate than his. I can't myself believe that these twenty-three men, whose tragedy and comedy—not much comedy, but that of a rich Rabelaisian flavor—has been mine for four days and nights, are no longer to be the very core of my life. I can't believe that

this tent, which at first seemed so sordid, and now seems so sheltering, will soon be only a brownish dot in the distant "war zone." I *don't* want to go.

. . . . . .

On the Train

I am actually enjoying the adventure. Such a golden October afternoon. Its warmth and the vanishing pictures of the countryside I catch through the window of the corridor have given me a new breath of life.

When it comes to the point, I like having to put through something hard alone. Alone! That is one of the charms. For the first time since I left Paris I am by myself—my stretcher on the seat of an old first-class compartment. Only once in a while does the train orderly—rather superior personage; antidote to the train doctor who is eminently an inferior personage—come in with a brown teapot to talk of his wife in Montreal.

The train is in no hurry to get to Paris. It is wandering hither and yon, to pick up wounded, and makes long, long stops. We are still in the midst of devastation, but I am spared most of it, for from my stretcher my eyes hit just below the skyline. A row of yellow beech trees. Three French soldiers perched on a village roof, hammering and laughing in the sun. Now an elemental figure projected against the blue heaven—a peasant woman plowing. Plowing through hand-grenades and unexploded shells. The season of mists and mellow fruitfulness will have its way even here. Perhaps the war *is* nearly over.

. . . . . .

(To be concluded)

AN EARTH GODDESS

After the Advance, 1917

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

You are not the august mother
Nor even one of her comely daughters,
But you gave shelter to men,
Hid birds and little beasts within your hands
And twined flowers in your hair.

Sister, you have been sick of a long fever,
You have been torn with throes
Fiercer than childbirth and yet barren;
You are plague-marked;
There are no flowers in your hair.

I have seen your anguish, O Sister,
I have seen your wounds.
But now there is come upon you peace,
A peace unbroken, profound,
Such as came upon the mother of King Eteocles
When both her sons were dead.
For in your agony, Sister,
When men bruised and ravished you,
You remembered the wide kindness of our mother
And gave shelter to each of them that rent you,
Shielded them from death with your delicate body,
And received their clotted corpses into your once pure breast.

And now since you have endured,
Since for all your wrong and bitter pain
There came no hatred upon you
But only pity and anguish
Such as the mother of King Eteocles felt
Gazing upon her two angry sons—
Because of this, your peace is wonderful.

Underfoot are a few scant grasses
Amid rusty ruin;
Overhead the last of your larks
Cries shrilly before the broken clouds;
And for your sake, O my Sister,
O daughter of our great Earth-Mother,
Because of your old pain
And long-suffering and sweetness,
Because of the new peace
Which lies so deep upon you,
The chains of my bitterness are broken,
The weight of my despair leaves me.

THE ISLANDS

BY MRS. RICHARD ALDINGTON

I.

What are the islands to me,
what is Greece,
what is Rhodes, Samos, Chios,
what is Paros facing west,
what is Crete?

What is Samothrace,
rising like a ship,
what is Imbros rending the storm-waves
with its breast?

What is Naxos, Paros, Milos,
what the circle about Lycia,
what, the Cyclades'
white necklace?

What is Greece—
Sparta, rising like a rock,
Thebes, Athens,
what is Corinth?

What is Euboia
with its island violets,
what is Euboia, spread with grass,
set with swift shoals,
what is Crete?

What are the islands to me,
what is Greece?

II.

What can love of land give to me
that you have not—
what do the tall Spartans know,
and gentler Attic folk?

What has Sparta and her women
more than this?

What are the islands to me
if you are lost—

What is Naxos, Tinos, Andros,
and Delos, the clasp
of the white necklace?

III.

What can love of land give to me
that you have not,
what can love of strife break in me
that you have not?

Though Sparta enter Athens,
salt, rising to wreak terror
Thebes wrack Sparta,
each changes as water,
and fall back.

IV.

"What has love of land given to you
that I have not?"

I have questioned Tyrians
where they sat
on the black ships,
weighted with rich stuffs,
I have asked the Greeks
from the white ships,
and Greeks from ships whose hulks
lay on the wet sand, scarlet
with great beaks.

I have asked bright Tyrians
and tall Greeks—
"what has love of land given you?"

And they answered—"peace."

V.

But beauty is set apart,
beauty is cast by the sea,
a barren rock,
beauty is set about
with wrecks of ships,
upon our coast, death keeps
the shallows—death waits
clutching toward us
from the deeps.

Beauty is set apart;
the winds that slash its beach,
swirl the coarse sand
upward toward the rocks.

Beauty is set apart
from the islands
and from Greece.

VI.

In my garden,
the winds have beaten
the ripe lilies;
in my garden, the salt
has wilted the first flakes
of young narcissus,
and the lesser hyacinth
and the salt has crept
under the leaves of the white hyacinth.

In my garden
even the wind-flowers lie flat,
broken by the wind at last.

VII.

What are the islands to me
if you are lost,
what is Paros to me
if your eyes draw back,
what is Milos
if you take fright of beauty,
terrible, torturous, isolated,
a barren rock?

What is Rhodes, Crete,
what is Paros facing west,
what, white Imbros?

What are the islands to me
if you hesitate,
what is Greece if you draw back
from the terror
and cold splendor of song
and its bleak sacrifice?

HEINE AND THE GERMANS

By BEULAH B. AMRAM

HEINRICH HEINE hated Prussia. Prussia returned his feeling a hundred-fold, censored his writings, banned their publication and exiled him from her borders. Therefore it is not only with a free conscience but with something like patriotic exaltation that we may admire Heinrich Heine. Heine hated the Hohenzollern. William the Hohenzollern had Heine's statue removed from the Villa at Corfu, where the unhappy Elizabeth of Austria had retired to live out her shattered life with her flowers and the poems of her favorite poet. Safely then may we put Heine again on a pedestal. Heine considered Prussia the root of German evil. A world that considers Prussia the root of all evil may develop a new passion for a writer for whom it had always reserved an especially warm spot and who has now an added claim to affection and admiration not only as poet, philosopher and wit, but in the new rôle of prophet who foresaw with startling clearness the world conflict. Attention has already been drawn to the remarkable ending of *Zur Geschichte der Religion und Philosophie in Deutschland,* where Heine, dwelling on that brutal lust of battle such as is found among the ancient Germanic races who fought not to destroy nor even to conquer, but merely from a fierce demoniac love of battle itself, saw the day when the smoldering ferocity of those ancient warriors would again blaze up, when the restraining talisman, the Cross, would be broken, when the ancient stone gods would rise from out the ashes of dismantled ruins and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes and Thor would leap up and with his colossal hands shatter into fragments the Gothic cathedrals. The latter part of Heine's prophecy contains passages thrilling enough: "When you hear the crash as it has never crashed before

in the history of the world," "a drama will be enacted in Germany compared with which the French Revolution will seem to be only a harmless idyl." "You have more to fear from emancipated Germany than from the whole Holy Alliance with all its Croats and Cossacks." "You see that if we once feel like starting something with you, we shall not want for good reasons." All this sounds startlingly like prophecy.

In preparation for conflict he warns the French against a suggested disarmament. "Since in spite of your present Romanticism you are born classicists, you know Olympus. Among the naked gods and goddesses who make merry there with nectar and ambrosia, you see one goddess who, although surrounded by such joy and sport, always wears a coat of mail and keeps a helmet on her head and a spear in her hand. That is the goddess of Wisdom!"

The Western world has always considered Heine as the accomplished lyrist, the singer of delicate madrigals, the incomparable versifier for the musical genius of Schumann and Schubert. It has never done justice to the critic and the philosopher. German scholarship was not qualified to understand Heine's kind of wisdom. Heine has frequently been called a Hellenist, not only because of his insistence on beauty and earthly joys, but because of his plastic form. But Heine's classicism was more a flashing, leaping intuition than the product of deep learning, more a matter of profound historical and critical sympathy than of meticulous annotation and dusty research. Brother of Aristophanes as he loved to call himself and to be called, he probably knew much less Greek than many an inconspicuous Ph. D. in many an inconspicuous graduate school. As critic of contemporaneous life and letters in France, Germany and England, Heine's method, although capable of deep and sustained thought as shown by his famous books on *Die Romantische Schule* and *Zur Geschichte der Religion und Philosophie in Deutschland,* was a method of suggestive fancy, of allusive use of history and philosophy and criticism, all the more deadly and maddening to the solemn taste of the Hohenzollern, who are not very flexible and who are better able to sustain the bludgeon blows of direct attack than the more subtle but no less deadly poison arrows of satire. Heine's disdain of the false aspects of Romanticism

made him singularly fit to irritate the Kaiser. The Kaiser who visited the Holy Land, who put himself, a modern knight in white cloak and shining armor at the head of a new army of crusaders that should save the Christian world from the yellow hordes of Asia, the Kaiser with his patriarchal interest in his flock, with his exaggerated self-love, his rhetoric, his sentimentality, his mediaeval idea of the state, his intimate invocations of the Deity, his mystical consciousness of religious mission, was nothing if not Romantic. Heine's immense common sense had easily pricked the bubble of Romantic insincerity. He too was deeply stirred by the rich artistry of the Middle Ages, by the color, the variety, the decorative beauty, the sensuous charm of religious art and life as it had developed in the pageantry of the Catholic church. But with the mediaeval parodies of his day, with their nebulous ideas, their bombast and fustian, their imitation and conventionality, he had no sympathy. Heine was drawn to caricature by the needs of his own nature. Not even the suffering of seven years could destroy his unconquerable Lachlust, the inextinguishable humor of a mind that saw the comic in everything, that saw the ridiculous behind the grandiose, that saw self-interest and self-deception behind expressions of lofty principle and humanitarian conviction.

Scattered everywhere through Heine's prose and poetry are attacks on the thick-headed reactionary stupidity of the Prussian régime, new to the Germany of his day, on the Philistine patriotism, rampant then as now, of those who are always ready to trot out their patriotic stock in order to win a penny's worth of publicity, on the megalomania of Nationalism and the craze for the racially distinct, the old-German, the Teutonic in thought, in custom and in language. The richest product of his satiric genius is the cycle called *Deutschland,* written in Paris in January, 1845, describing a visit paid to Germany the previous autumn from his twelve years exile in France. Travelling by way of Brussels, Amsterdam and Bremen, Heine reached Hamburg, where his mother lived and where he stayed more than a month, returning to Paris by way of Hanover, Bückeburg, Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle, thus reversing the order that he takes in his poem. Soon after his return to Paris, he embodied his rich impressions in the humorous

travel epic *Deutschland,* a rhymed Reisebilder. In the introduction, he defends himself vigorously from the imputation too often made against him by his German contemporaries and enemies, of treasonable love for France, affirming his love for the free Rhine and free Germany. The black-red-gold colors he honored on the height of German thought, as the standards of a free humanity. He did not honor them on the uniforms of idle and servile lackeys. " Alsace-Lorraine," he writes,

> I cannot so easily incorporate with the German realm as you do because the people in those countries cling to France. . . . Alsace and Lorraine will again unite with Germany if we complete what the French have begun, if we excel them in deed as we have already done in thought, if we rise to the last logical conclusion of that thought, if we destroy servility even in its last hiding place, Heaven, if we rescue from his degradation the God who lives on earth in men, if we become the redeemers of God, if we restore again in their dignity the poor, joy-disinherited people and scorned Genius and the violated Beauty, as the great masters have said and sung and as we wish, we, the disciples. That is my patriotism.

In *Deutschland,* Heine ridicules the whole fabric of German life, the governmental despotism, the suppression of free thought and speech through the censorship, the attempt to foster national industries through a high tariff, the coarseness, the heaviness, the narrow nationalism, the lack of esprit in social life, the false patriotism in political life, the mediaeval obscurantism in religious life. In this poem, the modern spirit of the poet inflamed with zeal for French ideals, for political liberty, for social equality, for spiritual fraternity—the modern spirit of the poet working on the fantasies of Romanticism, of popular poetry and legend, expressed a criticism of all aspects of German life. Original, caustic, witty, fantastic, bizarre, coarse, tender, in its profound historical intuitions, its quick transitions and contrasts, its mingling of humor and sentiment, its use of legend and folk-form, it reveals more than any other single composition the inimitable characteristics of Heine as poet, political philosopher and man. It is a cycle of twenty-seven poems of varying length written in the rhymed iambic quatrain that, in Heine's hands, lent itself equally to effects lyric, dramatic, elegiac and epic. It was written at the height of the cult of the *Altgermanisch,* of the exclusion of all foreign influences, of a tariff on thought as on merchandise, so that foreign ideas might not be en-

couraged and that native thoughts, customs, aspirations might thrive. To one aspect of the cult, Heine gave himself ardently with delicious fooling, as he greets with the *Seid mir gegrüsst* of the Romantic poet, the divine odors of sauer-kraut, of the heavenly *stock-fisch,* swimming in butter, of the sausages revelling in the sputtering fat, of the *krammetsvögel* like pious roasted angels in nests of apple sauce, twittering to him welcome. The quiet hospitable goose that looks at him with a gentle eye, who had perhaps loved him when he was young, with a beautiful soul yet with no less tender flesh, the pig's head adorned in true German fashion with the laurel leaves denied her great living poets, these welcome the poet to true Teutonic joys.

In *Deutschland,* Heine showed his hatred of the religious hypocrisy that oppressed the people in this world while it held before them a picture of the consolations of the next. He hated those who preached water in public and drank wine in private. He wanted a new song, not the old renunciation songs of Heaven with which the people have always been lulled, but a song of earthly paradise, of earthly happiness, a song to show the people that the lazy belly should not swallow up what industrious hands have earned and that there was not only enough bread for everybody but even roses and myrtle and beauty and joy and sugar cookies. He wanted to drown the old Miserere of asceticism, to sing a song for the betrothal of young Europe with the genius of Freedom and though the blessing of the priests failed for their union, he prayed a blessing on the bridal couple and on the children that were to come. And inflamed by his own inspired dreams, he felt himself renewed in strength, invigorated with magic, as he touched German soil. Meanwhile the returning traveler is brought down from his elevation by the inspection of the Prussian customs-officers, and as they turn topsy-turvy his shirts and his socks and his handkerchiefs, hunting for laces and jewels and forbidden books, the poet rejoices that the fools will find nothing hidden there. *The contraband that he carries, he carries hidden in his head,* laces finer than the laces of Brussels and Mechlin, jewels, the crown diamonds of the future, the temple-treasures of the great unknown new god, books that make of his head a twittering nest of confiscable books, worse and more dangerous than anything in Satan's

library. In the customs through which Prussia directed German commercial policy Heine saw the invention of Prussia for giving Germany the external, the so-called material unity needed for the Fatherland. The spiritual, the really ideal unity, unity of thought and feeling, she got from the censorship.

Coming to Aix-le-Chapelle, where Charlemagne lies buried in the great cathedral, he saw, in the little hour that he spent wandering through the streets, the real unchanged spirit of the Prussian soldier in the gray mantle with the high red collar of which the red still signified the blood of Frenchman, as Körner had sung in earlier days. He saw unchanged the wooden pedantic people with the frozen conceit in their faces, always moving at right angles, stalking around stiff and set-up, straight as candles, as if they had swallowed the sticks with which as children they had been beaten. In the long mustaches, he saw only a new phase of the pig tail that had once hung behind. He was not displeased with the new costume of the cavalry, especially with the pickelhaube, the helmet with the upstanding steel top, which was new in the Prussian uniform. That knightly innovation carried him back to the beginning of Romanticism beloved of Fouqué, Uhland, Tieck, to the pages and squires of the Middle Ages, to the crusades and the tournaments and the minnesingers, to the period of faith when as yet there were no newspapers. The only fault that he saw in the point of the helmet was that in time of thunder the most modern lightning of heaven might be attracted to this point on their romantic heads. At Aix-la-Chapelle, he saw again the hideous Prussian eagle still looking at him with poison-hate that he returned in full measure, promising that if it ever fell into his hands, he would tear out its feathers and hack off its claws and set it up high on a pole as a target for the Rhenish gunners. The Prussian eagle became for Heine the Prussian vulture that held him fast in its talons while it ate his heart out.

It is significant that Heine calls the Rhenish Sharpshooters to destroy the Prussian eagle. The Rhine provinces had never been in the full current of German life. The intellectual classes looked with ridicule and contempt on the ecclesiastical and feudal appanages of the Holy Roman Empire. The Jews had been freed by the Code Napoleon from the most humiliating mediaeval con-

finement. The peasants had greatly benefited by the revolutionary land sales. All classes were ready to enjoy the obvious advantages of French rule, and to favor Napoleon's plans for the formation of a Confederation of the Rhine from which Prussia and Austria should be excluded. The Imperial Recess of 1803 gave Prussia twelve thousand square kilometres of new territory, but not the hearts of her five hundred thousand newly acquired subjects. Born at Düsseldorf, Heine was triply moved against Prussia, as the Rheinländer who resented Prussia's aggressive extension of her hegemony in the North, as the cosmopolitan who opposed the feudal obscurantism of the old Germany, as the Jew who hated the reactionary enemy of Napoleon who had brought to the Jews the new dispensation of his liberalizing and equalizing code.

Heine looked forward eagerly to the democratization of Germany, as of all Europe, to the freeing of the people from the bonds of hypocrisy in place of religion, tyranny in place of government, slavery in place of social restraint. He continually risked the punishment of censorship, litigation, confiscation, exile even for the privilege of freely expressing his free ideas. At the end of the chapters in *Deutschland* where he meets Barbarbossa, not dead through the centuries but holding ghostly court in the depths of the mountain Kyffhäuser, the poet, reviewing familiarly with the old King the sleeping soldiers with their steeds and ancient accoutrements, hearing the old man's atonishment at the lèse majesté of the treatment of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, suddenly forgets his own respect for majesty and breaks out with his deepest thoughts: "Sir Red Beard, you are an old fairy tale. Go to sleep. We shall free ourselves without you. The Republicans would laugh us to shame if they would see at our head such a ghost with sceptre and crown. The best thing for you would be to stay at home, here in the old Kyffhäuser. Now that I come to think the matter over carefully, we do not need any Kaiser." Thus Heine, in 1844, preparing for the great Revolution of 1848 that should shake the foundations of the thrones of Europe.

In *Atta Troll,* Heine's other great satirical cycle, which appeared in 1842, Heine attacks first, the moral-religious-Teutonic propaganda, the Tendenz-Poesie of the Suabian School, with its subordination of art to politics, second, the

new theories of communism always dear to the people who see themselves benefiting by the equal distribution of private property, and third, the degrading standards of the daily newspapers which were lowering to the comprehension and taste of the people the noble aristocracies of thought and art. The Suabian School set for itself as an ideal the exaltation of the Fatherland. Its ridiculous motto, *"Frisch, from, fröhlich frei"* tickled Heine's sense of humor even while it excited his anger. Heine never failed to take advantage of the opportunity to poke fun at the *Deutsch-tümler,* who made a business of patriotism, to laugh at their Teutomania, their excision of Latin vocabulary, their scorn of Latin culture, so irritating to the cosmopolitan in Heine, their puffed up middle-class goodness, their monopoly of political and moral virtue, their boundless conceit, their absurd form, their praise of the unique and temperate virtues of Würtemberg, with its ideal in the cult of the *Turngemeinde.* Heine hated their politics; he hated the wolves and the donkeys who fluted songs of liberty, the patriotic ultra-nationalists of the Christian-Patriotic-New German School. Heine hated their politics but he laughed at their art. He never tired of ridiculing their iron larks and wooden lyres. He played maliciously with their cloudy thought, their empty metaphors, their bad Latin. As he himself says of Lessing, his polemics have kept many a poet from well-merited oblivion. Freiligrath would probably be utterly forgotten were it not for Heine's constantly recurring use of his unfortunate image of the princely Moor in battle array coming out of his shimmering white tent like the darkened moon out of the shimmering door of the clouds, an image that Heine slyly uses on every possible occasion, reaching the height of the ridiculous in the Twenty-sixth chapter of *Atta Troll,* when the princely Moor has become a negro who has acquired a fat, round belly which shows through his white shirt like the darkened moon appearing between the white clouds.

Tendenz behind everything German, the political-poetic, the political-religious, the political-sociological, the political-national satirized in *Atta Troll,* hateful to Heine as to Goethe and to all other great, liberal cosmopolitan souls who look beyond the narrow, national borders to the wide international fraternity, these leading to the Chris-

tian-Germanic theory of state, would be as hateful to Heine were he living today—these causes and effects at once of the state of the German mind which culminated in the catastrophe of the world war and which the keenness of Heine's genius not only foresaw but spent and broke itself in attacking. The Kaiser and modern Germany would have had scant sympathy from the Hegelian Heine who believed in men become Gods through knowledge, of a God made self-conscious through men's knowledge of him, who would see in the haughty men of action but the unconscious servants of the men of thought. Heine living today would argue that it was highly sensible for a methodical people like the Germans to have had first their philosophy and then their war, realizing that the heads that had been useful for completing their philosophy could later be broken in battle, whereas the heads that were broken in battle would not be of much use later for philosophy. He would have launched the deadliest arrows of his unique and incomparable wit at that kultur-philosophy of hatred and exclusiveness and pride.

Heine's words written in the first half of the nineteenth century are true for us in the first half of the twentieth century because he alone among the crowd of parasites, court poets, opportunists, journalists serving only the daily need and the low standard of the daily papers saw the truth in Germany and had the courage and the boldness to speak the truth in the face of censorship and exile. He was indeed a voice crying in the wilderness, and the world that has come through five years of agony reads again with solemn interest and profound conviction the words that won for him in his own day perpetual exile from the Germany that he loved in spite of her faults. In the words of his own "Lost Sentry" Heine saw himself truly as the last sentry in the battle for freedom, who held out faithfully for thirty years, who fought without a hope of victory, who knew that he would never come safe back home, who whistled his impudent, mocking rhymes to wile away the lonesomeness of the solitary nights—the lonesomeness and the fear. Wakeful, his weapon in his arms, he watched for the approach of the enemy, wounding him often, as often wounded, falling at last and leaving his post vacant, falling unconquered, with unbroken weapons but with a broken heart.

BEULAH B. AMRAM.

"E. A."—A MILESTONE FOR AMERICA

BY PERCY MACKAYE

THEY do it another way, there—over there in the leisured isles where the beauty of English was born. There the imagemakers of our speech are more than isolated singers, hermits of unfocussed populations, hurried out of knowledge of one another and their goal in common; there, rather, they are neighbors in a timeless community of craftsmanship, where masters and apprentices are nudgingly conversant with one another's work, its motives and methods—conversant to the keen point of conversation, roaring hot or cooled in reminiscence, not seldom sly or malicious, yet always spoken, as it were, by the family fireside, on the flickering verge of which the General Public takes seat in the circle as a sort of poor relation.

So it has been, over there, time out of mind.

Such like talk there was at the Mermaid, about which far-distant poor relations are still gossiping in print. So the pens of a Boswell and a Lamb converse, rather than write, of poets who, by that token, are still living personalities. So Yeats, writing in our day, conveys—as by a rhythmic speaking aloud—the depth and charm of his friend and countryman, "A. E."

No such intimate home-circle tradition exists for us in America, where the critic as neighbor and fellow-craftsman is overlorded by the critic as reporter and advertiser. Perhaps a million miles of metal wire somehow account for it. Perhaps, as our conversation has become largely telephonic, so our nutrition in literature grows accordingly Literary-Digestive, and our perspective of criticism takes its range from summits of the Weekly Supplements.

"And why have you come to our country?" asked the reporter of Cardinal Mercier at the dock. "I have come in hopes to know America better, especially of course the work of your sculptors and painters and poets."

"Ah, my dear Sir!" exclaimed Blasco Ibañez to another astounded reporter, "ever since my arrival on your shores I have been searching everywhere for them!—Where are they?" "Where are *what,* Señor Ibañez?" "Why, your statues of Edgar Allan Poe. And that immortal house—I have waited all my life to enter its door!" "But what house, Señor?" "The little house where he lived and wrote *The Raven.*"

Another little house in the village of Head Tide, Maine; who, I wonder, has been searching lately for that? Who has been knocking at the door, on a night before the eve of this Christmas Eve, and asking: "Is it here he was born, fifty years ago?" "Here—was *who* born?" "Our poet, yours and mine—Edwin Arlington Robinson."

Fifty years! It's an honorable milestone you are passing now, "E. A.", on your footpath way to a gate of golden quiet. And in spite of a sad heart in some of your songs, it's merrily you may "hent the stile-al" now that you have blazed through old bogs a trail so firm and beautiful behind you, with so many spry fellows now trying to catch up and keep step with you on the high pastures.

Fifty years! If this page were a fireside on a frosty hill in New Hampshire, and you were wearing your red jacket in a warm corner there, I would daunt your quizzing smile and continue this "aside" in conversation; but it is not to be done that way, so I'm told, in a printed article; and this is an article about you and your birthday, "E. A.", but—besides that—it is about a milestone for America.

The reader, then, of this, who possibly may not know already the works of E. A. Robinson, I would refer first to those works themselves, in his published volumes: *The Children of the Night, Captain Craig, The Town Down the River, The Man Against the Sky, Merlin,* and to separate poems published in "The Lyric," "Contemporary Verse," "Poetry," and many other magazines.

To these should be added the brilliant study of the man and his work in Miss Amy Lowell's *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry,* wherein Miss Lowell has accomplished an unprecedented task of trail-blazing for our country to-day, revealing—through her own deft and eager powers—the fellow-craftsman as critic of six contemporaneous American poets and their meaning to our time. There, in the frontispiece, under a white, soft hat, one may look

behind glasses in to the alert probity of E. A.'s eyes, and read there a quintessence of his works.

For myself, in this article, I cannot attempt to convey the gist of those works, nor critically to estimate their author's scope and standing. I am not able to do so adequately. During a brief hour of too busy days, I can merely pause in a little space of quiet to hail a fellow worker and old friend of many years at a half-century moment of high honor to himself, to suggest its high import to us, his countrymen.

And so at the beginning I have written those two Elusive Assonants—as one might begin a valentine with " Ever Admirable "—by which perhaps he is best endeared to those who know him best: " E. A."

For I think history will record that no mortal tongue ever tried to name him " Edwin," but whose tale left off abruptly—like the unfinished Mystery of Drood; nor ever, in his presence, uttered " Arlington," but was struck instantly dumb as the buried heroes of Bull Run; and so he is to the world simply " Robinson," to his friends—more Masonicly—" E. A.," and therefore ere long likewise to the World, who is fast becoming his friend.

In Ireland those letters, altered in sequence, are already endeared to the countrymen of "E. A.", their poet mystic, communal in his spirit; in America they bespeak another, our own poet, touched also deeply with mysticism, but as utterly and differently individual in his spirit as the inverted initials suggest, or as "E. A.'s" New England is distinct from "A. E.'s" Ireland. Yet in their common mysticism inheres a kind of love for their fellow men which links their initials by more than fancied coincidence—by the peculiar affection of their readers and disciples.

Half a century appears a tall sign post to those near the quarter mark; in " E. A.'s " case, the sign points backward to more than a quarter century of published work as a poet, and forward—by token of that work—to the assured regard of the centuries.

Probably no other American has been more continuously and solely the poet-craftsman than he; for the few years he spent in the New York Custom House, to which Roosevelt as President appointed him from an incongruous job in the Subway, or such other years as he has followed other transient means of livelihood in the city toward more

tranquil latter-day seasons of creative work in the MacDowell woods at Peterborough, New Hampshire, these years have never swerved for an instant his dedicated patience to mature the art all his own, enlarging it steadily under the concentrated industry of vision.

Other American poets may have a longer record of sporadic achievement; none other has his distinctive continuity. Others have produced more abundance of good and bad; none other has reached his excelling ratio of good. Others may have blazed forth more patriotic or cosmopolitan; none other has ever gleamed more pure with the fine gold of America, nor revealed a soul more nakedly New England even when most universal in its vesture.

That New England, from which only New Englanders know how to rebel, that native mysticism renounced to which the renouncer deviously is drawn to return, that bone of bleak Maine, soul-sinew of New Hampshire, marrow of atavistic Massachusetts—those inbreedings of every artist born painfully from the stark Pilgrim Rock, are inescapably (say what he will himself) birthmarks of every image wrought by "E. A.'s" Muse; and they take on most in sorrow their distinctive beauty, in pain, contours of grandeur, even in madness, afterglows of a magic splendor, like that with which he describes his imagined Shakespeare in Ben Jonson's soliloquy:

> And if he live, there'll be a sunset spell
> Thrown over him as over a glassed lake
> That yesterday was all a black wild water.

Yet I would not suggest that these New England traits are confined only to the grim or grand in his mood; often they spring up as plain and homely as mullein or plantain in a dooryard; or tansy-fragrant with a whimsical humor, like the line of a sonnet he wrote to my little daughter, of whose "all-inquiring eyes" he queries:

> Am I a Boojum, or just—company?

And though all who know him know well his Maine-woods hark-back to a reclusive shyness, to a gait by his lonesome and a long stage-wait before joining a crowd as big as a baker's dozen, yet there is none can exhale his real self with more relish than "E. A." in a little group of his liking; and these latter days such groups have widened, since others I like also to recall, lang syne, when with Moody and Torrence we made four about a table for two, and Apollo stand-

ing by for a fifth, with spagetti and cheese and Chianti from Seventh Avenue. And still in Cambridge, on a silver cup of Josephine Peabody Marks', that little group attests itself in the initials: W. V. M., R. T., E. A. R., P. M.

Among his works, nowhere is his pervasive New Englandism more redolent than in the poem "Isaac and Archibald," wherein he recalls his comradeship, as a boy of twelve, with two old Yankee farmers nearing their end. For a searching kindliness and sheer poetry of characterization, for a stealing sense of landscape lit with the year's sundown—reviving from my own childhood the country season of cider in cellared barrels, where in

> A fluted antique water-glass
> There was a cricket of the brown soft sort
> That feeds on darkness,

for an aroma of life which never palls in rereading, for me there is no poem more satisfying than this in the world:

> Never shall I forget, long as I live,
> The quaint thin crack in Archibald's old voice,
> The lonely twinkle in his little eyes,
> Or the way it made me feel to be with him.
> I know I lay and looked for a long time
> Down through the orchard and across the road.
> Across the river and the sun-scorched hills
> That ceased in a blue forest, where the world
> Ceased with it. Now and then my fancy caught
> A flying glimpse of a good life beyond—
> Something of ships and sunlight, streets and singing,
> Troy falling, and the ages coming back,
> And ages coming forward: Archibald
> And Isaac were good fellows in old clothes
> And Agamemnon was a friend of mine;
> Ulysses coming home again to shoot
> With bows and feathered arrows made another,
> And all was as it should be. I was young.

Since then, beyond that "blue forest where the world ceased," "E. A." has gone forth through the years to grapple with the "good life beyond," to play his own good part in "the ages coming back and the ages coming forward," till now the stature of his New England birthright is itself a measure of America and our time. At the "old clothes" of both he may often have tossed his clinging burrs of irony, but never at Agamemnon and Ulysses looming behind them; for, besides, as he says of old Isaac and Archibald in conclusion:

I knew them and I may have laughed at them;
But there 's a laughter that has honor in it,
And I have no regret for light words now.
Rather I think sometimes they may have made
Their sport of me;—but they would not do that,
They were too old for that. They were old men,
And I may laugh at them because I knew them.

And so in America and our time he knows and reveals behind old clothes old wisdom of the ages, even while he flings his "Cassandra" shafts at their commercial hypocrisies and flamboyant patriotisms:

Your Dollar Dove and Eagle make
A Trinity that even you
Rate higher than you rate yourselves;
It pays, it flatters, and it's new.

And though your very flesh and blood
Be what your Eagle eats and drinks,
You'll praise him for the best of birds,
Not knowing what the Eagle thinks.

The power is yours, but not the sight;
You see not upon what you tread;
You have the ages for your guide,
But not the wisdom to be led.

Is not here, then, a portent for our time—a milestone for America?

When millions are blind to the forecasts of old Troy falling newly in their midst, shall not some of us who have long known among us a poet of probity, a seer of quiet perspective over art and time, an artist who paints the forum without mounting it, a dreamer who leavens the crowd but shuns it, shall not we—without dragging him to a front window to withstand our plaudits—still hail him on his anniversary for what he is:

"E. A."—an American of reality, who has wrought an untainted vision with unfaltering patience; a leader who, without touching the ship's wheel, has guided pilots darkling; a lover of his fellows who, unseeking, has been sought by them for ungrudged bread of kindness; a maker of viewless images, who more than any other American poet living has aided to build anew the speech of Milton and Emerson as a tower of light to the commonwealth; a cloistral publican and ballad-singer who, moving unadvertised among dumb crowds, has still drawn to his clear mur-

mured visions such a young-hearted band of fellow-creators as shall soon make all Americans proudly aware how they are living in an era when a new Acropolis is rising out of the wreckage of late fearful years—not over there in the old world, but here in our own.

And so for us Americans the token of this fiftieth birthday of "E. A." is more than a milestone for his individual progress: "E. A." himself is a milestone for America.

PERCY MACKAYE.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

DAWNS AND SUNSETS

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

"THERE are so many dawns that have not yet risen," observes Mr. D. H. Lawrence in that superb apotheosis of sex, *The Rainbow*. Alas, there are so many dawns that, having risen, are seen to be merely our vacuous but privileged friend, the full moon. Modern music is especially prolific of false dawns—though we are in sharp disagreement with those who like to say that there is little else in the creative music of our day. That is, of course, absurdly untrue. The two decades that have produced Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande,* the *Heldenleben* and *Elektra* of Richard Strauss, the B flat Symphony of d'Indy, the *Pagan Poem* of Loeffler, the Fourth Symphony of Sibelius, the "Keltic" Sonata of MacDowell, the *Petrouchka* of Stravinsky, the music that Schönberg wrote before he lost his soul—this period, vivid and intimate to our contemporary experience, is among the greatest in music. For *Pelléas* may be paired with *Tristan*—is now, in fact, so paired by those who best know these two transcendent masterworks. *Pelléas* is the crowning glory of post-Wagnerian music, and everything of excellence that has followed it, or been current with it, must be ranked below it in varying degree. But a period that has produced, in addition to Debussy, the greater Strauss, the greater d'Indy, Loeffler, Sibelius, Stravinsky, Schönberg, MacDowell—the MacDowell of the Sonatas—may hold up its head and expand its chest in the presence of any other twenty years in the history of musical art.

Yet we have said that modern music is prolific of false dawns. The truth is, more accurately, that there have been too many authentic and splendid ones in this century. We have become too complacently habituated to them, expecting every promising golden streak to expand into plenary

fulfilment. The generation that has witnessed the accomplishment of miracles like *Pelléas et Mélisande* and *Heldenleben* has become over-casual in its expectations. The measureless potentialities of modern music, which can orchestrate the common chord of C major with a magical strangeness that would have transported the imagination of Beethoven—that offers, even to the tyro, resources wherewith he can extemporize an enchanted tonal paradise, so that, like St. Martin, we can see flowers that sound and hear notes that shine: this modern wonderland may be too easily entered. A marvelous engine of eloquence is our perfected art of music—but a dangerous and deceptive one to play with; for it leads the uninspired to fancy that they may dispense with the gift of eloquent speech, and to offer us gleaming golden rhetoric instead.

Take, for example, that new score which the brilliant and persuasive Mr. Stokowski and the admirable Philadelphia Orchestra played for us not long ago: *The Haunted Castle,* by the fabulous "Michel Dvorsky." Now, whether the mysterious "Dvorsky" is, as rumored, actually Mr. Josef Hofmann, the super-pianist, or whether he is, as alleged, a Franco-Polish invalid who lives in Spain and, strangely enough, chooses American verses to set to music, we know not and care not. The matter of legitimate interest at the moment is *The Haunted Castle,* whether it was written by Mr. Hofmann, Monsieur Dvorsky, or Mayor Hylan.

Whoever wrote it possesses that dangerous and delusive faculty of sophisticated and winning musical speech, whereby platitudes may be made to sound almost like profundities, and trivialities almost like pearl-strewn felicities. *Almost,* we said: for God may not always be mocked, and the fire from the sacred altar cannot always be simulated even by the most elaborate and deceptive of gas-logs.

Consider Monsieur Dvorsky's case. His tone-poem deals with lonely legendary castles. . . . Norns spinning the thin thread of Fate . . . shrieks that "rend the night." . . . It deals with poetry like this:

> . . . Dark shadows creep along:
> Unearthly creatures gambol in the wind
> At ghostly play about the castle walls,
> Teasing each other, chasing through the night
> Until the play grows angry; and they rush

On one another grappling savagely.
With swift contemptuous feet and deadly hands
A thousand demons leap into the air
Rushing upon the forms of evil darkness,
A maddened turmoil through the stormy night!
While hungry flames break from the lofty towers
And the great castle totters, crumbles, falls,
A proud and broken ruin! And the storm
Subsides and all the demons fade away. . . .

Now of course first-class verse is not necessary to first-class music. The "poetry" that constitutes the literary framework of Isolde's Liebestod is, for the most part, mystically inflated flub-dub; while the music to which Wagner set it is, in some respects, the greatest in the world. It would be cheap criticism to observe smartly at this point that Monsieur Dvorsky is no Wagner. No one expects him to be. But one wishes, first, that in his excursions among American poets he had picked a different one; or, if his heart was set on J. L. McLane, that he had seen his way to make us forget the verse by the transfiguring quality of his music. But Monsieur Dvorsky is akin to many of his contemporaries in this: he knows all the tricks of his trade, yet they get him nowhere. Speaking with a rude brevity made necessary by the current scarcity of paper and ink, he is, musically considered, a stuffed shirt. His washwoman is an exquisite artist, his dinner coat fits divinely, he knows how to tie a cravat. But behind all this gleaming efficiency there is only the lifelessness of straw—with this difference: Straw can burn.

Now consider the case of Vincent d'Indy. Can genius be turned on and off like a tap, asked a distinguished critic on a certain occasion? The answer seems to be Yes. The thing happened to Strauss and to Debussy, for one reason or another: an extraordinary genius became suddenly a garrulous mediocrity. It has now happened, apparently, to d'Indy. The d'Indy of *Istar,* of the profound and subtle B flat Symphony, has turned into the d'Indy exhibited to us not long ago by Mr. Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra: the d'Indy of the *Sinfonia Brevis de Bello Gallico,* No. 3, Op. 70.

According to Mr. Damrosch (who writes his own programme notes), this symphony contains "wonderful and moving beauties." Obviously, of course, it is a product of

the late war. The first movement "proclaims the happy peace brooding over the land . . . rudely interrupted by the menace of war." The second movement displays "the spirit of the *poilu* that makes light of difficulties, and laughs even at death." The third offers "a vision of sunny France, of its beautiful hills, valleys and silvery streams"; later, the Invader is depicted in a most unflattering guise, and the conflict is on. The final movement is a battle scene, ending, of course, in victory and in songs of praise.

Early in the war we raised in these pages the question whether war had ever produced great music. D'Indy's new symphony has done nothing to dispel our conviction that it has not. Mr. Damrosch is a musician of delightful and versatile capacities, but, as a critic, he is far too "easy." We wonder that he does not perceive the tragic bankruptcy of ideas that marks this symphony of d'Indy's. It is worse than empty—it is banal. There is an infinite depth of feeling beneath; that is indisputable. But this emotional sincerity and depth has not succeeded in getting itself expressed in the music. Something happened—something suffocating and lethal—between the time when d'Indy felt all this, and the time his musical ideas were ready to be set down in his score. He has not succeeded in projecting his tenderness and love, his agony and hate and exaltation. His war baby has been born dead.

This is one of the spiritual tragedies of the war. For d'Indy was once a music-maker of thrilling eloquence and power. He is now only another vanished poet to be mourned—though the master craftsman still lives and functions.

Mr. Stransky and the Philharmonic have also given us a piece of war music, by a young American composer, Bernard Rogers of New York. *To the Fallen,* a "dirge" for orchestra, it is called. A brief and modest piece of tone-painting, this elegy has some measure of poignancy; and it has a grave simplicity of gesture and a validity of emotion that one must respect. Its restraint, however, is a little over-rigid, as it seemed to us. And we wish Mr. Rogers had chosen a less tremendous theme.

Another novelty conveyed to us by Mr. Stransky and the great orchestra which he commands was a nature-piece by the Bohemian Novak, *In the Tatra Mountains*—storm-music, mountain-music, music of crags and summits, thun-

ders and sunsets, that made us think regretfully of *Rheingold* and of certain gorgeous pages in the *Alpine Symphony* of Strauss. Yet Novak can summon and sustain a mood of Nature. He is not without evocative power.

Later we shall speak of Mr. Stransky's most welcome revival of a dead master—Anton Bruckner, to whom, also, Mr. Bodanzky and the New Symphony Orchestra are soon to pay tribute: for Bruckner needs an article to himself.

Mr. Bodanzky, so far, has done nothing finer with his newly established orchestra than his magnificent, his thrice-memorable performance of Charles Martin Loeffler's *Pagan Poem.* That extraordinary score, being a valid masterwork, has long been unpopular. New York concert-goers had not heard it for six years. It must have seemed, to many younger music-lovers, almost a novelty. Mr. Bodanzky, indeed, made it seem veritably a new thing—a thing of incandescent passion, of rapturous beauty, of overwhelming power and intensity. Its images of grief and passion, its dionysian ecstasy, all its rich significances of mood and utterance, were projected with a communicative vividness that made this representation an unforgettable thing in the minds of those who have long wondered why so great a masterpiece must needs be so much obscured by Bœotian predilections. Even Mr. Bodanzky, who is anything but Bœotian—who is, indeed, a musician of incorruptible taste and a conductor of genius—saw fit to follow it up by exhuming at his next concert that moth-eaten horsehair sofa of our musical past, Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* Overture. But much may be forgiven any one who can, like Mr. Bodanzky, move so easily, with the free-masonry of clairvoyant poetic imagination, from Loeffler to Schubert, from Ernest Bloch to Schumann—who can make Brahms as exciting as a three-alarm fire.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

FRANKO-AMERICAN[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

IF you happen to be one of that relatively small and disproportionately pestiferous class to whom new books are sent without bills, you will receive with your copy of *Our America* a photograph of a young man who looks like a gentler Maxim Gorky. The face is partly Mongolian, partly Slavic, with romantic hair. The mustache is virginal; the brow moderately high; the chin a little reluctant. Collar and cravat are lost in the mystical haze cast by the contemplative bend of the head—perhaps they are nonexistent; although one suspects some sort of scarf-pin gleaming shyly in that anonymous zone between the waistcoat and the chin.

These are the countenance and cravat of Mr. Waldo Frank, who was chosen by France, we are told, to interpret America to her late Ally. It seems that, during the War, certain Frenchmen became dissatisfied with the information about America that they got through official channels. These men, it appears, discovered a whole world in America which, "since it was barely articulate at home, was undreamed of in France. They thought it might be well to let America have voice in Paris." In this way, says Mr. Frank in his *Foreword,* "it came about that I was asked to write the book. Not because I was an authority: or that my message would be hailed by the Offices and Universities of the two nations. Merely, because it seemed reasonable to these cultural envoys to spice the mass of American conformist utterance abroad with a statement that could not even remotely be suspected of an official stamp." The purpose of these French envoys, apparently,

[1] *Our America,* by Waldo Frank. New York: Boni & Liveright, 1919.

was to discover Young America, "to create channels between it and their own France."

Who were these envoys? One was Gaston Gallimard, Director of the Publishing House of the *Nouvelle Revue Française;* another was Jacques Copeau, formerly Director of the magazine of the *Nouvelle Revue Française,* and head of its associated *Théâtre du Vieux Colombier.*

Mr. Frank confesses that when he was chosen for the high task of interpreting America to France, he was embarrassed—not, as you might absurdly suppose, because of the size of his subject, but because of the impressive character of certain admirable Frenchmen whom he would have to address. "If I looked up continuously from my page into the distant eye of André Gide, the chances were I should tear my page to bits." The embarrassment of looking into the nearby eye of America as she lay strapped to the operating-table under his flashing scalpel seems not to have entered into Mr. Frank's experience. But perhaps America had her eyes closed. At all events, it was André Gide, not the helpless Columbia, who disconcerted Mr. Frank. And yet Mr. Frank by no means ignored America. He may not have looked into her eyes, but he was going to talk to her. I could "write a passable book for France about my country," he says, "only if I wrote it to my country." Later, one perceives the reason for Mr. Frank's spokesmanship: "America is a turmoiled giant who cannot speak. The giant's eyes wander about the clouds: his feet are sunk in the quicksands of racial and material passion. One hand grasps the mountains, and the other falls bruised and limp upon the lowlands of the world. His need is great, and what moves across his eyes is universal. But his tongue is tied." One must concede that this is an uncomfortable posture, especially if there is no possibility of calling for help. But the giant has no cause for concern. Mr. Frank has elected to be his voice.

It is possible that some Americans may timidly ask, at this point, who Mr. Frank is and why he should have been chosen to speak for America—to interpret her to the awesome M. Gide, to the friends of M. Copeau,—who ought himself to be able to tell his compatriots something about America after his recent and not entirely happy experience among us with his *Vieux Colombier,* transplanted for a time to West Thirty-fifth Street. Perhaps M. Copeau

meditated a subtle reprisal upon America, and so picked Mr. Frank to tell the Truth about us. But who (you repeat) is Mr. Waldo Frank? That, we conceive, is an impertinent, a wholly irrelevant question. The point is, what does he say about us to France? That question, entirely legitimate and germane, is easily answered. The epithet for Mr. Frank's report is "magnificent." We know that this is a correct and carefully weighed epithet because his publisher uses it. And why should a publisher say on the wrapper of a book that the book is magnificent if it is not? The thought is inconceivable. The book is magnificent.

Well, that's over—as the persecuted lady used to say in the Broadway Sex Drama after she had killed the Gentleman Friend who was her Mandatory. But after its magnificence has been established, it still remains to be noted what Mr. Frank has been saying about us to France. Let us, with excusable trepidation, listen in.

What, for example, does Mr. Frank think of Lincoln? Well, Lincoln gets by. He was "a great man." Let M. André Gide, M. Copeau, and the *Nouvelle Revue Française* bend an ear. Yet America, it appears, has not yet realized why she loves Lincoln—"is not mature enough to know what is the nature of her wealth in Lincoln." But Mr. Frank knows, even if America does not, and he divulges a portion of the truth. It concerns "our capitalistic and legal oligarchies." These parties (as Mark Twain might have referred to them) revere Lincoln because "*he saved their Church*" [the italics are Mr. Frank's]. There you have it, France, at last. One cannot keep these sinister truths forever under their sheltering B. V. Ds. We now perceive why it is that Mr. Jacob H. Schiff and Mr. Samuel Untermyer, who worship the same God as Mr. Frank, revere the name of Abraham.

What of Emerson? Emerson—"the good Ralph Waldo Emerson"—was a very pretty fellow in his day. Emerson "had considerable mental power"—not, of course, of a kind which one could endorse in the sight of M. André Gide's terrifying eye, but enough to secure him honorable mention.

Henry James had width but no depth. This seems slightly puzzling until you study carefully Mr. Frank's clarifying elaboration. Henry James (a "genteel

writer") was "a strange sort of monster—to my prejudiced eye—with vast peripheral development and no depths. A sort of inverted octopus." An octopus—a shallow octopus. A telling literary simile occurs to us: "As shallow as *The Wings of the Dove.*" We thank thee, Mr. Frank, for that subtlety.

Leaving these deciduous Lilliputians, one comes bump up against Miss Amy Lowell, who bestrides three pages of Mr. Frank's book as Our America's "first true man of letters." It is a graceful compliment; and there are many others for Miss Lowell. It is no small thing to win the approbation of Mr. Frank. What Emerson and Henry James failed at, Miss Lowell has triumphantly put across—though it should perhaps be noted that Mr. Frank exhibits a deplorable lack of respect for Miss Lowell's well-known family. For James Russell Lowell was "the greatest of our intellectual snobs," and Abbott Lawrence Lowell has exhibited the bad taste to hold the Presidency of Harvard. Miss Amy, though, is a free soul—free and militant, singing (perhaps a little tactlessly) "Onward Christian Soldiers!" in the leadership of Our America. Though we must say that we had not suspected Miss Amy of the violently fratricidal act of liberation for which she is praised by Mr. Frank—for, says he, "quite literally, she has trained her guns against her brothers." It seems a bit heartless, even for Brookline.

Coming to New York (inhabited, on the whole, by beings a little lower than "the undegraded brute"; where the women go to the movies because they have "no time to love," and so "seek the stir of a remembered longing in some canned romance")—coming to this abode of earthworms, Mr. Frank looks about for "the leader and the critic." He finds that "there is one place and one man in whom the creative meanings of these words meet, as not elsewhere, in the city." The man is Mr. Alfred Stieglitz. In order that there may be no mistake, Mr. Frank gives Mr. Stieglitz's address, which we gladly reproduce for the benefit of all inquirers after New York's unique "leader and critic": it is 291 Fifth Avenue. The bus passes the door. There are other leaders and critics in New York, and some of them are O. K.'d by Mr. Frank. Others are treated with singular unkindness. It will astonish Mr. James Gibbons Huneker, for example, to learn that he is, "in a way, a

tragedy." Mr. Huneker suffers from " natural callowness ". But since his " day is over," we need not waste our pity on him. Let him melt up the plates of his *Chopin,* his *Mezzotints in Modern Music,* his *Iconoclasts,* retire from the world, and pass the rest of his days on a sunny bench in Prospect Park. He has been superseded.

Our America is inexhaustible. It is as richly rewarding as one might suppose from our too brief citations. We do not wish, however, to convey the impression that Mr. Frank is altogether humorless without at the same time remarking that he is aware of large areas of the American scene that are badly in need of replanting. American Puritanism, American thinness and superficiality, American timidity, American sentimentality—these unlovely growths are justly deplored. But it is unlikely that France was wholly uninformed of their existence before she invited Mr. Frank to act as eyes and ears for her. There is much that is winning about Mr. Frank. He is honest, he has the gift of indignation. If he is also too trustful, too continuously naïve, it can't be helped, as Mr. Salteena observed about his not being quite a gentleman. We must take our interpreters as they are given to us.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

LET US HAVE PEACE, and Other Addresses. By Darwin P. Kingsley, president of the New York Life Insurance Company. New York: published by the Company.

Mr. Kingsley reveals a large and true conception of the problem of which he mainly treats in his newly published volume of collected addresses, when he calls the sphere of international relations a "lawless overworld, of which every sovereignty and every citizen of that sovereignty is a part." "This overworld," he continues, "is as certainly every man's country as the ether is the enveloping element of the solar system." The thought has seldom been better put, or the problem more suggestively formulated. What task could give greater inspiration, what glorious attempt could seem more certain of success, than the extension of that civilization which we undoubtedly possess as nations into the larger region of world politics?

There would seem to be but one serious obstacle. *"Unconditioned sovereignty,"* declares the author, *"was the fundamental error of civilization."* Only do away with that, by the obvious method—federation—and all will be well.

That there is ultimate truth in this large and simple view of things, who that is sane and hopeful can doubt? Nationality, especially in its unconditioned form, is certainly not the alpha and omega of civilization; its gradual decline, its merging with a sentiment of world-patriotism, has been cautiously prophesied by so conservative an authority as J. Holland Rose. To Mr. Kingsley, however, unconditioned sovereignty seems merely an anomaly, an illogical survival from the dark ages, a mistaken doctrine on which our civilization was somehow arbitrarily *founded,* rather than one of the forms that it has assumed in the course of its evolution. As intelligent, civilized beings, he seems to urge, let us lose no time in correcting the original error. All of which may be quite convincing if we agree to regard the doctrine of unlimited sovereignty as the cause, instead of, what it actually was, a necessary antecedent condition of the war.

Mr. Kingsley is, happily, no pacifist: on the contrary he urges national preparedness as a prime duty. Nor is he a League of Nations Utopian. Yet his mode of reasoning occasionally suggests the logic employed by the idealists of both these schools. In high-minded disgust at what seems to him an obsolete and hateful doctrine, a doctrine as contrary to civilized ethics as it is at variance with the principles of

life insurance—that practical application of human brotherhood—he seems inclined sometimes to place the emphasis on the wrong point—to stress civilization's mistake, rather than Germany's evil will as the *causa causans* of the war.

Thus, adopting the point of view of G. Lowes Dickenson and others, Mr. Kingsley writes: "Morally Germany may have been wrong, because preparation meant war; morally other nations were about equally wrong and in addition they were illogical, because while they flinched from the brutality of the German's logic, they did little to answer it—they made only pitiful attempts to sweep lawlessness out of international affairs. Asserting after a fashion the brotherhood of man, they did nothing effective or serious, looking to its establishment. The German in effect boldly denied the brotherhood of man, asserted the superiority of his own civilization and planned to impose that civilization on the whole world. The German may have been wrong; but he stood up to his logic." It seems unfortunate that a thoroughly patriotic citizen should feel constrained, in his honest zeal for peace, to write what sounds in part so much like the native German apologetics.

It may be plausibly maintained, on the contrary, that the nations, in 1914, were on the whole developing in the direction of peace, and that, but for Germany's deliberate crime, they might have continued to approach realization of Mazzini's conception of nationality—a nationality intense in its love of independence, but broadly human, if not altruistic.

Just how, again, are we to interpret such ringing words as these: "Human life is worth more than all the Republics, Kaisers, Kings, and Czars." Unquestionably, there is here intended no hint that a republic may not be under certain circumstances worth dying for; but the eloquent pronouncement, like those of certain well-intentioned pacifists, seems to blur a fundamental truth for the sake of a forceful generalization.

As for Mr. Kingsley's panacea for international ills—federation—no one would be justified in calling it a mere nostrum. In spite of disillusionment over the work of the Peace Conference, Tennyson's well-worn lines about the parliament of man still read, to most persons, as authentic prophesy. But it is proper to call attention to the fact that Mr. Kingsley's advocacy of world federation rests heavily on the incomplete analogy between the American colonies as they were in 1789 and the nations of the world as they are in 1919. Analogy is often suggestive; it may afford a clue to the right solution of a problem; but it is of all forms of argument the least convincing. On the strength, largely, of analogy, one is hardly prepared to admit that the way to become truly democratic is to join in forming "a Federation (not Confederation)" of the Anglo-Saxon world, which would "almost certainly come to include—perhaps before its completion—France, Holland, Switzerland, probably the Scandinavian Countries and Spain, and possibly some of the Republics of South America." One does not know what to think of a world state made up of elements so diverse and so scattered. Japan, one is inclined to suggest, might as well be included, while we are about it! Moreover, the dangers inherent in

such an arrangement, and in the approaches to it through alliances, are passed over by Mr. Kingsley with scant notice. To believe that the world can be made peaceful and democratic by a huge federation requires almost more faith than to believe that men have now become so convinced of the wickedness of war that they will never again—federation or no federation, league or no league—precipitate another Armageddon.

Progress, as a matter of fact, is usually the outcome of a slow and half-conscious process, as the whole history of English democracy goes to show. It is seldom much helped by attempts at immediate and comprehensive solutions of all existing difficulties. But the hasteners of evolution will not have it so!

Is Mr. Kingsley, after all, one of these, or is he merely a philosopher? On the whole he seems to side with the anticipators of the millennium: he seems to intend his theory of alliances as an immediate and practical programme. It is important, however, to make a clear distinction between the persons who urge that if the world generally could but see as few thinkers of superior enlightenment see, federation, or some other scheme, would certainly work, and those who urge that, the advantages of the preferred plan being self-evident, or nearly so, the world must necessarily adopt it as soon as a strong initiative is taken in some quarter. The former merely exhort; the latter propose action. The former, while they help mankind by clarifying and strengthening its hopes, sometimes arouse impatience as being rather futile; the latter are not infrequently overconfident. Quite unlike either, is the statesman who divines the next step that truly ought to be taken along the road of progress.

LAW AND THE FAMILY. By Robert Grant, Judge of the Probate Court, Boston. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

To be something of a philosopher would seem to be almost necessary for a complete Probate Judge. Judge Grant is a philosopher in more senses than one. Not only is he able to see with a certain steadiness and wholesomeness the not unimportant phases of life that are specially exposed to his view, but he has a considerable endowment of that unostentatious humor which combines readily with a nice valuation of factors in human conduct and an unillusioned but charitable view of human nature. Judge Grant is never wholly serious except when he is talking about really menacing abuses, and he is not depressing even then.

A book about the kind of law that touches most of us most nearly, a book written by one who is not only an expert in that kind of law, but an accomplished essayist,* ought to be worth reading; and in Judge Grant's *Law and the Family* one is not disappointed. From the somewhat Hudibrastic verses that form the foreword of the volume to the serious question propounded at the end of the last chapter—a ques-

*Robert Grant has written *The Convictions of a Grandfather, The Chippendales, The Undercurrent, The Art of Living, The Reflections of a Married Man,* and other stories and essays.

tion regarding the portentous growth in the divorce rate—the whole discourse is as engrossing as it is instructive.

That Judge Grant has, first and last, a great deal to say about women does not, of course, lessen the interest of his volume. It is a pleasure to remark that he really has something of value to say about them. Naturally, so wise a man would keep clear of the pitfall of generalization about the sex; yet the author does not hesitate to say, for example, that trusteeship is an employment for which woman is better adapted than for some others to which she aspires, and that "her chief stumbling block would seem to be that she has made a bogy of property." These words are well weighed, and should have influence. Venturing a little further on to theoretical ground—but with proper judicial caution—Judge Grant makes a general suggestion which would (perhaps) if adopted, relieve the Probate Judge of much vexation and prove of advantage to humanity in general. "It may be," says the author, "that women are honester than men. Let us stifle a lingering doubt whether they have the same amount of brains, and declare that there is no reason except inexperience why they should not manage their own affairs and those of others to a greater extent than they do. They would be very pleasant to deal with; yet sex would be no protection against loss of dollars by poor judgment." The subtle two-sidedness of this passage—a quality by no means to be confused either with irony or with the heresy of "Mr. Facing Bothways"—is characteristic.

The idiosyncrasies of will-makers and the passion of many men for tying up property so as to prevent indiscretions on the part of heirs, give occasion for some stories almost as remarkable as those venerable tales contained in *Famous Cases of Circumstantial Evidence,* and more informing by much. It is in connection with the latter subject that the author brings forward what is, perhaps, the soldidest piece of wisdom in his whole book. "After all," he says, "in the final analysis, the practice of tying up property for the lives of the next generation is based on implicit distrust of human nature, especially one's own flesh and blood, and an absence of humor, which prevents perception that if the objects of one's bounty are not fit to have riches, the sooner it leaves their hands and gets into some one else's, the better for society. . . . No one could reasonably quarrel with a discretion that would postpone complete ownership in most cases to the age of twenty-five or thirty, a period at which the second generation is apt to show signs of steadying down, rather than relinquish it at the bare limit of twenty-one. As for disinclination to care for property, it is not feasible to build on this, because of the host of agents, attorneys, men of affairs—call them what you will—waiting with their mouths open for just such choice morsels. The fallacy lies in the failure to distinguish that under the tying-up system the beneficiary has no power of selection and no option as to whether he or she wishes to take charge of the inheritance or not. An agent picked by the absolute owner of the property is to all intents as responsible as a trustee named by a testator, with the advantage that there is a string attached to the employment, which can be twitched if the association prove unsatisfactory." The first part of this opinion seems as wise as

Lord Chesterfield's offer to his son: "If you will do exactly as I direct until you are eighteen, I will do whatever you wish from that time onward." The second part finds striking confirmation in experience.

To most persons Judge Grant's book will prove highly interesting. For those elderly enough in age or temperament to appreciate the mellow wisdom that is consistent with not being too sure, its appeal will be strong. It offers not, indeed, detailed advice, but a rarer commodity—unpretentious counsel.

PICTURES OF THE FLOATING WORLD. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"In the Japanese 'Lacquer Prints,'" writes Miss Lowell in her foreword, "the *hokku* pattern has been more closely followed than any corresponding Chinese form in the 'Chinoiseries'; but even here I have made no attempt to observe the syllabic rules which are an integral part of all Japanese poetry. I have endeavored only to keep the brevity and suggestion of the *hokku,* and to preserve it within its natural sphere." In this attempt, Miss Lowell has admirably succeeded. Her adaptations are as charming as are the best examples of the originals in translation. Here are two lines "to a husband":

> Brighter than fireflies upon the Uji River
> Are your words in the dark, Beloved.

Is it possible to get more of genuine passion, without excess into fourteen words? Says a lover:

> If I could catch the green lantern of the firefly,
> I could see to write you a letter.

The tender playfulness of love has hardly been better expressed by any other poet, Japanese or English. The sentiment of the following lines—a sentiment, by the way, of incalculable antiquity—has, perhaps, never before found utterance in words so simple and good:

> Because the moonlight deceives,
> Therefore I love it.

All these verses are satisfying and treasureable: one does not want to forget them. Why is it, one wonders, that one so promptly and instinctively does forget a great deal of what Miss Lowell writes? Consulting one's conscience, one finds that this effect is apparently not due either to ill-nature or to apathy.

Can it be that an explanation is to be found in the fact that the Japanese verses are confined more or less within a traditional form —a form that for some reason none too well understood has given satisfaction to a considerable number of people for a moderately long period of time? At any rate, it is a comforting reflection to those who like the Japanese adaptations but do not like other forms of *vers libre*

that their taste, in at least one instance, appears not to be hopelessly vitiated by addiction either to jingle or to metrical arithmetic.

The truth is that one's distaste for free verse, if one doesn't happen to like it, may go much deeper than questions of form. One would like to know why almost all verse of this kind is unsatisfying to certain minds. One would like to know why Matthew Arnold's *The Strayed Reveller*—which probably cannot be scanned—does not impress one as *vers libre;* and why one feels that some of our modern poets who take the trouble to write in the sonnet or some other restricted form might as well write polyphonic prose.

In taking Miss Lowell's latest volume as a basis for the examination of this question, one has, of course, no intention of disparaging it; one intends, on the contrary, to pay it a high compliment. If the sort of thing that Miss Lowell has done is what she and her school are aiming to do, then she has succeeded to admiration; she is unrivaled. If she is trying to conquer men's minds and hearts, as Shakespeare and Wordsworth conquered them, the verdict must be different. She has written, however, lines that any poet might envy. Some of these are in the present volume. If one passes over them, it is because of a conviction that in any intelligent criticism, the general must take precedence of the particular; the question of human values over the question of technique.

Without any intention, then, simply to find fault, with full recognition of the fact that almost every poem necessarily contains inferior lines, and of the supplementary truth that a bad line may be vastly better when it is " free " than when it is tortured into meter—one would like to call attention to the prevalence in parts of Miss Lowell's work of lines approaching commonplace preciousness and of lines expressing a rather easily attained eccentricity; and then to ask how it is that so sensitive an artist can feel that such lines are worthy of inclusion in her poems along with others which, as has been said, win instant admiration from almost any reader, irrespective of his previous condition of servitude to classic masters.

If, for example, the poem *Coq D'or* were written in prose, one would be surprised, perhaps, but not astounded, if one were presented with proofs that it had been written by an uncommonly bright schoolgirl in a class in rhetoric. Certainly, one is not especially grateful for such lines as:

> Silhouetting chimneys with their queer, round pots,
> My feet upon the pavement made a knock—knock—
> knock.

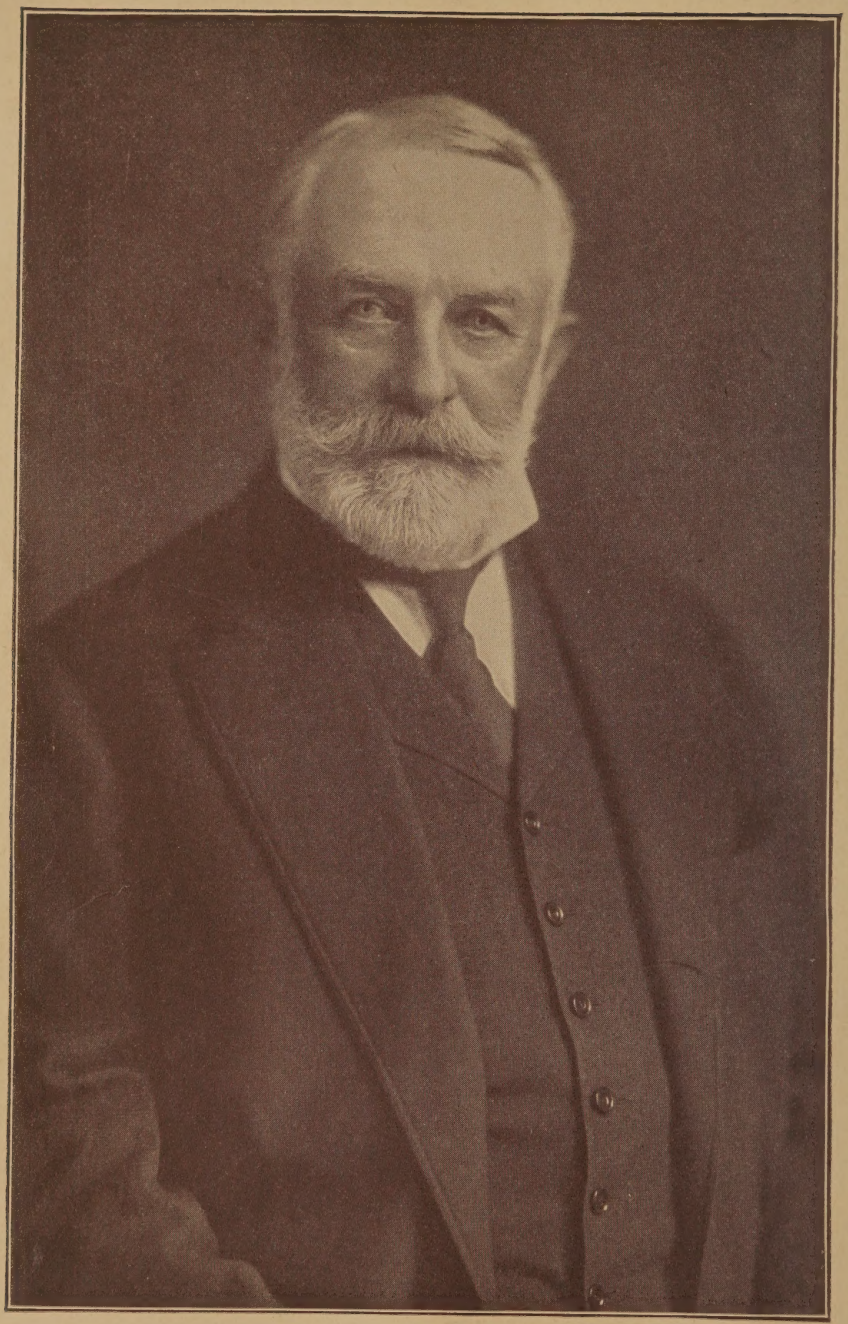
or for such phrases as " the city with its upthrust spires," or " all tipped with gold and shining in the brisk blue air."

By way of contrast, one may direct attention to Miss Lowell's magic line descriptive of wheat in the ear: " Spear-tongue of white ceremonial fire "—a line that seems to have come from the true subconsciousness, and not merely from transitory mood or impression, a line fit to be the soul and the inspiration of a whole poem.

Miss Lowell's poems, however, require to be judged as wholes. Obviously it is the effect of the whole that is prized; each touch, whether of genius or of childish observation (like the line about the chimney pots) is of value because it contributes to the total impression. But what determines the final effect? Nothing, it would seem, save the original impression itself. But impressions are limitless, kaleidoscopic, each unique, and one hardly more precious than another. For every different collocation of circumstances and things one may have a different emotional impression. But the uniqueness of these states of mind is not, after all, the same thing as originality.

The final criticism of Miss Lowell's poetry from this point of view would seem to be that it is the product of mood or impression, more or less transitory, demanding and obtaining attention because of its subjective uniqueness, but unsatisfying because in large part as purely personal in essence as a hypochondriac's accounts of his symptoms. Not that Miss Lowell's verses are in the least morbid! Only, unless one abstracts entirely from human values, and looks at them from the standpoint of technique alone, it is hard to discover the value of some of them. For that matter, are not some hypochondriacs artists in this same difficult art of telling just how they feel?

When all is said, no wise person wants to lay down rules for the control of the artistic impulse. But it may be suggested that in great poetry there exists a control, originating in the sub-consciousness of persons of genius, perhaps in racial memories; so that what seems vagary has its own law, instinctively recognized by the reader. Such control one feels the presence of only occasionally in the work of those who cultivate *vers libre*.



HENRY CLAY FRICK

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HENRY CLAY FRICK

BUILDER AND INDIVIDUALIST[1]

BY THE EDITOR

PRIMARILY Henry Clay Frick was a great builder—one of the foremost in that generation which produced the most constructive group in the history of the Republic. It is frequently remarked that his monument is the magnificent gift to the people of this imperial city and to the millions throughout the country who are our constant visitors. Surely none could be finer or more permanently inspiring. But when the other night I came through the mountains of his native State and my eyes were blinded by the miles of furnaces emblazoning the results of his genius, toil and faith, I felt that there was another quite as impressive.

How did it happen? How was this marvelous acquirement of wealth and power achieved in a short half century?

Not by luck assuredly. It is difficult to recall the name of a man in whose success chance played so small a part. No advantage whatever was his beyond that which he himself had created by rigid application to details, theoretical and practical, which gave him the mastery of his vocation. But that sufficed. Of all those who swarmed over the Pennsylvania hills, but one was fully equipped to perceive and grasp the great opportunity when it appeared; but one possessed the essential knowledge of craft; the resourcefulness to avail of its offering; the intrepid spirit to urge him on and on, while others were succumbing to impatience and despair.

[1] From a speech to the Pennsylvania Society of New York.

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Others there were who remained steadfast to the end and won their rewards, but none can rise from a perusal of the fascinating narratives of that period of mingled hope and doubt without realizing that his was the prescient, the inspiring, the resolute, the dominant spirit to which their faith was pinned. One can but marvel at the tenacity which made possible the achievement. And a glow of pride suffuses the faces of us all when we reflect that it was our country, our free and just Republic, that not only held open the door of opportunity to the penniless lad, but guaranteed by her laws and customs the permanent possession of all—whether thousands, millions, or if it had been so, billions—that skill and energy produced.

The success of Henry Clay Frick was a triumph of individualism, an exemplification of the wisdom of conferring upon the maximum of capacity the maximum of reward. It could never have been achieved in a State held in communal bondage. Like brains and like energizing forces doubtless are stored in the heads and hearts of thousands of human beings whose environment holds their possessors as with bands of steel in the clutch of mediocrity. The incentive lacking, the spirit refuses to exert itself and disuse performs its inevitable function as the most potent agency of decay. If the individual accomplishment of but one man were at stake, there would be comparatively little cause to give heed to the growing Socialistic tendencies in America. But vastly more than the success of one or of scores or hundreds or thousands is concerned. The future of the entire human race is in the balance. History proves conclusively that the only hope of the mass is the development of able individuals. Withdraw ten thousand best minds from any country and you would atrophy the nation. Deprive the ego of the hope of distinctive reward and you not only wither personal ambition, but effectually dam the stream of natural progression.

The lesson to be drawn from the notable success of this pioneer is stern resistance of un-American tendencies whose fulfilment would render impossible like achievements by others in the future.

Mr. Frick personified self-determination. Of all those who comprised that group of builders of commercial America he was the most intense individualist. He believed in the open shop for men and he established it. He also

believed in the open shop for nations and lent his powerful aid to the establishment of that. He was for America, first, last and always. The land contained no truer patriot, no more devoted lover of his country.

One phase of Mr. Frick's nature as I knew him in his later years was one rarely recognized by any except those with whom he was upon intimate terms. That was his extreme gentleness. The charm of his manners was no affectation; it was innate and, just as surely as his expressions of conviction were sincere, there was nothing false either in or about him. He never doubted for a moment the truth of what he believed. He never appeared to be something that he was not. There was never missing for long from his eyes the glint of the appreciative humor that lay behind those mirrors of his heart. He was not shy. He was simply modest. All know that he detested ostentation of any kind, but whatever he did in his social no less than in his business life he did to the limit of his capacity.

In the course of the last game of golf I played with him a very short time ago he somewhat unexpectedly won several holes in succession and turning to me he remarked with a slightly quizzical look in his eyes: "I am beginning to suspect that you are letting up on me." My answer was to the effect that, although as he must have noted and as I was painfully aware, my alleged game was subject to much variation, I always played as well as I could. "So do I," was the prompt response and then, after an instant, he added quietly, "I always have. I have always done everything as well as I could. It is the only way."

Now the chief development of this method was a power of concentration such as has seldom been the possession of any man. Whatever the matter in hand might be, Mr. Frick, invariably and without apparent effort, not only subordinated but put wholly out of consideration all other subjects and purposes. Doubtless this was the effect to a large degree of arduous self-training, but even so I doubt if the process was difficult. He was wholly natural.

And he was absolutely fearless. The quality which he exemplified on the day in 1892 when he walked from his house to his office immediately upon his partial recovery from a murderous assault, unarmed and unprotected, through crowds of angry men, he retained to his dying

day. There was never a time since I knew him when one bent upon assassination could not have reached him without the slightest difficulty. His ways were known and they seldom varied. He never took the slightest precautions and never would permit others to do so. I do not think he was fatalistic; he simply did not think about it, and if he had he would have disdained to acknowledge even to himself apprehensions of personal danger. Whatever else may be thought or said of Mr. Frick "take him for all in all, he was a man."

His attitude with respect to his vast accumulations was as individual as his character. What he had earned and fairly won was his, to do with what he pleased, and he would brook no interference; but when it came to doing, no conception could surpass his in generosity and completeness of fulfilment. Therein lies the secret of what has been pronounced the most wonderful will and testament ever devised by man.

The question has been raised as to why he made no public distribution during his life time. The answer, I think, although only a deduction, is easy. He would do nothing which might appear as a means of currying popular acclaim. His private contributions to alleviate suffering, notably during the great war, were lavish, but publication was never permitted.

As to the war itself, he was a staunch upholder of the Allies from the beginning and stood ready to support his own country in every way possible. One day he showed exasperation far beyond his wont at the complaining of one of his rich acquaintances. He said nothing at the time, but on his way home from the golf links he spoke like this:

"I cannot understand a man like that. He never earned any money in his life. He inherited half of it and the country doubled that. Now when his country is in peril he complains. His precious income indeed! He ought to welcome the opportunity to return in part what he has received not only from his income but from his principal if necessary. I will not play with that man again."

His theory of personal responsibility was unusual, to say the least, perhaps unique. He held the present corporate system faulty in this respect, that it too often deprives the real owners of control of their own properties and vests it in executives holding slight interests. Only

those possessing large shares are in a position to protect the small investors. He regarded himself as in effect a trustee for hundreds of thousands and never for a moment did he relax his vigilance. When occasionally rumors of remarks to the effect that there was never a man who kept so busy watching his money he would laugh pleasantly and say: "That is natural to think, of course. I certainly do keep busy. But I wonder why people fail to realize that it would not make a particle of difference to a man as rich as I am what became of these companies, whether they ever declared another dividend or not or even kept out of bankruptcy. Does it seem reasonable to suppose that I would leave this place [he was on the North Shore] and my golf and companions and keep jogging back and forth between here and New York simply to add to my fortune? Of course, anything I might say to the contrary would be misconstrued and I would not utter a word, nor permit anybody else to do so, but it happens that I must look after the interests of others not as well off as I am—and I get my greatest satisfaction out of doing it as well as I can."

And he kept the faith. I have no doubt that he would have lived ten years longer if he had not. But he kept on to the last, a veritable engine, constantly going, always rushing either in mind or body or both and allowing practically no time at all for full relaxation.

Perhaps the most appealing attribute of Mr. Frick was his love for little children. It was as true as the steel with which his name is indissolubly associated and it was unfailing. If, moreover, at any moment proof were required of the sincerity of his feeling it appeared invariably in the instant acceptance and response which sprang from the unerring instinct of the little ones themselves. Surely no finer tribute to the character of a strong man could be desired or is conceivable.

To that just recognition I would add simply that despite the delight of his companionship recognized by all who knew him, not until he was gone did those who were closest to him realize how much they loved him.

His last words spoken quietly after taking a glass of water were, "I think now I can go to sleep."

When I read those words I could not but recall that majestically beautiful line from Tennyson:

GOD'S FINGER TOUCHED HIM AND HE SLEPT.

MARSE HENRY'S BOOK

THOSE admirers of Marse Henry who cherish him in memory as our greatest slinger of editorial English, as a great master of political invective and personal satire and every last cosmic weapon of the editorial pen, will be amazed and nonplussed when they first dip into these engaging volumes. Here is an Olympian chatting in the shade of his fig-tree on mellow summer afternoons. Enmity, battle, wars, causes, slaughter-houses, bloody shirts, open graves, chasms, challenges, issues, are all but forgotten. When they recur they are hardly more than a background for personal anecdotes, for personal descriptions, for ways and manners and music and poker playing and food and friendship, the real stuff of life.

In much of the great doings in our history for the past half century Marse Henry played a speaking part, often a leading part. If he wished, these volumes might have been crammed with the sort of revelations that some autobiographers consider their chief substance—history is set right in a number of utterly important details and the "lies agreed upon" flourish as before. Not so here. The Colonel knows better and, we give a guess, has his heart elsewhere.

Not interested in politics, in setting it down correctly, this Kentucky editor who breathed and lived and wrote politics decade after decade? Well, of course, interested—but far more interested in the people of the show, and in the whole larger scene of which political mouthing, for all its conspicuous clatter, forms only one minor theme.

Nor does this seem a late reaction, the hindsight of a man nearing his fourscore of years. It is a theme running throughout, dropped in a phrase here and a moment of sententiousness there, and above all expressed in the whole character of the book. Politics was part of his profession; but he never lost his perspective in it, never, in his wildest moments of success or failure, backed it with all his hopes. "There is nothing sentimental about the actualities of Government, much as public men seek to profit by arousing the passions of the people. Government is a hard and fast and dry reality. At best statesmanship can only half do the things it would." He is writing this of current problems too, concerning which his beliefs are notoriously difficult to confine to parliamentary language.

Almost every political tragedy, of disillusionment, of failure, of lost causes, of failing heroes, known to man, befell Marse Henry. The list is an appalling one. He was born in 1840, "a bad year for Democrats." A Unionist, a strong opponent of secession, he was forced, like so many other Southerners, to cast his lot with what he felt was a mistaken and losing cause; a prime mover in the celebrated '72 campaign that ended in the Greeley fiasco; a disillusioned critic of the only two presidents his party has elected since the Civil War—here was enough to sour any human heart. Yet if ever there was a soul that stayed sweet, that fought political battles with every adjective known to the dictionary yet kept sense of humor, sense of fact and never let his faith in the world be destroyed by the vagaries of individuals or parties, here is that soul. You cannot become an Olympian suddenly at seventy-eight. Mellowness, sweetness, common-sense were born in the Colonel and only ripened with the years.

There is so much engaging anecdote in these two fat volumes—thank the Lord for the concreteness of the matter—that the casual reader hardly realizes what rarely good history he is getting on the way. Not the history of political ideas directly, so much as the vivid characterization of great figures who represented ideas and personified the rightness and wrongness thereof. Marse Henry does put in his opinions frankly enough but it is by anecdote that he builds up his picture. The detachment of the true artist shows here. Of pen portraits there are dozens that would be hard to improve on, some sketches, some full length portraits, built up by much relation. In none does liking or friendship blur the outline. You feel the warmth of the admiration—or the warmth of the dislike. But the facts are the facts. They are presented with a rare knack of characterization and somehow the result is, you feel, the truth. There never was a better demonstration of the fact that not from the neutral does the truth of history or the truth of anything come. We know that there isn't a neutral corpuscle in Colonel Watterson's blood. Yet he gives you his best friend or his worst enemy to the life.

Just as a literary feat of this character, the presentation of Horace Greeley and Carl Schurz, rank among the very best in the book. Schurz enters the book and leaves it several times. There is no connected exposition of him;

or any narrative of his life; or any attempt at final judgment. You get several pictures, much anecdote, some praise, some criticism, all intensely personal. And the net result is perhaps the fairest judgment of Schurz yet written. With Greeley it is the same. The feat almost converts one to a theory of relativity as applied to history—that the best way to see Greeley or Schurz, for instance, is to see how they affected Marse Henry.

It is in connection with the famous Cincinnati Convention of 1872 that the Greeley-Schurz tale begins. This whole episode is one of the solid achievements of the book. It makes one wish that Colonel Watterson had seen fit to treat all of his convention participations with the same detail. A Southern man and a Confederate soldier, a Democrat by conviction and inheritance, he "had been making in Kentucky an uphill fight for the acceptance of the inevitable:"

> The line of cleavage between the old and the new South I had placed upon the last three amendments to the Constitution, naming them the Treaty of Peace between the Sections. The negro must be invested with the rights conferred upon him by these amendments, however mistaken and injudicious the South might think them. The obsolete Black Laws instituted during the slave régime must be removed from the statute books. The negro, like Mohammed's coffin, swung in mid-air. He was neither fish, flesh nor fowl, nor good red herring. For our own sake we must habilitate him, educate and elevate him, make him, if possible, a contented and useful citizen. Failing of this, free government itself might be imperiled.

The Confederate soldiers Watterson had behind him. They were tired of futile fighting and to them the war was over. But, especially in Kentucky there were old Union Democrats and Union Whigs who clung to slavery and proposed to win in politics what had been lost in battle. These men controlled the political machinery of the State and they regarded Watterson as an impudent upstart—he was then thirty-two years old. So it was a ticklish adventure that the young editor of the newly combined *Courier-Journal* undertook in marching upon the Cincinnati assemblage of discontented Republicans and independents. It was a strange crew:

> A livelier and more variegated omnium-gatherum was never assembled. They had already begun to straggle in when I arrived. There were long-haired and spectacled doctrinaires from New England, spliced by short-haired and stumpy emissaries from New York—mostly

friends of Horace Greeley, as it turned out. There were brisk Westerners from Chicago and St. Louis. If Whitelaw Reid, who had come as Greeley's personal representative, had his retinue, so had Horace White and Carl Schurz. There were a few rather overdressed persons from New Orleans brought up by Governor Warmouth, and a motley array of Southerners of every sort, who were ready to clutch at any straw that promised relief to intolerable conditions. The full contingent of Washington correspondents was there, of course, with sharpened eyes and pens to make the most of what they had already begun to christen a conclave of cranks.

It was a group of rare editorial ability that ran the convention——or, rather ran it up to the break to Greeley. Samuel Bowles, Murat Halstead, Horace White and Henry Watterson foregathered at one hotel with Schurz; and Whitelaw Reid was added to insure the *Tribune's* support. When a boom for a disapproved candidate reached town the Quadrilateral wired scathing editorials to their several papers, all of which carefully reprinted the same morning in Cincinnati, killed the boomlet a borning:

We were, like the Mousquetaires, equally in for fighting and foot-racing, the point with us being to get there, no matter how; the end—the defeat of the rascally machine politicians and the reform of the public service—justifying the means. I am writing this nearly fifty years after the event and must be forgiven the fling of my wisdom at my own expense and that of my associates in harmless crime.

It was a wild gathering. "Coherence was the missing ingredient. Not a man jack of them was willing to commit or bind himself to anything." Schurz presided. And all went on schedule and the nomination of Adams seemed assured, was assured had the Quadrilateral forced the vote when the moment offered. But they were young and overconfident. Next day the name of Greeley was thrown into the ring, and Schurz, stoical, lethargic,—"the most industrious and the least energetic man I have ever worked with," in words quoted from Joseph Pulitzer—let the stampede go forward without a word to hinder. The Quadrilateral was "knocked into a cocked hat." There was a dinner by Whitelaw Reid but it was far from a convivial success:

Horace White looked more than ever like an iceberg, Sam Bowles was diplomatic but ineffusive, Schurz was as a death's head at the board; Halstead and I through sheer bravado tried to enliven the feast. But they would none of us, nor it, and we separated early and sadly, reformers hoist by their own petard.

Yet at first it seemed as if all was not lost, for Greeley

caught on amazingly. The people rose to him. "The sentimental, the fantastic and the paradoxical in human nature had to do with this." The South was enthusiastic; for Greeley had signed the bail bond of Jefferson Davis, "the first hand stretched out to the South from the enemy's camp." Let us quote Colonel Watterson's generous and accurate estimate of Greeley in passing:

He was a queer old man; a very medley of contradictions; shrewd and simple; credulous and penetrating; a master penman of the school of Swift and Cobbett; even in his odd picturesque personality whimsically attractive; a man to be reckoned with where he chose to put his powers forth, as Seward learned to his cost.

What he would have done with the Presidency had he reached it is not easy to say or surmise. He was altogether unsuited for official life, for which nevertheless he had a passion. But he was not so readily deceived in men or misled in measures as he seemed and as most people thought him.

His convictions were emotional, his philosophy was experimental; but there was a certain method in their application to public affairs. He gave bountifully of his affection and his confidence to the few who enjoyed his familiar friendship—accessible and sympathetic though not indiscriminating to those who appealed to his impressionable sensibilities and sought his help. He had been a good party man and was by nature and temperament a partisan.

Schurz was deeply disgruntled. Before he could be got to the Greeley side a bridge had to be built in the shape of what was called the Fifth Avenue Hotel Conference to "carry him across the stream which flowed between his disappointed hopes and aims and what appeared to him an illogical and repulsive alternative." He sulked like Achilles and gave more trouble than any of the regular Democratic leaders. Yet when he yielded he did splendid work in the campaign. Says Colonel Watterson in a casual estimate here:

His was a stubborn spirit not readily adjustable. He was a nobly gifted man, but from first to last an alien in an alien land. He once said to me, "If I should live a thousand years they would still call me a Dutchman." No man of his time spoke so well or wrote to better purpose. He was equally skillful in debate, an overmatch for Conkling and Morton, whom—especially in the French arms matter—he completely dominated and outshone. As sincere and unselfish, as patriotic and as courageous as any of his contemporaries, he could never attain the full measure of the popular heart and confidence, albeit reaching its understanding directly and surely; within himself a man of sentiment who was not the cause of sentiment in others. He knew this and felt it.

How the Greeley campaign first flourished, seemed to be sweeping the country like a prairie fire, then faltered and presently ended in utter rout is very vividly retold. The pathos and tragedy of Greeley's sudden end, with the campaign cheers still echoing, were not all lost in Marse Henry's view. Out of defeat came something permanent and precious:

> The crank convention had builded wiser than it knew. That the Democratic Party could ever have been brought to the support of Horace Greeley for President of the United States reads even now like a page out of a nonsense book. That his warmest support should have come from the South seems incredible and was a priceless fact. His martyrdom shortened the distance across the bloody chasm; his coffin very nearly filled it. The candidacy of Charles Francis Adams or of Lyman Trumbull meant a mathematical formula, with no solution of the problem and as certain defeat at the end of it. His candidacy threw a flood of light and warmth into the arena of deadly strife; it made a more equal and reasonable division of parties possible; it put the Southern half of the country in a position to plead its own case by showing the Northern half that it was not wholly recalcitrant or reactionary; and it made way for real issues of pith and moment relating to the time instead of pigments of bellicose passion and scraps of ante-bellum controversy.
>
> In a word Greeley did more by his death to complete the work of Lincoln than he could have done by a triumph at the polls and the term in the White House he so much desired.

These two pictures of Schurz and Greeley can hang in any portrait gallery. There is the warmest emotion in both, close personal friendship in the one, close political friendship in the other. Yet the features are sharp, the limitations are etched deep. Plainly the philosopher, the detached observer, never slept in the Colonel and never yielded his judgment to the most passionate pleadings of that warm young rebel heart that has never grown old.

Just as a beautiful picture, a short story from real life, the reader will find the tale of The Major from Marseilles as amiable reading as is to be found in a long search of fiction. This engaging soul turned up in Louisville some twenty-five years ago, "a delightful composite of Tartarin, the Brigadier Gerard, with a dash of the Count of Monte Cristo." His raiment was faultless when he first arrived in the metropolis of Kentucky. He wore a rose in his coat, he carried a delicate cane, and a most beautiful woman, his wife, hung upon his arm. He was a spendthrift with his quarterly allowance, and what to do between stipends? He

had been taught to do nothing, "not even to play poker." A restaurant was Colonel Watterson's happy suggestion; and with his aid and countenance it grew and flourished, and great was the talk there in the small hours after the *Journal* had been put to bed:

The Major's most obvious peculiarity was that he knew everything and had been everywhere. If pirates were mentioned he flowered out at once into an adventure upon the sea; if bandits, on the land. If it was Wall Street he had a reminiscence and a scheme; if gambling, a hard-luck story and a system. There was no quarter of the globe of which he had not been an inhabitant.

Once the timbered riches of Africa being mentioned, at once the Major gave us a most graphic account of how "the old house"—for thus he designated some commercial establishment, which either had no existence or which he had some reason for not more particularly indicating—had sent him in charge of a rosewood saw mill on the Ganges, and, after many ups and downs, of how the floods had come and swept the plant away; and Rudolph Fink, who was of the party, immediately said, "I can attest the truth of The Major's story, because my brother Albert and I were in charge of some fishing camps at the mouth of the Ganges at the exact date of the floods, and we caught many of those rosewood logs in our nets as they floated out to sea."

Of the terrapin and Uncle Célestin and the tragedy of this amiable black sheep let the Colonel tell at his fireside length. We shall not spoil it by further quotation.

We could wish much more of many men and episodes in these two fat volumes; we should like to keep the Colonel at work indefinitely. We would know more of the all too briefly related White House poker game in the era of Grover Cleveland—before that great man was transmogrified into "a stuffed prophet." Just as a punishment we shall print the entire narrative of this episode in the pious hope that more arcana of that Administration may yet be revealed:

Mr. Cleveland was fond—not overfond—of cards. He liked to play the noble game at, say, a dollar limit—even once in a while for a little more—but not much more. And as Dr. Norvin Green was wont to observe of Commodore Vanderbilt, "he held them exceedingly close to his boo-som."

Mr. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy, in his first administration, equally rich and hospitable, had often "the road gang," as a certain group, mainly senators, was called, to dine, with the inevitable after-dinner soirée or séance. I was, when in Washington, invited to these parties. At one of them I chanced to sit between the President and Senator Don Cameron. Mr. Carlisle, at the time Speaker of the House—who handled his cards like a child and, as we all knew, couldn't play a little—was seated on the opposite of the table.

After a while Mr. Cameron and I began "bluffing" the game—I recall that the limit was five dollars—that is, raising and back-raising each other, and whoever else happened to be in, without much or any regards to the cards we held.

It chanced on a deal that I picked up a pat flush, Mr. Cleveland a pat full. The Pennsylvania senator and I went to the extreme, the President of course willing enough for us to play his hand for him. But the Speaker of the House persistently stayed with us and could not be driven out.

When it came to a draw Senator Cameron drew one card. Mr. Cleveland and I stood pat. But Mr. Carlisle drew four cards. At length, after much banter and betting, it reached a show-down and, *mirabile dictu*, the Speaker held four kings!

"Take the money, Carlisle; take the money," exclaimed the President. "If ever I am President again you shall be Secretary of the Treasury. But don't you make that four-card draw too often."

He was President again, and Mr. Carlisle was Secretary of the Treasury.

This is clear and revelatory stuff. Given more of it we should have Cleveland to the life. But the Colonel is unsatisfactory for once. He tackles his first Democratic President a number of times, never with conviction. Perhaps, realizing the handicap of his contemporaneous criticism he is trying to be too fair. Yet he has no apologies to offer. To the contrary:

Taken to task by thick and thin Democratic partisans for my criticism of the only two Democratic Presidents we have had since the War of Sections, Cleveland and Wilson, I have answered by asserting the right and duty of the journalist to talk out in meeting, flatly repudiating the claims as well as the obligations of the organ grinder they had sought to put on me, and closing with the knife grinder's retort—

Things have come to a hell of a pass
When a man can't wallop his own jackass.

The nearest we come to detailed analysis is in a paragraph discussing the equipment which Cleveland brought to the White House. "Assuredly no one of his predecessors had entered the White House so wholly ignorant of public men and national affairs." Zachary Taylor commonly receives this distinction. But he grew up in the army, was familiar with the party leaders and was by heredity a gentleman. The same was true of Grant. "Cleveland confessed himself to have had no social training and he literally knew nobody."

There follows an illuminating anecdote of one Keiley whom the Virginia delegation backed for a minor consul-

ship. The President fell in love with him. "Consul be damned," he said. "He is worth more than that," and named him Ambassador to Vienna. It turned out that Mrs. Keiley was a Jewess and would not be received at court. Then he named him Ambassador to Italy; when it appeared that Keiley was an intense Roman Catholic and would be *persona non grata* at the Quirinal. Then Cleveland dropped him; but by the effort of friends an appointment as consul general at Cairo was obtained for him. All of which is cited to show the propensity of Grover Cleveland to take sudden fancies.

As a final comment upon the great quarrel with his first Democratic President, Colonel Watterson prints three letters, one from him to the President, the President's reply, and his own last word. It must be confessed that President Cleveland's letter has a lurching, opinionated, surly sound which leaves him much the worse for the exchange. Here are the final paragraphs of Colonel Watterson's rejoinder:

> In answer to the ignorance of my service to the Democratic party, which you are at such pains to indicate—and, particularly, with reference to the sectional issue and the issue of tariff reform—I might, if I wanted to be unamiable, suggest to you a more attentive perusal of the proceedings of the three national conventions which nominated you for President.
>
> But I purpose nothing of the sort. In the last five national conventions my efforts were decisive in framing the platform of the party. In each of them I closed the debate, moved the previous question and was sustained by the convention. In all of them, except the last, I was a maker, not a smasher. Touching what happened at Chicago, the present year, I had a right, in common with good Democrats, to be anxious; and out of that sense of anxiety alone I wrote you. I am sorry that my temerity was deemed by you intrusive and, entertaining a respectful protest against a ban which I cannot believe to be deserved by me, and assuring you that I shall not again trouble you in that way, I am, your obedient servant,
>
> HENRY WATTERSON.

This was the end. Personal relations ceased, they did not speak as they passed by. "He was a hard man to get on with," drops the Colonel plaintively; and adds these few words of general criticism:

> Over-credulous, though by no means excessive, in his likes, very tenacious in his dislikes, suspicious withal, he grew, during his second term in the White House, exceedingly "high and mighty" suggesting somewhat the "stuffed prophet" of Mr. Dana's relentless lambasting and verifying my insistence that he posed rather as an idol to be wor-

shiped, than a leader to be trusted and loved. He was in truth a strong man, who, sufficiently mindful of his limitations in the beginning, grew by unexampled and continued success overconfident and overconscious in his own conceit. He had a real desire to serve the country. But he was apt to think that he alone could effectively serve it. In one of our spats I remember saying to him "You seem, Mr. President, to think you are the only pebble on the beach—the one honest and brave man in the party—but let me assure you of my own knowledge that there are others." His answer was, "Oh, you go to ——!"

Let us hasten to add that Colonel Watterson has reserved his fire touching his second Democratic President, and his Book of Woodrow Wilson remains to be written. We hope and trust that it will be written. There are a few paragraphs tossed off casually at the end of these volumes that hint of what is to follow; and the general opinions of the Colonel upon this interesting topic are already abundantly of record. Here is the chief Woodrovian comment:

In all that he does we can descry the schoolmaster who arrived at the front rather late in life. One needs only to go over the record and mark how often he has reversed himself to detect a certain mental and temperamental instability clearly indicating a lack of fixed or resolute intellectual purpose. This is characteristic of an excess in education; of the half-baked mind over-trained. The overeducated mind fancies himself a doctrinaire when he is in point of fact only a disciple.

Of the League of Nations this is set down, not so inadequate or insufficient as it may at first seem:

I cannot too often repeat that the world we inhabit is a world of sin, disease and death. Men will fight whenever they want to fight, and no artificial scheme or process is likely to restrain them. It is mainly the costliness of war that makes most against it. But, as we have seen the last four years, it will not quell the passions of men or dull national and racial ambitions.

The quotation before the last may be taken as evidence that despite the Olympian flavor of these generous volumes it is really our Marse Henry, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* and none other who is writing. There are other bits. Just for a casual picture of what might be considered a reasonably distasteful human being there are the sentences relating to Senator Pomeroy of Kansas, who, as it happened, was the original of Mark Twain's "Senator Dillworthy," creator of that immortal phrase "the old flag and an appropriation." The Colonel presents

"Old Pom," as he had come to be called, whose oleaginous piety and noisy patriotism, adjusting themselves with equal facility to the purloining of subsidies and the roasting of rebels, to prayer and land grants, had impressed themselves upon the Satirist of the Gilded Age as upon his immediate colleagues in Congress. He was a ruffle-shirted Pharisee, who affected the airs of a bishop, and resembled Cruikshank's pictures of Pecksniff.

It was in a straight-shooting, straight-drinking era that the Colonel was born and learned his first creed. No wonder his English was always quick on the trigger and his aim of the best. The barbecue was still alive, men "took their politics as their liquor, straight," and Kentucky was just about the hottest political battlefield the world around. Yet right at the outset of the Colonel's narrative of his boyhood we come upon a back eddy of fact which will startle the conventional historians and their readers. The Colonel when a boy was dandled in the arms of General Jackson and he feels history owes a considerable reparation to Old Hickory for having represented him as a frontiersman with few graces:

I shared when a young man the common belief about him. But there is ample proof of the error of this. From middle age, though he ever liked a horse race, he was a regular if not a devout churchman. He did not swear at all, "by the Eternal" or any other oath. When he reached New Orleans in 1814 to take command of the army, Governor Claiborne gave him a dinner; and after he had gone Mrs. Claiborne, who knew European courts and society better than any other American woman, said to her husband: "Call that man a backwoodsman? He is the finest gentleman I ever met!"

It is hard to believe that anyone so altogether youthful as the Colonel harks back to these ancient figures. Yet he not only remembers General Jackson but was actually on the floor of the House of Representatives when an ex-President of the United States was stricken there in 1848. He had many friends among the Representatives, but none better than a "little old bald-headed gentleman who was good to me and would put his arm about me and stroll with me across the rotunda to the Library of Congress and get me books to read." He was the oldest member of the House when Colonel Watterson's father was the youngest. He was John Quincy Adams:

By chance I was on the floor of the House when he fell in his place, and followed the excited and tearful throng when they bore him into the Speaker's Room, kneeling by the side of the sofa with an improvised fan and crying as if my heart would break.

Presumably the Colonel was a shade older when he picked up the illuminating language on the occasion of the meeting of the great "Colonel" Dade of Virginia and a roistering Representative from Alabama, named McConnell. The latter's custom upon entering a saloon was to ask the entire roomful "to come up and licker", and he did so upon this historic occasion. As Dade drank he asked pompously, "With whom have I the honor of drinking?" After which the anecdote continues:

"My name," answered McConnell, "is Felix Grundy McConnell, begad! I am a member of Congress from Alabama. My mother is a justice of the peace, my aunt keeps a livery stable, and my grandmother commanded a company in the Revolution and fit the British, gol darn their souls!"

Dade pushed his glass aside.

"Sir," said he, "I am a man of high aspirations and peregrinations and can have nothing to do with such low-down scopangers as yourself. Good morning, sir!"

Fed upon such rich and racy meat in its tender years no wonder that the Colonel's vocabulary grew into the superb carnivore that a whole nation has admired and feared.

All this early period in Washington life is somehow mighty attractive as here related. Things may be more pure and pious, they are certainly dryer, but they are with equal certainty far duller. The very smallness of the city made for the success of racy personalities—Mrs. Jane Casneau, for instance, who nicknamed General Scott "Old Fuss and Feathers," and incidentally gave the young Watterson a large part of his newspaper education, on the *Daily States* of Washington, of which she was leader writer.

The Colonel makes one feel clearly the doubt and dismay which large sections of the country felt over secession as it loomed up through the smoky fires of fanaticism North and South. He himself was torn between his intellectual resolve for Union and his deep roots in Southern soil. His sympathies are with the middle-ground men, with their tragedy and their problem. He tells of two Confederate generals who first tried for commissions in the Union Army, "gallant and good fellows too;" also of a famous Union general who was about to resign his commission in the army to go with the South but was prevented by his wife, a Northern woman.

The narrative of these last years before '60 gives a valu-

able sense of the unreality of much of the abuse that was flying about. There were a few extremists on both sides. Most of the politicians were playing with fire without really intending to set anything afire. The final break came against the wishes and intention of most of the leaders on both sides. Of the participants in these preliminaries in Washington to our great national tragedy, Colonel Watterson writes:

> During a long time their social intercourse was unrestrained—often joyous. They were too far apart, figuratively speaking, to come to blows. Truth to say, their aims were after all not so far apart. They played to one another's lead. Many a time have I seen Keitt, of South Carolina, and Burlingame, of Massachusetts, hobnob in the liveliest manner and most public places.
>
> It is certainly true that Brooks was not himself when he attacked Sumner. The Northern radicals were wont to say, "Let the South go," the more profane among them interjecting "to hell!" The Secessionists liked to prod the New Englanders with what the South was going to do when they got to Boston. None of them really meant it—not even Toombs when he talked about calling the muster roll of his slaves beneath Bunker Hill Monument; nor Hammond, the son of a New England schoolmaster, when he spoke of the "mudsills of the North," meaning to illustrate what he was saying by the underpinning of a house built on marshy ground, and not the Northern work people.

All contemporary testimony as to Lincoln is valuable, and Colonel Watterson's is particularly timely in view of the effort of an English poet to place him in drama, splendidly in many large poetic qualities, falsely in much detail. The whole narrative of Colonel Watterson is vivid and persuasive. He was presented to Lincoln by Seward shortly before the first inauguration. Lincoln's appearance did not impress him "as fantastically" as it had impressed some others. "I was familiar with the Western type and whilst Mr. Lincoln was not an Adonis, even after prairie ideals, there was about him a dignity that commanded respect." The next Monday afternoon he met Lincoln again in his apartment at Willard's Hotel as he was preparing to start for the inauguration. He was struck "by his unaffected kindness." The President that was about to be seemed "entirely self-possessed; not a sign of nervousness." Here is Colonel Watterson's description of the inauguration:

> As I have said, I accompanied the cortège that passed from the senate chamber to the east portico. When Mr. Lincoln removed his hat to face the vast throng in front and below, I extended my hand to

take it, but Judge Douglas, just behind me, reached over my outstretched arm and received it, holding it during the delivery of the address. I stood just near enough the speaker's elbow not to obstruct any gestures he might make, although he made but few! and then I began to get a suspicion of the power of the man.

He delivered that inaugural address as if he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life. Firm, resonant, earnest, it announced the coming of a man, of a leader of men; and in its tone and style the gentlemen whom he had invited to become members of his political family—each of whom thought himself a bigger man than his chief—might have heard the voice and seen the hand of one born to rule. Whether they did or not, they very soon ascertained the fact. From the hour Abraham Lincoln crossed the threshold of the White House to the hour he went thence to his death, there was not a moment when he did not dominate the political and military situation and his official subordinates.

A peculiarly successful effort is the estimate of Andrew Johnson, whom Colonel Watterson knew from childhood. Thrice he saw Johnson weep; never did he see him laugh. Life had been very serious for him. Of unknown parentage, the wife he had married taught him to read. Yet at twenty-six he was in the Tennessee General Assembly and at thirty-four he was in Congress. A cross between Jack Cade and Aaron Burr, is the summary phrase submitted. He hated "a biled shirt." He was conscientious and sincere; yet "a born politician, crafty to a degree and always successful, relying upon a popular following that never failed him." Of our three Presidents who came up from poverty, Colonel Watterson writes:

Much has been written of the humble birth and iron fortune of Abraham Lincoln. He had no such obstacles to overcome as either Andrew Jackson or Andrew Johnson. Jackson, a prisoner of war, was liberated, a lad of sixteen, from the British pen at Charleston, without a relative, a friend or a dollar in the world, having to make his way upward through the most aristocratic community of the country and the time. Johnson, equally friendless and penniless, started as a poor tailor in a rustic village. Lincoln must, therefore, take third place among our self-made Presidents. The Hanks family were not paupers. He had a wise and helpful stepmother. He was scarcely worse off than most young fellows of his neighborhood, first in Indiana and then in Illinois. On this side justice has never been rendered to Jackson and Johnson. In the case of Jackson the circumstance was forgotten, while Johnson too often dwelt upon it and made capital out of it.

Coming down to the Tilden-Hayes election we reach a period where Colonel Watterson might have been expected to reveal new and interesting evidence. He was Tilden's personal representative in the Lower House of the Forty-fourth Congress, a close personal friend, and undoubtedly

knew the inside of his party's strategy in those stormy days. But his decision is against revelations: "Long ago I resolved that certain matters should remain a sealed book in my memory." Of the charges against the honesty of Tilden he writes, however, in general terms:

> I shall bear sure testimony to the integrity of Mr. Tilden. I directly know that the presidency was offered to him for a price, and that he refused it; and I indirectly know and believe that two other offers came to him, which also he declined. The accusation that he was willing to buy, and through the cipher dispatches and other ways tried to buy, rests upon appearance supporting mistaken surmise. Mr. Tilden knew nothing of the cipher dispatches until they appeared in the New York *Tribune*. Neither did Mr. George W. Smith, his private secretary, and later one of the trustees of his will.
>
> It should be sufficient to say that so far as they involved No. 15 Gramercy Park they were the work solely of Colonel Pelton, acting on his own responsibility, and as Mr. Tilden's nephew exceeding his authority to act; that it later developed that during this period Colonel Pelton had not been in his perfect mind, but was at least semi-irresponsible; and that on two occasions when the vote or votes sought seemed within reach Mr. Tilden interposed to forbid. Directly and personally I know this to be true.

Colonel Watterson relates in some detail the various steps by which President Hayes was seated. His own counsel was always for bolder action; and it was never followed. "The Democrats were equal to nothing affirmative. The Republicans were united and resolute." The result was inevitable.

There is so much else in Marse Henry's fat volumes that it seems as if we had failed to mention almost all of it—his musical diversions with Adelina Patti and Theodore Thomas; his intimacy with Joseph Jefferson; his long stays in France and his abiding love and admiration for the French; of newspapers and their makers; of Colonel Roosevelt and the third term that is so impossible yet so tantalizingly attractive to every President that ever could catch a glimpse of it; of John Throckmorton of Louisville and "Old Hell's Delight;" of Tarifa-Ben-Malik; of Artemus Ward in London; and of almost every handsome or able or witty or crafty or conspicuous human being of the last three-quarters of a century.

There are better autobiographies than Marse Henry's—though precious few this side of England that we can recall. There is none written out of a warmer heart or a clearer, fairer mind or a more varied and affectionate experience of his fellow men.

THE ECLIPSE OF PEACE

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

THE Great War having ended in the defeat of the aggressors, and the finality of the victory being indisputable, both victors and vanquished had a right, in November, 1918, to expect an early peace, of which they had pressing need.

Both desired it; and yet, although more than a year has elapsed since the arbitrament of arms definitely settled the contest in a military sense, the whole world is still suffering because peace has not been formally concluded.

In the April and May numbers of this REVIEW for last year it was pointed out that peace had been delayed by the effort to combine with a definite immediate settlement an immature plan for the reconstruction of all international relations.

The ultimate futility of this combination was evident to all who had taken the pains to think out clearly the problem of peace, for the reason that the two aims were essentially disparate and incompatible. The peace with Germany, being punitive, was necessarily based on military force. General and permanent peace must, however, rest upon a different foundation. To express the difference more precisely, the peace with Germany was of necessity the imposition of the will of the victors upon the vanquished. It was the result of military victory. It implied penalties to be inflicted, permanent restraints to be imposed, reparations to be made, and a recognized subordination of the vanquished as a defeated Power. No permanent world peace can be established upon this basis; first, because innocent and law-abiding nations do not need to be thus subjected to the control of a superior form of power; and, secondly, because the attempt to maintain the peace of the world in such a manner necessarily involves the creation of a super-government claiming the right and possessing the power to maintain peace by force, regardless of the self-

determining aspirations of the nations brought under subjection to it. Such a subordination would involve the total surrender of national sovereignty on the part of the weaker States, which would be subjected to a hazardous existence under any international system founded on the idea of force, whatever its pretensions regarding peace might be. This sacrifice might be in some degree tolerable, if it placed those making the surrender under the sure protection of strict justice; but so great a surrender into the hands of superior power cannot safely be made, unless that power is defined, limited, and in some way made responsible.

In so far then as the mechanism of peace is merely a mechanism of power, it cannot be a trustworthy guarantee of general and permanent peace, because it is a constant challenge to revolt. In brief, a device for the enforcement of specific penalties upon a culprit nation like Germany, is one thing; and a combination of free nations, aiming at friendship and a common obedience to law, is quite another. The attempt to unite them in one and the same form of organization is plainly an effort to combine incompatible purposes.

There are two ways in which it is conceivable that world peace may be established. The first is by the use of military force to prevent and punish war. In the case of Germany, it was necessary to resort to this method, because Germany had decided to impose her will by force upon other nations, and that will had to be resisted; but for the victors to undertake to lay down the law for the rest of the world and to impose their will upon free nations, would be to accept and adopt the very principle against which they were contending, and would merely result in the establishment of a joint imperialism, exercised by a group of Powers, instead of the predominance of a single Power. It is impossible, therefore, to establish world peace upon the basis of force unless on the material side that force is great enough to compel universal obedience, and on the moral side so just as to command the voluntary respect of mankind at large. In brief, no form of imperialism can ever permanently prevent war, for the reason that imperialism in whatever form is odious and provocative of hostility.

The alternative way to render peace permanent is by a voluntary agreement to conform to certain rules of inter-

national conduct based upon the inherent rights and essential needs of the associated nations. Such a system would not be based on force, but on law freely accepted. It would have no need of force, except for protection against assault and the vindication of the law. It would impose no superior authority. Its aim would be justice through understanding. It would imply the existence of really free, self-determining nations, and it would not in any respect require subordination on their part. Its extreme penalty might be simply outlawry; that is, in case of crime, expulsion from the comity of nations and its material advantages. Such a penalty, however, could find justification only on the ground of a refusal to obey the law or fulfill a pledge.

If it be true that the latter method indicates the only pathway to general and permanent peace, then it must be admitted that an effort to couple it with a retributary compact like the Treaty of Versailles, is to overshadow and vitiate it by making it subservient to the interests of a single group of Powers.

The reason given by its advocates for the introduction of the Covenant of the League of Nations into the Treaty of Versailles and insistence upon the necessity of this as a preliminary of peace, is that the League is an indispensable instrument for the execution of the treaty.

The absurdity of this is evident upon the slightest examination; but the proposition is not only absurd, it exposes the wholly incompatible elements of the treaty.

One simple sentence, embodied in that document, would have provided all the guarantee necessary for its execution; namely, that any attempt to evade the obligations of the treaty or to make an unprovoked assault on any one of the Allied and Associated Powers would be regarded as an offense to all of them.

This would mean that the solidarity of the victors in the war was continued and maintained, so far as the enforcement of the peace is concerned. More than this would appear to be superfluous. The invitation to Germany's neighbors, neutral in the war, like Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland, to aid in enforcing the terms of the treaty is not an invitation to friendship; it bids them rather to risk a possible future hostility. Reliance upon Hedjaz, Siam, Persia, and other small States to enforce the

treaty adds no security to peace. If the war has really been won, if Germany has really been defeated, the League of Nations is not necessary for the enforcement of the treaty of peace. If, on the contrary, the war has not really been won, if Germany has not been defeated, the League of Nations is a device to draw the neutral nations into an alliance against Germany; and it is, therefore, not a general society of nations founded upon the idea of freedom, equality, and friendship, but an effort to associate the neutral Powers against a possible future foe.

It would be more honorable frankly to admit that the League of Nations adds nothing to the execution of the peace with Germany. To hold that it is essential is virtually to assume that Germany has not been defeated. In any case, if the claim is to be taken seriously, it shifts the responsibility for executing the terms of the peace to the shoulders of those who have had no part in imposing them. It is, in substance, a demand that the neutral neighbors of Germany should now come in and aid the victors in permanently securing the spoils of victory and exacting the terms of a peace which they had no part in negotiating.

The provisions of the Peace of Versailles show clearly how little sincerity there is in the assertion that the League of Nations is necessary to the execution of the peace. As Senator Moses clearly demonstrated in his noteworthy speech in the Senate on July 22d, the League of Nations, despite the intention to intertwine the Covenant with the Treaty of Versailles in an inseparable manner, plays but a secondary rôle. It is to the Allied and Associated Powers, and not to the League of Nations, that Germany renounces her colonies; and they have already, before the League has become a reality, allotted and distributed them among themselves. "In like manner, sums in gold held as pledge or as collateral in connection with the German loans to the Austro-Hungarian Government, the benefits disclosed by the treaties of Bucharest and Brest-Litovsk, and all monetary instruments or goods received under these treaties pass into the possession of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers, and are to be disposed of in a manner which these Powers shall hereafter determine."

It is not the League of Nations, but a conference of military experts of these same Powers, that is to fix the number of effectives in the German army, and it is to these same

also that the report on the stocks of munitions and armament is to be furnished.

"It is not the League of Nations," continues Senator Moses, "but the Principal Allied and Associated Powers who will approve the location and restrict the number of factories and works wherein Germany will be permitted to manufacture arms, munitions, and war materials. It is to the Principal Allied and Associated Powers, not to the League of Nations, that Germany must surrender her surplus war material; and it is these Powers and not the League of Nations who will direct the manner in which this surrender will be effected. And when the German Government shall disclose, as she must, the nature and mode of manufacture of all explosives, toxic substances, or other chemical preparations used by her in the war or prepared for the purpose of being so used—is it to the League of Nations, is it to Sir Eric Drummond, that these lethal formulae shall be turned over for deposit in the massive vaults which doubtless will form part of the equipment of the League of Nations palace at Geneva? By no means! It is the Principal Allied and Associated Powers who will take over and assimilate this deadly knowledge."

How little the League of Nations was really expected to serve, or could even be made to serve, the purposes of the Allied and Associated Powers in executing the treaty is demonstrated by the fact that these Powers reserved to themselves and decided not to entrust to the League of Nations nearly all the important functions. This is sufficiently shown without going into particulars by the proportion of the activities thus reserved and those entrusted to the League. "The Principal Allied and Associated Powers," says Senator Moses, "figure 76 times; the Allied and Associated Powers figure 45 times—a total of 121. Whereas the League of Nations figures altogether only 57 times, and of these 21 refer to its nebulous connection with the administration of the Saar Valley; 18 in connection with the labor clauses of which the League is supposed to be the special champion, and only 3 to Danzig, in relation to which we have been told the League is a prime necessity—leaving only 15 references to general activity for the League of Nations in the entire 253 pages which constitute the treaty apart from the Covenant of the League itself."

The demand of Clemenceau for a separate treaty of

alliance with Great Britain and the United States for the protection of France reveals the utter lack of confidence on the part of French statesmen in the efficiency of the League of Nations in the execution of the Treaty of Versailles. With keenness of perception, although great power of discernment was not necessary to grasp the truth, it was from the first clearly seen that, instead of adding to the security of France against her former enemy, the League only divides and obscures the responsibility of her allies and associates in the war. What Monsieur Bourgeois demanded was an international force that could not only offer real protection but could be held responsible for it. Failing in this, an Anglo-French and a Franco-American guarantee were necessary. This guarantee the President felt it necessary to hold out a prospect of receiving; and in his delayed message of July 29th, laying this latter treaty before the Senate, he said: "I was moved to sign this treaty by considerations which will, I hope, seem as persuasive and as irresistible to you as they have to me. We are bound to France by ties of friendship which we have always regarded and shall always regard as peculiarly sacred. . . . She now desires that we should promise to lend our great force to keep her safe against the Power she has had most reason to fear." What is this but a confession that France might justly have expected that a pledge to secure her safety would be written into the Treaty of Versailles itself, and that this was not done?

There is, in fact, no pledge of security in the Covenant of the League of Nations, according to the President's interpretation of Article X, given to the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate at the White House Conference. This article, he claims, relates only to the ultimate preservation of "territorial integrity," and contains no obligation to prevent "invasion for warlike purposes." This, it is true, is a strained and even violent attempt to make Article X appear less exacting than it is; but, if there be no promise of protection against invasion in this article, it is not to be found anywhere in the Treaty of Versailles.

It is probably with distinct recognition of this that the President says, in his message on the Franco-American special treaty: "It is, therefore, expressly provided that this treaty shall be made the subject of consideration at the same time with the Treaty of Peace with Germany, that this

special arrangement shall receive the approval of the Council of the League, and that this special provision for the safety of France shall remain in force only until, upon application of one of the parties to it, the Council of the League, acting if necessary by a majority vote, shall agree that the provisions of the Covenant of the League afford her sufficient protection."

Note the plain implications of this extraordinary statement. It is this Franco-American compact only, and, by inference, the Anglo-French compact which accompanies it, that are to give to France the security which the League of Nations does not afford; and by the terms of this message will not give, until "the Council of the League, acting if necessary by a majority"—although by the Covenant unanimity is required for such an act—"shall agree that the provisions of the Covenant of the League afford sufficient protection"!

It is here candidly admitted that such protection as the League may offer is not only future but contingent. It is not actual. Suppose the Council never takes this action. But on what principle is a majority of the Council of the League at any time to be entrusted with the power to determine when an obligation of the United States shall cease? What new strength, or solidity, or defensive power, or authority in the matter is this League to acquire? And how is it to acquire it?

If the League does not and cannot protect France, of what value is it as an instrument for executing the Treaty of Versailles? Suppose Germany should suddenly refuse to fulfill her obligations under the treaty, what would the League do about it? According to the President's interpretation, they would merely "advise upon it" and wait to see if anyone was ready and disposed to act!

We may, therefore, wholly abandon and reject the pretention that the Covenant of the League of Nations is necessary to the execution of the Treaty of Versailles. I think it has been clearly and irrefutably shown by the President himself that the Covenant has no vital relation to the treaty. It is an ineffectual attempt to graft upon the Treaty of Peace that "general association" which the President foreshadowed in his fourteenth point: "A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political

independence and territorial integrity to great and small States alike."

The President believed that this could not be accomplished unless it was consummated as a part of the Treaty of Peace. He considered that, because he had publicly made this proposal, he was authorized to insist upon it. He has himself expressed this conviction and has stated his reason for entertaining it.

In the President's speech at Pueblo, on September 25th, 1919, he said to his audience: "I had gone over there with, so to say, explicit instructions. Don't you remember that we laid down 14 points which should contain the principles of settlement? They were not my points. In every one of them I was conscientiously trying to read the thought of the people of the United States, and after I uttered those points I had every assurance given me that could be given me that they did speak the moral judgment of the United States and not my single judgment."

On such evidence as this paragraph contains the President maintained that he had a mandate from the American people to insist upon his fourteenth point as a part of the Treaty of Peace. "Then when it came to that critical period just a little less than a year ago," he continues, "when it was evident that the war was coming to its critical end, all the nations engaged in the war accepted those 14 principles explicitly as the basis of the armistice and the basis of the peace. In those circumstances I crossed the ocean under bond to my own people and to the other Governments with which I was dealing. The whole specification of the method of settlement was written down beforehand, and we were architects building on those specifications."

The Covenant of the League, it would appear from this, was written into the Treaty of Versailles, not as a means for the execution of that treaty,—so often insisted upon by the President and his adherents as necessary to this purpose but which function he admits it does not perform,—but simply to fulfill an engagement previously made by the authority of the American people!

It is in place, therefore, to inquire more particularly as to the origin and nature of that engagement.

The assumption is here made that "we", the American people, "laid down 14 points which should contain the

principles of settlement." "They were not my points," the President says.

It would be interesting to know the details of this generously accorded joint authorship of the "fourteen", and especially to learn through what particular medium the President "read the thought of the people of the United States." Stated in this fashion, it can hardly be considered a valuable contribution to the accuracy of telepathy; and it does not add to our confidence in the President's capacity for weighing evidence, to be told that the testimony of his own consciousness was sufficient to give him "every assurance that could be given" that he had spoken the mind of the United States in uttering the "fourteen." He does not even pretend to have consulted anyone, and he apparently overlooks entirely the election returns of 1918, when he asked to be an "unembarrassed spokesman." With equal subjectivity of thought he appears either never to have known, or wholly to have forgotten, the outburst of protest in the United States against making the "fourteen" the conditions of the armistice, and the loud cry for "Unconditional surrender" as the only acceptable preliminary of peace.

It has been repeatedly asserted, and I think it has never been denied, that the fourteenth point, regarding the "general association", had in view a compromise peace; in which, after sharing in the negotiations on equal terms, Germany would have a place in the newly constructed international system.

It must not be forgotten that the "fourteen" date from a time when the President's idea of a "peace without victory" was still prevailing in his thoughts regarding the termination of the war. In the autumn of 1918 the conditions had wholly changed. The Allied and Associated Powers were victorious in the field. Germany was defeated. Even admitting that the "fourteen" had ever constituted a desirable basis for peace with Germany, that time had passed. The Allies knew it and acted upon it. They accepted the "fourteen", with qualifications, because they wished to retain the interest and aid of America, but took pains to demonstrate in the terms of the armistice the complete surrender of Germany as a consequence of her defeat. They then proceeded to dictate the terms of peace regardless of the "fourteen", and retained the President's adher-

ence to the Treaty of Versailles by permitting him artificially to intertwine their draft of the Covenant of the League of Nations with the Treaty of Peace. It was the sole gratification that was allowed him.

The object in according this gratification was to retain the participation and support of the United States in the Treaty of Versailles, and it could be obtained in no other way. What the Allies wanted was simply a defensive alliance. They could get it only in the form of a League of Nations. Whether they really have it in that form remains to be seen. What is more important to them and to the whole world is the confidence and approval of the American people. With these, whatever documents may be signed or left unsigned, they have everything they should desire. Without these, they have nothing. The only thing of value to them is the perpetuation of the Entente, and that must be of a character which free nations can cheerfully accept and loyally honor.

Looking back over all the transactions, it is evident that the Covenant of the League of Nations is not a real instrument for the execution of the Treaty of Peace, and was merely tied on to that treaty for the purpose of formally fulfilling the promises of the Allies to regard the "fourteen" as a basis of negotiation. Incidentally, however, it perpetuates in the Treaty of Versailles a hope of ultimately abrogating some of its provisions.

The German Minister for Foreign Affairs, Herr Mueller, is reported to have said: "The German Government will do everything in its power to live up to the treaty until our opponents themselves agree to rescind its most objectionable clauses or until the League of Nations takes the revision of the treaty in hand. This is one of the chief reasons why henceforth the League of Nations idea must be the basic principle of our conduct of foreign affairs."

Germany well understands and recalls the original design of the "fourteen" as a basis for a compromise peace. She recognizes the fact that the President failed to carry out the "settlement" which the "fourteen" contemplated. She remembers with bitterness that the expectations she entertained when she asked for an armistice, in order to discuss peace on the basis of compromise, have been disappointed, and she considers that the President's

promises have not been kept. But she remembers, and will not suffer it to be forgotten, that there was to be a "general association of nations" which cannot really exist until she has a place in it; and when she has her place, she believes, the League of Nations will take in hand "the revision of the treaty"! If Germany becomes a member of the League, under Article XI, she can bring to the attention of the League, and demand action upon it, any cause that threatens war. If the pressure of the obligations of the Treaty of Peace upon the German people—and there are many very serious and onerous obligations lasting through an entire generation—Germany, as a member of the League, could press for a change in the treaty; and until Germany is thus included in the League the fourteenth point has not been accepted.

"My hope is in the League," says Herr Noske, the German Minister of National Defense. And yet this hope may be subject to sudden disillusionment. Without the consent of the five Great Powers, Germany cannot become a member of the League. The provisions of the Covenant effectually block the realization of that "general association of nations" that was to stabilize the reconstructed world. Instead of promoting it, the Covenant actually prevents it; for it is inconceivable that France will, until the terms of peace are fully executed, welcome Germany into the sheepfold. To force her to do so would virtually destroy the Peace of Versailles.

We have then, I think, from every point of view the right to conclude that from the beginning the Covenant of the League of Nations, instead of contributing to the solution of the problem of peace, has effectually delayed and obstructed it. It has eclipsed the peace.

During the long discussion in the Senate regarding the ratification of the Peace of Versailles, there has never been a moment when the treaty would not have been promptly ratified had it not been for the presence of the Covenant in the treaty. It is the League of Nations, and that alone, that has occasioned controversy and led to violent opposition. It has strained the relations between the Allied and Associated Powers and greatly endangered the Entente. It has displaced more immediate issues and delayed peace. It has made continued peace less certain, even when proclaimed, so long as strife over the obligations of the Cov-

enant is prolonged. It is essential that they should at once be made clear or definitely declined. And yet, after all the commotion it has caused, it is evident that the Covenant of the League of Nations has no natural connection with the Treaty of Peace. It was made a part of it because the President declared to his colleagues in the Peace Conference that he was "under bonds" to his own people, that he bore a mandate from them demanding a League of Nations, and that he would not dare return to them without it.

The President, no doubt, believed, and perhaps with reason, that some international understanding, which might be designated as a "League of Nations", would receive the approbation of the people of the United States. He not only assured his colleagues at Paris of this, but declared that it was positively demanded and must constitute a part of the settlement. With this assurance, at the first plenary session of the Conference, on January 25, 1919, it was formally resolved, that "this League should be treated as an integral part of the general Treaty of Peace."

The consequences of this acceptance of the President's insistence were apparently not realized until, on February 14th, the first draft of a "Constitution of a League of Nations" was completed. There was no discussion in the plenary session, but it was promised for a later time. The little States amidst their fears had entertained high hopes. These were disappointed. Objection was at once raised by the smaller nations that the document created a super-government, in fact an imperial corporation, existing nominally in the interest of peace, but in reality having for its purpose the domination of the world by a small group of Powers. To the amazement of Europe, opposition came largely from the United States, which had been represented as demanding this alleged "League of Nations" as a condition of peace!

It is important to note the nature of this opposition. It was not based on the idea that the peace with Germany should not be guaranteed, or that no international organization was desired, or upon a rejection of the terms of peace exacted of Germany, for none were at that time definitely proposed. On the contrary, it was complained that peace was delayed by the new construction, that peace

should be immediately concluded, and that the formation of a League of Nations should then be taken up deliberately. Thirty-nine Senators, more than a third of the whole number required to ratify the treaty, and therefore a sufficient number to prevent its ratification, signed the "Round Robin" declaring "that it is the sense of the Senate that the negotiations on the part of the United States should immediately be directed to the utmost expedition of the urgent business of negotiating peace terms with Germany, satisfactory to the United States and the nations with whom the United States is associated in the war against the German Government, and the proposal for a League of Nations to insure the permanent peace of the world should then be taken up for careful and serious consideration."

The same eagerness for peace and the same disposition to improve the organization of international relations have been manifested in the United States by critics of the Covenant proposed at Paris. On the other hand, the President has persisted in his determination that this Covenant, unmodified, shall constitute a part of the Treaty of Peace.

The President's challenge to the Senate of the United States—his co-equal in the exercise of the treaty-making power, without whose advice and consent no treaty can be made—and his open attack upon the Senate for not yielding to his decisions, have been sufficiently considered in this REVIEW. It has also been here noted that when, after his declaration that the Covenant would be so inextricably intertwined with the Treaty of Peace that they could not be separated, upon his arrival in Paris, on March 14th, finding that immediate peace had been decided upon in his absence, he took measures to put an end to this plan. Since that episode was recorded some new disclosures have been made. Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, in his sympathetic account of "What Wilson did at Paris", now informs us: "Though the details were not then known—and are not yet publicly known—a resolution, fathered by Mr. Balfour, had actually been adopted by the Council of Ten, sitting in President Wilson's absence, providing for an immediate preliminary treaty containing practically all the settlements involved, not only military but financial and economic, including the establishment of all new boundaries and determining responsibility for the war.

Practically the only thing omitted was the League of Nations!"

"Now this whole procedure," comments Mr. Baker, "was contrary to the long-held and often asserted policy of the President, and it endangered the most important of the fourteen points accepted by all nations as the basis of settlement, the fourteenth of which declares that 'a general association of nations must be formed.'"

When the President discovered that peace was to be made without including the League of Nations, with "stunning directness and audacity", on March 15th, twenty-four hours after his arrival in Paris, he issued a statement to the press that the decision that the establishment of a League of Nations should be made an integral part of the Treaty of Peace was of final force and that no change was contemplated.

"This bold act," continues the writer, "fell like a bomb-shell in Paris; and in Europe. A shot from Big Bertha could not have caused greater consternation. It overturned the most important action of the Conference during the President's absence; and it apparently destroyed the popular expectation of an early peace."

Mr. Baker regards this achievement as one of the President's most notable victories, but does not hesitate to report that the *Daily Express* of London demanded that the British Government refuse to support him in this "hold-up"; and that Monsieur Pichon, the French Foreign Minister, publicly expressed his criticism of the President's intervention.

Having triumphed over the Peace Conference in his determination that there should be no peace without a League of Nations, it is not surprising that the President should hold that there can be no League of Nations which does not conform to his will.

Almost a year has passed since the statesmen at Paris were ready to declare immediate peace, for which the whole world was longing; but since that time there has been projected across the luminary of peace the silhouette of a solitary implacable figure, sternly forbidding the proclamation that the Great War is ended, unless it conforms to the mandate imposed by a single will.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

IS DEPORTATION THE CURE?

BY CHASE S. OSBORN
FORMER GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN

WE are deporting undesirable citizens.

Berger has been re-elected.

Are we making any headway in our attempts to solve our human weed problems? They are human weeds. We can get rid of them about as successfully and satisfactorily by deporting them as we could eradicate Canadian thistles by the same process. I am not certain that I know what to do with them, but I do feel that I am certain that deportation is not the cure. If it were possible to confine thought or lack of it to any particular part or corner of the earth then we might hope to accomplish something by deportation. But in this modern time when communication is nearly the easiest thing to accomplish, thought is the most difficult thing in all the world to repress, compress or successfully oppress. Even in the old days of dominant autocracy the practice of deportation was notoriously a failure. Perhaps the most notable example in modern times of an attempt to regulate by deportation was the practice of Russia during the old régime. Everybody knows just how signally Russia failed. There was something in Russia's favor, too, in the matter of law and morals. She sent her undesirables to Siberia, a portion of her own territory. This she had a legal right to do. But where are we sending our undesirables; admitting, of course, that they *are* undesirables, of which I am in no doubt? In order to avoid protests from other Governments we have addressed to them a secret note. That note probably states that we are sending them to Russia whence they are alleged to have come. It may be safely assumed that no representation will be made, or permission asked of the Soviet Government. It is equally safe to assume that if the old Government of the Czar was in power today

it would be given the same consideration that we show others that are able to look out for their interests. From this it is not difficult to conclude that not only are we adopting a policy that has always failed in the past, but that we are following it in a cowardly manner and with limited legal and almost no moral rights.

What right have we to dump on anybody anywhere a contagion, intellectual, or social, or physical, or moral, or of any kind whatsoever? Suppose that the Asiatic cholera had broken out here, as it has in the past, would we try to cure it by shipping it back to Asia where it could most illy be dealt with and where it would continue to germinate and form a world menace until the cause were eradicated? We would proceed at once to clean up our land and improve the conditions in every possible breeding-place until immunity was insured. That is exactly one of the things that we shall have to do socially and politically.

In the meantime we are confronted with an actual condition that must be met. How? Perhaps by a kind of "home" deportation or internment. In the case of the Indians we adopted something of the kind when we placed them upon reservations and restricted them there. There are not as many known so-called "Reds" as there were Redskins. It is reported that the Government has a list of some 60,000 undesirables more or less. It would not be at all impossible to intern these somewhere in a locality in America where they could have plenty of room at least to partially maintain themselves. As now they are not only a contagious lot but they are parasites as well. If necessary their reservation could be walled and guarded. It might be large enough so that they could set up their own kind of Government and try it out to their heart's content. Perhaps if they had to live in accordance with their own ideas it would operate to cure them more quickly than anything else that could be done.

This would be a safe and humane solution of the immediate confrontment. In their own "model" state of anarchy or socialism they could have with them their families. By the deportation that is being carried on now husbands are separated from wives and children from parents in a manner more cruel than in the days of African slavery, or when we pursued the Creeks and Seminoles into the swamps with bloodhounds.

When the known " Reds " are rounded up in their own Utopia we can then, with some hope of permanent success, engage in measures of cure and prevention. I used the illustration of the Canadian thistle. Permit me again to refer to that noxious weed. The best remedy for getting rid of them is to remove them from the ground they occupy and then cultivate intensely. The same recourse will cure the " Red " peril. The cultivation will have to mean cleaner and more just government, the correction of industrial justice, the abolishment of child labor, the clear demonstration that this is not a Government for the few.

There must be a general recognition and admission of the fact that if conditions were as they should be in this country, and in the world as well, there would not be so many of these socially unbalanced and intellectually hungry people. It may take a long time to bring about a state of things wherein insanities will be entirely eradicated. Of a certainty, a policy of mere deportation will not avail, even with no consideration for the humanities and injustices involved.

A wrong committed by a republic is no less than a wrong done by an autocracy, nor is a mistake lessened by the character of the agency that commits it.

CHASE S. OSBORN.

THE NEW BALKANS OF CENTRAL EUROPE

BY PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN

THE fate of Austria-Hungary at the hands of the Peace Conference tragically illustrates the fact that the "principle of self-determination" never was clearly defined and rigorously respected, nor were clear rules formulated for its practical application.

President Wilson, in his message to Congress of February 11, 1918, stated:

1. That each part of the final settlement must be based upon the essential justice of that particular case and upon such adjustments as are most likely to bring a peace that will be permanent.

2. That peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were mere chattels and pawns in a game, even the great game, now forever discredited, of the balance of power; but that,

3. Every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned, and not as part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims amongst rival states; and,

4. That all well-defined national aspirations shall be accorded the utmost satisfaction that can be accorded them without introducing new or perpetuating old elements of discord and antagonism that would be likely in time to break the peace of Europe and consequently of the world.

This was the specific enunciation of the right of self-determination which received the platonic assent of all the belligerent Powers represented in the Peace Conference in Paris. This was the principle that awakened the slumbering national self-consciousness of "nations crowding to be born," and encouraged the presentation of problems which could not have been anticipated by President Wilson, notably the claims of Egyptian nationalists, and also of the Syrians.

It should be recognized that nowhere was the principle of self-determination asserted in anything but vague, general terms which could only have the effect of stimulating nationalistic aspirations the world over. The impression was certainly created that subject races were to be released from bondage. The precise rules to govern this excessively difficult task were never formulated, nor is there any evidence that the various commissions of experts dealing with such questions in Paris came to any agreement as to the proper procedure to be observed in remaking the map of Europe.

President Wilson, in his speech of September 27, 1918, insisted that:

> The impartial justice meted out must involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just. It must be a justice that plays no favorites and knows no standard but the equal rights of the several peoples concerned.

Granted that it was difficult to define clearly the principle of self-determination or to formulate rules for its practical application, nothing, however, can excuse the Peace Conference for having failed to be guided in its decisions by that spirit of impartial justice "that plays no favorites." On the contrary, the Peace Conference seemed guided more by the desire to reward faithful friends and show severity to the conquered foe. It was more concerned with the establishment of a new balance of power than in "a peace of justice" or "a peace of healing."

The right of self-determination was invoked by the Peace Conference in many instances to justify certain territorial changes; but this right was exercised almost exclusively by the Peace Conference itself, not by the peoples immediately concerned! In the case of Schleswig and also of Klagenfurt, to be sure, provision was made for the taking of a plebiscite to ascertain the wishes of the inhabitants. The arrangement for distinct zones where the inhabitants vote according to districts or according to the zone itself, is most suggestive of the general problem. How shall the wishes of the inhabitants be ascertained in every instance? Can the question be so framed, first of all, that they may intelligently determine their own destinies? Can they always estimate properly the various factors that constitute a national community of interests?

Secondly, it is extremely difficult to establish a just territorial basis for the taking of a plebiscite. Where a race is in a minority in a given nation, what portion of the population shall be permitted to exercise the right of self-determination? Shall the vote be taken on a broad basis or according to certain districts? The claim for a plebiscite, especially when supported by a vociferous irredentist movement in a neighboring state, may easily create an unfortunate situation suggesting a political gerrymander.

Thirdly, the problem of self-determination is complicated by the obvious fact that the wishes of a minority should not be permitted to militate against larger, and, perhaps, more vital interests. This is particularly to be noted in a situation like that of Fiume where the nationalistic claims of a small municipality antagonize the economic as well as the nationalistic claims of a vast *hinterland.*

It is a dangerous thing to attempt to readjust historic wrongs by shifting populations and territories in accordance with academic theories. A state originating in historic wrongs may, in the process of centuries, have adapted itself to its own kind of existence. A state in its economic and social life may be regarded as a living organism which cannot be dismembered or mutilated without grave consequence. To attempt to remake the map of Europe in accordance with a color scheme based on the ethnic distribution of population is likely to create fresh problems as dangerous to international peace as some of these alleged historic wrongs.

This fact is particularly illustrated in the case of the Banat of Temesvar, where the races are so blended—as the writer can testify from actual observation—that it is utterly out of the question to disentangle them politically. A Serb village adjoins a Roumanian village, a German village, or a Magyar village, and all on friendly terms without consciousness of racial grievances. And yet this rich province is to be cut out of the side of Hungary and divided between Serbia and Roumania!

Such a situation also emphasizes another fact of fundamental importance, namely, that in any considerable transference of territory it is inevitable that a large racial minority will be left under the control of another nationality. The cession of Transylvania to Roumania, for example, transfers over a million Magyars, and Saxons of the Sieben-

bürgen inhabiting the heart of this province, though the Roumanians themselves probably do not have more than three hundred thousand majority. The practical question then remains: whether it is more just to have Hungarians under the rule of Roumanians or to have Roumanians under the rule of Hungarians.

When confronted by situations of this character, it would seem as if the answer were to be found, not in transfer of territory, but in granting a large measure of autonomy. This would not only go far towards satisfying racial grievances, but also take into account the rights and the needs of the state threatened with mutilation, namely, Hungary in the present instance.

Guarantees of autonomy, however, are not sufficient. Even if the nationalistic claims in a given instance are fully granted, the new nation is not fully protected in its separate existence unless at the same time its economic independence is guaranteed. A nation may be menaced by economic strangulation as well as by hostile armies. This is most obvious in the case of a country without seaports—those "lungs through which nations breathe." It was necessary to secure in the Treaty of Versailles a right of way for Czecho-Slovakia across Germany by water and rail, amounting virtually to what is termed an "international servitude." But such concessions are not enough, if a nation is denied access to essential raw products or to neighboring markets. Unless adjoining nations economically dependent on each other are willing to concede a large measure of freedom of intercommunication, racial independence or autonomy becomes something of an illusion.

The nationalistic problems of Europe have been so varied and complicated that the economic foundations of peace have been almost entirely ignored. This is most lamentable, as the economic relations of peoples are extremely varied and complicated, presenting problems quite as baffling as that of self-determination. In fact these economic problems are of especially vital interest now by reason of the aims of Bolshevists, Socialists, and even of Labor in general. It may be fairly claimed that the economic has supplanted the nationalistic problem.

In the light of the preceding considerations affecting the practical application of the principle of self-determi-

nation, it is not to be wondered at that the decisions reached by the Peace Conference with reference to Austria-Hungary should appear unwise in certain respects, and even dangerous in character.

It has long been obvious that something should be done in behalf of the oppressed races ruled by the House of Hapsburg, whose policy was—to quote Steed—"to maintain an equilibrium of discontent." The Bohemians waited long for the right of autonomy and now finally have achieved their independence. Hungary also has long been moving in the direction of independence. Moreover, the necessity of securing greater political rights for the various races dominated by a bare majority of Hungarians has long been apparent.

Granting these unmistakable facts, is it not also a fact, however, that in the process of time, by reason of their neighborhood interests and needs, these various races of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire have grown to realize a vital community of interests? Does not the Danube constitute a great artery of commerce and communication that compels these peoples to recognize at least their economic interdependence? It would seem clear that they cannot completely be divorced from each other, and that some form of a confederacy is a logical necessity.

Consider, first of all, the case of Bohemia. In view of the bad feeling long engendered between the Czechs on the one hand and the Austrians and Hungarians on the other, it was inevitable that Bohemia should insist on full independence. But the establishment of that independence in accordance with sound principles safeguarding the interests of all concerned and securing peace in this part of Europe was far from an easy task. The obvious desire to reward a valiant ally, and to institute a fresh balance of power to offset the German menace, made it impossible to obtain a peace founded on sound principles.

Was it wise and was it necessary to include within the new State of Czecho-Slovakia more than three millions of Teutons in districts adjoining Germany and Austria, who had openly manifested their repugnance to such an arrangement? Was it wise and was it necessary to cede to Czecho-Slovakia, Pressburg on the Danube, the Grosser Schutz Insel, and a considerable block of territory inhabited mainly by Magyars? Even in the case of the Slovaks,—

the Slavic cousins of the Czechs,—it would seem as if some effective method should have been devised to ascertain their wishes and to consult their best interests with reference to all their neighbors, including the Magyars as well as the Czechs. So far as the right of self-determination was concerned, it has never been clear—and recent reports of discontent among the Slovaks confirm the impression—that the Slovaks ever desired to be completely incorporated with the Czechs.

Take the case of the Russenes—those "White Russians" or Ukrainians to the number of four hundred thousand south of the Carpathians,—how were their wishes ascertained when they were allocated to Czecho-Slovakia? The right of self-determination in their case, it appears, was exercised by a small group of their race residing in America, though it is by no means clear that the economic interests of these peoples would not rather require a closer union with the Hungarians than with the Slovaks and the Czechs.

Without more than an allusion to the thorny question of Teschen between Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, it would seem clear that the latter begins its existence with territorial and racial problems certain to embroil it with all its neighbors. In not insisting on a peace of strict justice, and in permitting old ideas of aggrandizement and of balance of power to control their decisions, the Peace Conference has rendered Czecho-Slovakia a most doubtful service, and has gravely endangered the peace of Central Europe. Decisions of this character cannot be enforced by mere fiat. Whose bayonets are to carry them out?

Turning next to the new Austrian Republic, we find a tragedy, as well as a mockery of the right of self-determination. The lot of three million German-speaking Austrians in being annexed to Bohemia has already been considered. What of the fate of the Tyrol—that homeland so full of historic associations and sentiments for all Austrians?

Little concern has been shown for the right of self-determination in allotting to Italy the German-speaking peoples south of the Brenner Pass. The cession of a small section of West Hungary containing a preponderance of German-speaking people can hardly be considered by Austria as an act of real justice if it should serve to embitter the relations of the two countries. Moreover, the same

principle should have counseled the Peace Conference to permit the union of the Germans of Bohemia with either Austria or Germany as they might prefer.

Strict justice, in realizing the utter weakness and needs of the new Austrian Republic, with but six million inhabitants, and inadequate economic resources or outlets, should have conceded at least the right of these people to throw in their lot with Germany. Nor can it be reasonably affirmed that anything except brute force alone could prevent such a union. The Peace Conference, however, dominated by the bogey of balance of power, saw fit to prescribe in the Treaty of Versailles and in the Treaty of St. Germain that the right of self-determination might not be exercised by the Austrians, except by the express consent of other nations!

Granted that this fear that the balance of power might be seriously upset by the union of Austria and Germany was not without justification, it would be difficult to justify, however, so glaring an affront to the fundamental principles proclaimed by the Peace Conference, and particularly to the basic purposes of the League of Nations. The right of veto cannot long be maintained over the right of self-determination.

The Treaty of St. Germain can hardly be viewed with pride as evidence of that "impartial justice that plays no favorites and knows no standard but equal rights of the peoples concerned." Woefully lacking in men and resources, staggering under old debts and freshly imposed indemnities, and ironically guaranteed her "inalienable independence," Austria stands today as a proud suppliant begging for food and a helping hand. It is a tragic situation to arouse one's sense of shame. What Austria and what the whole of Central Europe demand, is not charity, but justice.

And yet, in some ways, the case of Hungary is even more tragic. Acting in alleged deference to the principle of self-determination, the Peace Conference has attempted to liberate the subject races of Hungary, and in so doing, has produced an appalling result. Here was a nation with a long history, and, in spite of racial differences, possessing a well-defined unity. Blessed with a splendid variety of natural resources, including coal, iron, minerals of various sorts, oil, forests, and rich arable lands; boasting a railway

system admirably planned and operated, Hungary finds itself dismembered and mutilated to such an extent as to render separate national existence excessively difficult, if not impossible. There can be little doubt that theorists as well as avaricious neighbors have sought to break up Hungary along ethnic lines without any agreement as to the practical rules for the application of the right of self-determination. Millions of Magyars and peoples of German stock are being transferred under the domination of Roumania, Serbia, and Czecho-Slovakia.

No defence can be made for the stupid, as well as the unjust, policy of Hungarian leaders towards the subject races of Hungary. Nor can it be denied with reason that considerable changes in the frontiers might properly be required. But in all fairness it should be pointed out that the reactionary policy of the Hungarian magnates also oppressed the vast majority of the Magyars who themselves were politically disenfranchised. There is no satisfactory evidence that under this baleful régime racial antagonisms were developed. Candor compels recognition, for example, of the great religious toleration that permitted Calvinists and Catholics to flourish side by side, and of the genuine community of interests which existed between peoples of different races and religions.

The true demand of these peoples was not so much for independence as for a greater freedom of self-expression, and for self-government that applied to all races rather than to any separate race. The granting of a liberal franchise and of local autonomy by the Karolyi Government came too late, unfortunately, to have any practical effect upon the decisions of the Peace Conference. If such a policy had been adopted ten years earlier, it is seriously to be questioned whether there would have been much justification for the dismemberment of Hungary.

Abandoning fruitless speculation, we find that the results actually attained by the Peace Conference cannot fail to arouse most serious apprehensions either as to the justice of this settlement, or the possibility that so artificial an arrangement can ever be expected to last long. Hungary is now very much like a man deprived of an arm, without a leg, blind in one eye, with only one lung, and his vital organs badly diseased. It is incredible that anyone should seriously maintain that a state in such a condition could be

expected to function properly as a healthy, political organism.

It is of lamentable interest from the political and diplomatic point of view to note how egregiously the Peace Conference failed to utilize the advantages of the situation created by the establishment of the Hungarian Republic under its first President, Count Michael Karolyi. Even if it be conceded that it was inevitable that Hungary should be dismembered, an intelligent, generous, and just handling of this situation might well have avoided some of the regrettable results which have ensued, notably, the Bolshevist régime of terror under Bela Kun.

It should be remembered, first of all, that Count Karolyi was a genuine liberal—a refreshing exception among the reactionary magnates, and that he was in sympathy with the Entente, as indicated by the fact that he was permitted to return to Hungary from France after the outbreak of war. Furthermore, in spite of the dubious part played by the Hungarian reactionaries at the outbreak of war, it cannot truthfully be said that the disenfranchised people of Hungary had any immediate responsibility in this catastrophe. They themselves were victims of this mad policy, even though in the end they won the long fight for independence begun in 1848 by Kossuth, with the sympathy and moral support of the American people.

Again, the establishment of the Hungarian Republic along most liberal lines was entirely in harmony with the aims protested by the Entente Powers and the United States to make the world safe for democracy. The reforms immediately introduced by the Karolyi Government, particularly the agrarian reforms providing for the distribution of the large estates among the peasants, and also the political reforms, already mentioned, were measures bound to accomplish beneficent results, and deserving the approval of all liberals throughout the world.

The failure of the Peace Conference to recognize an entirely new status quo, and to hold out a generous hand to a new democracy, would seem to have been most short-sighted and lamentable. It indicated that the motives dominating its decisions were rather those of revenge, the desire for territorial aggrandizement by the neighbors of Hungary, and the intention to establish another balance of power in Europe.

As a matter of historical record, it should be stated that not only did the Peace Conference fail to adopt a generous, wise policy, but on the contrary, proceeded to render it impossible for a liberal democratic régime to exist in Hungary. In violation of a definite armistice with the Karolyi Government fixing a military line of demarcation, the Peace Conference permitted successive encroachments of an extensive nature by Roumania, Czecho-Slovakia, and Serbia, which clearly foretold the future dismemberment of Hungary, and utterly destroyed the feeble prestige of the young Republic.

The result of such a policy of bad faith and short-sightedness was inevitable. The Hungarians, completely despairing of any national future, in their desperation were thrown into the hands of the Socialists, who in turn found themselves, to their later disgust and horror, entirely dominated by the extremists of the school of Lenine. The four months of terror, destruction, and utter demoralization that ensued under the Bolshevists; the invasion of the Roumanians with their policy of vengeance and loot; and the monarchical reaction that followed: all this was the logical result of the lamentable policy adopted by the Peace Conference.

Hungary and Austria today present a spectacle calculated to arouse in the minds of all who have hoped for the reconstruction of Europe along generous and just lines, feelings of profound discouragement and chagrin. The cause of democracy, and even of humanity itself, has been sadly betrayed in Central Europe. The cause of peace has been gravely menaced. The task of any league of nations has been rendered practically impossible of execution.

There is no assurance whatever that the Macedonian question which has been so long the disgrace of Europe has any prospect of solution in accordance with sound principles. The legitimate grievances and the fierce hatreds of Greeks, Bulgarians, and Serbs have in no way been lessened; but have gained renewed vigor. There are no signs of a peace in the Balkans based on a sane realization of a community of neighborhood interests. Whatever settlement may finally be reached, must rest on bayonets. The peace attained will not be a peace of friendship: but a peace of force.

The Viennese have a saying that "the East begins at the River Leitha." There was a good deal of truth in this observation, which now has a new and a sinister significance

in the light of the decisions of the Peace Conference. The Balkans have been brought to the Rhine itself! Fresh racial rivalries and hatreds have been aroused on so vast a scale as to make the Macedonian Question appear tame and trivial.

A situation has been created in Central Europe of an unreal and unsound character which ignores the fundamental fact that no peace is of any avail that is not based on the frank and friendly realization of the mutual interests and needs of the peoples immediately concerned. They alone are competent to settle among themselves all the peculiar complex questions, economic and otherwise, that affect the intimate relations of neighboring states, and profoundly affect the larger question of peace in that part of Europe.

This fact was realized by some men of vision at the Peace Conference, notably General Smuts, who urged that before final decisions were reached concerning Central Europe, representatives of all the former portions of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire should be summoned together in friendly conference and consultation to determine their mutual interests and needs. Except by the recognition of the Czecho-Slovaks as deserving allies, the Peace Conference ignored the wishes and the vital interests of the peoples of Central Europe.

Great hopes were inspired during the Great War that out of so much suffering and horror we might realize high ideals for international peace and justice. The American people in particular, having no selfish ends to serve, were stirred with enthusiasm over the prospect of establishing the relations of nations on the basis of sound principles. Selfish aims were to be subordinated to general good. Secret diplomacy of the old sinister sort was to be discarded for open, frank negotiations seeking no ulterior ends. President Wilson succeeded in expressing these high purposes so effectively as to win the adhesion of all the belligerent Powers represented at the Peace Conference.

In our buoyant enthusiasm and idealism we have been unwilling to believe that these high purposes could fail of realization. Optimism and faith were to be preferred to criticism bordering on pessimism or even cynicism. But a willingness to face facts courageously may compel us to admit that the Peace Conference has failed to justify the

hopes which perhaps were irrationally entertained as to its power to establish international law and order on firm foundations.

The attitude of many that the League of Nations must be trusted to rectify the mistakes of the Peace Conference would seem either Quixotic or the counsel of despair. To establish a definite status quo by treaty on the one hand, and to seek to revise it on the other would seem utterly incongruous and indefensible. To saddle the League of Nations with any responsibility for the lamentable situation in Central Europe would be a burden beyond its power to bear.

The only hope in such an apparently hopeless condition of affairs lies in the inexorable necessity which must compel the peoples of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire sooner or later to disregard all artificial and arbitrary settlements, and to establish a genuine *modus vivendi* based on the recognition of their mutual needs and aspirations. Freedom, prosperity, and happiness are to be found only in common consent; not in coercion. In self-determination of this character will be found the peace of the whole world as well as of Central Europe.

PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN.

THE RIGHT TO HEALTH

BY WILLIAM J. MAYO, M. D.

THE physician of the old school, with his top hat and double-breasted frock coat, who practised as an individual in all branches of medicine and surgery, has practically disappeared. He has given place to a new type of physician, who works, not as an individual, but as a part of an organization in which the State, in one way or another, has become his partner and aids him in his work.

Civilization and intellectual growth depend largely on preventive medicine. If each person were left to develop his own resistance and immunity, we might expect eventually to reach the condition of China, where all effort is intuitively expended to protect the body against disease at the expense of intellectual advancement. The Chinaman, with his ancient civilization, slowly developed individual resistance to bad hygienic conditions. His resistance to the common diseases, his acquired immunity to many, and his ability to extract nourishment from ill-suited foods, not his dulled intellect, have made him a formidable competitor of the American laboring man and have caused his exclusion from our country.

The American Indian was nomadic without knowing why. By moving constantly from place to place he escaped the consequences of his filthy ways. Many of his descendants, living the life of the white man, died from filth-diseases. The life of the Indian was in direct proportion to his hygiene after he adopted a fixed abode.

We pride ourselves on our advancing civilization and intellectual superiority. If we are to continue to advance, the public health service must be made the first function of the State.

In the work of the medical profession lies the best hope for the future. Since the close of the Civil War, fifteen

years have been added to the average length of human life. With present knowledge and present conditions, fifteen years more might be added to the life of man in this country within the next twenty years. It is certain that ten years will be added, at the most productive age from the standpoint of industry, and will greatly aid in maintaining our position as the most productive nation. When I was a boy it was difficult for a man of forty to find a new job, and for a man of fifty it was practically impossible. Today the older men are great assets to the country. In the prolongation of their lives, their skill and experience in their particular work counts for much. They are less inflammable, they have family ties and responsibilities—they have something to lose—so that they are less under the influence of the violent agitator. If, as a nation, we advance the time of production for each person ten years, we can well afford to shorten hours of work and improve living conditions, and we shall be able to compete with those countries in which long hours and poor living conditions shorten human life, and eventually decrease production and increase social unrest.

The introduction of potable water has made prohibition possible. Prohibition will enormously increase production. In Vienna the per capita consumption of spirituous and fermented liquors was reduced 40 per cent. following the introduction of a pure water supply from the mountains. The failure of Italy and France to supply potable water necessitates the continuance of wine drinking, just as in Germany the use of beer will continue. If one traces the temperance movement through the States of the Union, he finds that it was not the appeal to the self control of man which was behind this great movement, but the advent of potable water.

Alcoholic drinks loosen the inhibitory control which civilization has imposed over the primitive impulses of man. Crime, accidents, and social diseases too often have had their origin in the abeyance, through alcohol, of individual self control. Pure water has eliminated typhoid; wholesome food and better living conditions which go with reduction of poverty will check tuberculosis, and better care of focal infections in the earlier decades will prevent many deaths in later life.

The arch enemy of middle age and beyond is cancer,

and our measures both for prevention and cure have not advanced in proportion to the increasing need. One woman in eleven and one man in thirteen die with cancer, and this proportion will be maintained in the enormously greater number of persons who reach the cancer age. We must spread more widely the knowledge that chronic irritation is the great underlying cause of the disease. Whenever a certain type of cancer exists in a race of men or in a country with great frequency as compared to other races or countries it is due to a single cause, usually a social custom. Good dentistry has eliminated a percentage of cancers of the jaw, due to the irritation of defective teeth. Cancer of the lip and tongue is on the increase as the habit of smoking is on the increase in both sexes. It seems to be a well established fact that in the countries in which the breasts are allowed to remain exposed to the air without covering, cancer of the breast is extremely rare and the incidence is in direct ratio to the amount of covering of the breast and the pressure exerted on it.

Thirty per cent. of all cancers in men and 21 per cent. in women are in the stomach. The influence of drinks too hot to be held comfortably in the mouth in the production of the chronic irritation which precedes the development of gastric cancer seems probable.

The majority of cancer patients come to operation too late to be cured. We cannot always demonstrate inoperability in a given case and therefore operation must be done in many questionable cases to give the patient the benefit of the doubt. The mortality in the favorable cases, of resection of the stomach for instance, is low, but some of the most extensive resections result in cures, although with a greatly increased risk. The paradox of increased experience accompanied by higher operative mortality and a smaller percentage of cures is seen; the explanation lies in the increased operability. The surgeon who reports only percentages of operative death rate and of cure without stating operability, gives us little information.

It is probable that there is a measure of immunity against cancer in all persons, and that this is sufficiently great in some to prevent them from having cancer. I have on several occasions been unable to remove all of a cancerous growth and, to my astonishment, the patient has remained well for a term of years. A search for the cause of

such immunity and a means of increasing it is greatly to be desired. The more primitive and important the function of an organ the greater its immunity.

The surgery of the past has been concerned largely with gross pathologic conditions. As our knowledge has increased diagnosis has improved, technic has advanced, and pathologic conditions are coming to operation much earlier. Surgery strives by every means within its power to reach pathologic processes before they have become gross, and the time is not far distant when treatment may, in some instances, be applied so early in the stage of deviation from the normal that surgery may be unnecessary.

Abstract sciences are being called to our aid, and scientific facts, apparently unrelated, are beginning to be understood in their relation to medicine. Much may be expected from bringing certain of the abstract sciences, especially physics, to aid biochemistry in giving us a better understanding of physiology and pathology.

In 1828 Brown, the botanist, pointed out that minute bodies of all kinds when suspended in gases and liquids are in constant motion. This movement of minute particles took the name of the Brownian movement. Thomas Graham, Master of the Mint in London, in 1861, called attention to colloids, showing that they were matter in a special state of subdivision which made each colloid particle an entity, but that except as to its physical state, the matter was unchanged. It has been shown that these colloid particles are endowed with movement and that while they are not visible they are of sufficient size to reflect rays of light as seen in an ultramicroscope. The movements of the colloids Graham recognized as being the movement described by Brown. Physicists have now shown that all matter is in motion, and that those particles more finely dispersed than colloids have even more rapid motion, but since the tissues of the body are matter largely in a colloidal state, we are interested principally in this type of energy. In colloids there is energy, and when the colloid particles change into a less dispersed state, for instance when a cloud which is water dispersed in a colloidal state in the air gives forth rain, the contained energy of the colloid, if the change be sufficiently sudden, is shown as thunder and lightning. The tissues of the body are in a colloidal state and retain their form and energy, while the non-colloidal elements of the

blood, such as sugar and amino acids, diffuse through the tissues, furnishing food which is utilized by the tissue colloids after the manner of an internal combustion engine.

Sir William Crookes, in his attempts to demonstrate the fourth state of matter, exhausted the air from a heavy glass bulb. When certain electric attachments were made, the bulb became filled with luminous matter, and, as Crookes expressed it, "actually touched the border land where matter and force seem to merge into one another." He named this luminous substance the cathode ray, composed of negative electrons, which is the fundamental conception of the X-ray. Crookes also pointed out that when X-rays come in contact with solid matter they give rise to shadows, and that the cathode rays, when outside a magnetic field, always travel in a straight line without regard to the position of the poles. The use of energy in the form of rays such as radium, X-ray, and heat are examples of biophysics in relation to medicine.

Medicine in the great war was triumphant. For the first time in the history of wars, the number of deaths from casualties was greater than the number of deaths from disease. Eighty-five and five-tenths per cent. (Billings) of the injured soldiers were able to return to the fighting line, and 5 per cent. more were made fit for special or limited military duty in areas in the rear; in the Civil War nearly half the soldiers were out of the war permanently after injury, and a high percentage were at all times too ill from disease to render efficient service in battle. In the Spanish-American War one man died of gunshot wounds to thirty who died of disease (Smart.)

The public has been almost unconscious of the growth of preventive medicine and public hygiene, and but little has been accomplished along these lines in comparison with all that may be done. Smallpox can be wiped from the earth; this has been done in Germany. The continuation of the disease in any country is a disgrace; it is due to the ignorance and prejudice of some, and the indifference and selfishness of others. The examination of school children and the giving of instruction with regard to teeth, tonsils, etc., is of primary importance in guarding against infections, infections which are responsible for those metabolic changes which later result in disease of the nervous system, and of the heart and kidneys.

Of all coöperative enterprises public health is the most important and gives the greatest returns. To obtain necessary legislation we must depend on the education of the public, and this, I am glad to say, is rapidly progressing. That there is much opposition to legislation for public health measures and that such opposition is always from the same group of obstructionists whose prejudices are believed by them to be principles and to whom controverting facts have no meaning, is well known. But such opposition is not entirely harmful. The agitators at least attract an audience before whom the truth may be placed. People as a whole are more interested in their individual affairs than in movements to enforce public health measures, and unless sickness actually exists in their own families, or unless they are in the midst of a strange epidemic, they pay very little attention to such matters.

Individually, no man is respected more highly than the physician. Collectively, doctors are often looked on as a nuisance because, in season and out of season, they try to advance public health measures to reduce sickness, and, obviously, to reduce the number of their patients. Such unusual acts of philanthropy are very apt to be viewed with suspicion by the general public and particularly by legislators who fail to understand why a man should destroy his means of earning a livelihood. Moreover, the public does not wish to be disturbed, or to be forced in the midst of health to dwell on the unpleasantness of sickness, much as the man who is irritated by being awakened in the night by a disturbance in the street, at the time cares little what the cause may be even if he is eventually to be benefited. Thus it is that the medical man in his efforts to secure health measures for the prevention of disease is not only treated with indifference but also is often vigorously opposed by the public and by legislators. The public may always be generously enlisted to remedy existing evil; to prevent some future evil is less appealing.

The surgeon is brought constantly in contact with persons suffering from diseases for which the knife is the best remedy. He is rewarded by the gratitude of his patients, and yet very often he furnishes a remedy for diseases that are unnecessary and preventable. On the other hand, the public health officer and the sanitarian, who save thousands of lives by preventive measures, are looked on as disturbers

of the public peace. The practise of preventive medicine calls for a man of the highest order, one who is endowed with the spirit of the crusader, and who is satisfied to do his duty without thought of reward.

In the last generation the whole trend of thought has been individualistic. Remedies are sought for deplorable conditions with little investigation of the underlying causes, and too often monetary considerations lead to action. An enormous number of undigested laws are passed at each session of a legislature and each law is supposed to be a dose of medicine for a particular evil. Some of the laws are necessary, others are unnecessary or harmful. Many of these are for the purpose of quieting popular clamor and not for enforcement. It is just such legislative follies and failures that lead to the disrespect for the law and make it so difficult for medical men to secure legislation for public health service. The public is badly advised, voiceless, and often powerless against the opposition of individual interests which would be adversely affected by the measures advocated. *At times it actually appears that those who profit by the physical and social diseases of man have a vested right in the continuance of the evil conditions which produce them.* Each era of law making, a little remedy for each little ill, however, is showing signs of evolution in the form of class legislation, such as the Workmen's Compensation and Health Insurance, a groping in the dark from the individualistic to the general in public health measures. Health insurance is sound doctrine if wisely administered, but unfortunately it is not based on the idea of keeping the workmen in health, but rather on caring for him when he is sick. In no way are the workmen as a group better protected from disease. Their medical attention is quite as competent or incompetent, perhaps a little cheaper, than before. Little attempt is made to organize or to improve medical service. The workman pays a certain definite amount for the year and is taken care of if he is sick. Sometimes a competent doctor is employed to do the work, but too often one who has been unsuccessful elsewhere and can be secured cheaply is employed.

Health insurance and its effect on workmen have been well illustrated in Germany. It was at first believed in Germany that such health legislation would reduce the percentage of sickness, for example, tuberculosis, and that the

death rate would be lowered because of earlier treatment. But the prevalence of and deaths from tuberculosis were not reduced. A fraction of the money spent would have protected not only the workmen, but also the entire population. This again demonstrates the futility of attempting to protect the individual, whether workman or not, from contagious and infectious diseases. The individual is an integral part of society and is endangered by the contagious diseases of any other individual; if he would be well himself he must see that his community as a whole keeps well.

The workman's compensation in some ways has been an economic loss. The workman with a felon on his finger, for instance, was entitled to the benefits of full time disability and remained inactive for two months, whereas, under ordinary circumstances, one week would have been the maximum full time, with a gradually increasing industrial output for the remainder of the period. This form of insurance also fostered malingering, and consequent industrial loss. Malingering finally became a public scandal in Germany. In England, too, health insurance measures have been badly carried out. The people who were supposed to be benefited were those to whom the state had already furnished more or less medical aid; under the health insurance act the same doctors cared for them exactly in the same way, and malingering in England also became prevalent. We should have health insurance for the workman who is ill, but such service should be adequately performed, wisely supervised, and should come from organized group medicine.

The medical profession is grouping itself along scientific lines, not for the benefit of the doctor, but in order that he may more adequately and satisfactorily perform his work. This will give patients the benefit of modern medical knoweldge. It is not to be inferred that there will be no individual practice, or that all medicine will be practiced in groups. On the contrary, the State health departments are furnishing, through their laboratories, the diagnostic aid which gives the average practitioner expert reports on pathologic and bacteriologic specimens, and enables him to apply in the care of his patients the data which he personally has neither the time nor the training to develop. The State also furnishes, free of charge, diphtheria antitoxins, vaccine for smallpox, typhoid, etc. This im-

portant work of the State should be extended. Certainly 50 per cent. of all sickness is preventable, and it is the duty of the State to guard the health of its citizens through the prevention of disease. The people should be made to understand that the State is culpable if its citizens are allowed to become ill through manifest neglect. It is probable that such an understanding by the people would result in greater good through new legislation than all the work and all the sacrifices of the medical profession who have secured the present laws.

In the great work of the future, hospitals must play an important part. They are necessary to group medicine and they must be adequately equipped and properly conducted. When the people as a whole once understand that they have a right to health, they will demand that hospitals be standardized.

WILLIAM J. MAYO.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN ENGLAND TO-DAY

BY MRS. C. S. PEEL, O.B.E.

IN what we now regard as the happy days before the War the domestic life of middle and upper-middle English people was built upon a foundation of cheap fuel, cheap food and cheap labor. In families of moderate means it was usual to pay cooks from $120[1] to $170, houseparlormaids $90 to $140, parlormaids $120 to $150, housemaids $90 to $140, "betweenmaids"—that is young girls helping cook and houseparlormaid—$60 to $90 per annum. People in such circumstances employed one, two, three or even four servants who lived in and were content with an outing every other Sunday and once a week. The sum spent on food in such households varied from about $2.50 to $3.50 per head per week, $3.00 being an average figure. There was a plethora of charwomen who asked 60 cents a day and their food. Job servants were plentiful at wages varying from $2.50 to $3.50 a week living in, and in the case of cooks $3.25 to $5 per week. Milk then cost 8 cents instead of 22 cents per quart, bread 10 cents as against 18 cents per quartern, butter 32 to 41 cents instead of 60 cents per lb., sugar 6 cents against 14 cents per lb., while meat from 16 cents to 28 cents per lb. then is now from 28 to 62 cents per lb.

It is true that even before the War the domestic worker had become extremely discontented with her lot, and the supply of women servants other than "job" or "daily" had not for many years sufficed to meet the demand, but the shortage was not acute as it has since become, and if the employee was, as mistresses said, independent, the employer was little less so.

The years which have elapsed since 1914 find house-

[1] These figures are roughly estimated on the basis of the old rate of exchange in pounds sterling.—Editor.

wives of moderate means (or, as it is the fashion to call them, the "New Poor") in a very different position from that which they formerly enjoyed, for only by very careful management can they now make the income suffice for the reasonable needs of the family. The rich, on the other hand, are but little affected because, when money is no object, good service is still obtainable and however dear food may be they can afford to buy it; but for persons whose incomes never allowed of luxury, heavy taxation, rising rates and the high cost of living (130 per cent more than in 1914) is a painful burden. The money wage demanded by domestic workers has greatly increased, and as her choice is so limited the employer must take anyone she can get and try to be thankful, or go servantless.

But to go servantless is not as easy as it sounds. Our pre-war country houses are inconvenient enough, but the town basement house is indeed a triumph from the labor-wasting point of view. In our kitchens are coal consuming monsters known as kitchen ranges, so inefficient that they waste from 10 to 15 per cent of all the fuel with which they are fed. In town basement houses there is generally, attached to the kitchen, a scullery containing a sink, on the other side of the scullery a larder, and at the opposite end of the basement a coal cellar. From coal cellar to range, from range to sink, from sink to larder and back again walks the cook, and until lately no one troubled to estimate how many hours a week she spent in walking, nor the time wasted and fatigue occasioned by this unintelligent arrangement of her workshop.

In these basement houses of many stairs, service lifts are still almost unknown. There are open fires in each room to which coals must be carried. The smoke from millions of chimneys pollutes the atmosphere. In one large town alone it is estimated that the calculable smoke damage costs $5,000,000 a year. The grime manufactured at stupendous cost in money and human energy penetrates again into the houses to sully all with which it comes in contact, thereby lengthening the bill for redecoration, cleaning and washing. From the pantry and kitchen in the basement all the utensils and food required for the dining room meals must be carried up and down. Recent experiments showed that in a family of six persons, dining late and living simply but comfortably, from 26 to 30 cwt. of

table utensils and provisions was carried up an 8 ft. 6 in. high flight of stairs, and the greater part of it carried down those stairs again each week, while in an old-fashioned basement such as I have described the maid walked 350 feet in the process of preparing and serving afternoon tea! From basement to top floor of an ordinary small London house the height is about 40 ft.; in six journeys a steep hill of 80 yards has been climbed.

It is only now beginning to dawn upon those who are responsible for building our houses that the modern science of costings, that is the practice of measuring the use of material and energy as a guide to action and which is now applied to industrial work, must be applied to domestic work, and that the home must be planned and fitted with consideration for the cost of labor needed to keep it in a seemly condition.

The unintelligent arrangement of our houses has had some effect in bringing about the rapidly growing dislike of domestic work which is so noticeable to-day, and which is causing much real distress to mistresses of households, and especially to those who are mothers of families.

On enquiry at various registry offices and institutions dealing with the placing of young women in domestic service one is met always with the statement that girls do not like domestic service, and that they will not adopt that method of earning their living unless they are obliged to do so by economic pressure. So serious did the shortage of domestic labor become in 1918 that a Government Committee was formed to enquire into the matter. This Committee was divided into Sub-Committees upon which served a number of prominent women such as Viscountess Rhondda, the Marchioness of Londonderry, President of the Women's Legion, Miss Clementina Black, the well-known writer, Dr. Janet Lane Claypon, Head of the Household and Social Science Department of King's College for Women, Dame Katherine Furse, Controller of the "Wrens," Dr. Marion Phillips, Chief Woman Officer to the Labor Party, and several others. From the evidence collected it became clear, as I have said, that the long hours of hard and dirty work made necessary by badly planned houses was one of the causes of unpopularity, another, and an important one, being the low social status accorded to the servant, not by the superior order of employer but by the

servants' friends and relations, and by workers in other industries and professions. A further grievance, and a very real one, was the small amount of free time at the disposal of the domestic.

The question of social status is perhaps one with which it is most difficult to deal.

In days gone by women were so sickened by domestic drudgery, from which conditions of social life made it impossible for the large majority of them to escape, that when they began to enjoy the benefit of better education and found themselves able to take their place in professional and industrial life as independent, self-supporting workers there was a great re-action. The intelligent girl became a shorthand typist, a shop girl, a civil servant; the ill-educated, stupid girl stayed in the home. Women—wives and mothers—were spoken of as " idle women " or as " domestic drudges." Bringing up children, cooking, keeping houses clean and healthy was regarded as work needing little intelligence and no training.

From this harmful state of affairs much of the trouble from which we are suffering to-day has sprung. Servants were often overworked because mistresses were ashamed to perform domestic tasks, or at all events to be seen performing them. War conditions have altered to some extent this " genteel " attitude, though even now it must be confessed that many women who scrubbed and cooked and polished in hospitals and canteens do not like to perform, or to be seen to perform, similar work in their own homes. The servant, realizing the mental attitude of the employer, began to adopt it until what should be one of the finest and most attractive professions is despised and disliked.

Until the shortage of servants became acute little was done to alter conditions, or to obtain training for those young women who did desire to become domestic workers. They were obliged to learn their work when and how they could, fortunate indeed if they entered situations where they were taught their duties in an intelligent manner. More often than not, though they learned to perform certain work, they were not taught the reason why it should be performed, or performed in one fashion rather than another. The standard of cooking was low though the expenditure on food was generally high. There was a perverted admiration of waste and extravagance. The house-

mistress who endeavored to practice economy was "no lady."

The Sub-Committee of the Ministry of Reconstruction Advisory Committee which dealt specially with the training of servants reported as follows:

> Our investigations have made it evident to us that one of the root causes which has led to the present low status of domestic service as an occupation is the lack of provision of means for such training as will enable a girl to become a skilled worker. We are aware that training of this kind is provided to a limited extent, but we find from the evidence that has been given before us that parents are, in too many cases, unable to meet the immediate financial loss which they must suffer, if they encourage their daughters to undergo such training rather than to enter a commercial or industrial occupation. We are of opinion that so long as facilities for adequate training are beyond the reach of the vast majority of working-class homes, so also will the occupation suffer from its present lack of status, and continue to receive the greater number of its recruits from amongst women who are driven into it by economic necessity. Further, it is essential that domestic service should take its place as a skilled occupation, and that the conditions of employment should be made comparable to those which exist in other industrial and commercial occupations.

The Committee also mentioned that in 1914 the total number of Domestic Service Schools in England and Wales was ten, making provision roughly for about 350 girls. There were also eighteen Domestic Economy Schools, but these were not intended for training domestic servants but for training home workers and, in any case, only provided for 700 pupils. During the War a number of these schools closed. There are other Poor Law Schools and Institutions, charitable and otherwise, which provide some kind of domestic training, but the number is utterly insufficient in a country in which the census returns, decade after decade, show domestic service as the largest single occupation of British women.

In matters appertaining to domestic service as to house planning no one troubled to calculate either the money cost of inefficiency, or to take into account the loss in health and happiness caused by the employment of untrained domestic workers. However, the discomforts which we have endured, and still do endure, will have been worth while enduring if in time to come they result in the erection of labor-saving houses, and of a total re-organization of the domestic profession.

That the public is awaking to the necessity for the re-organization is made evident by the number of schemes which have now been launched.

The Y. W. C. A. are making an interesting experiment. They have opened a small hostel for Daily Domestic Workers where girls receive a thorough training in all branches of domestic service. The girls live in the hostel, and go out for a wage of 20 cents per hour and their travelling expenses, and provide their own food. Their day is limited to eight hours, after which they may work if they please at overtime wages.

The Marchioness of Londonderry, President of the Women's Legion which provided women cooks for camps as well as other workers during the war years, has instituted a Household Service Section at 447, Oxford Street, W. 1. Women who formerly served in the Women's Legion and wish to join the Household Service Section are expected to wear the Legion badge when on duty, and are entitled to wear the uniform of the Legion at their own expense off duty. A form of agreement is signed by employer and legionary, and amongst the conditions are that two consecutive hours irrespective of time for meals, half a day every week, four hours each Sunday or eight hours on alternate Sundays, a holiday of one week after six months' service, or fourteen days in each year on full wages must be granted by the employer. If the legionary has been in her situation for twelve months, board wages must be given for the holiday, in addition to the ordinary wages. Legionaries are expected to co-operate with their employers and fellow-workers in the interchange of duties in order that their hours of work may not interfere with the necessary routine of the house. There is no training scheme in conjunction with the Legion Household Service Section, but each recruit must serve a probationary term of three months in a household before she can be accepted as a legionary. A probation badge is supplied during this period. The Women's Legion then accepts her as a legionary, though it can have no practical method of testing her capabilities.

Another institution, The Domestic Workers' Employment Bureau, has been opened at 19 Buckingham Street, Charing Cross. It is hoped by its parent, The National Federation of Women Workers, that, given a fair wage and good prospects, more girls will offer themselves for

domestic work, and that they will consider it worth their while to fit themselves for what should be a really good profession. The good mistress, it is claimed, will find nothing revolutionary in the rules, and will benefit by knowing exactly where she stands.

The programme includes a minimum wage for resident domestic workers of $4.50 per week, or $12.50 a month, rising according to experience; set meal hours; decent sleeping accommodation; allowance for laundry; two hours' free time each day, and a half-day a week; twelve hour day, including time off; employer to supply uniform if required, and to pay for the cost of the washing; and fourteen days' holiday each year with full board wages. Even on these conditions the number of workers applying to the Society up to the present time is not sufficient to meet the demand of the employers.

Other Employment Bureaus for domestic service have been organized in the provinces by women interested in the subject, most of which are based on the same lines as those already described, and the Women's Industrial Council (York Street, Adelphi, London) have also made an effort to lighten the burden of the housewife by inaugurating a scheme to supply educated, experienced, middle-aged women as home helps to invalid housewives. These women do not take the place of trained nurses, of servants, or of charwomen, but are intended to perform such duties as fall to the lot of the middle-class housewife when in health.

And more recently another effort has been made to induce women to return to domestic service by linking up the Labor Exchanges with certain approved Registry Offices, and it remains to be seen if, as out-of-work donations cease, women applying to the Labor Exchanges will be persuaded to join the depleted ranks of the domestic worker.

There is little doubt that War conditions have increased the dislike of young women for domestic service. In industrial life the women live among their social equals and are not, as one girl expressed it, constantly reminded that "you're only a servant," while life in the uniformed Women's Service has popularized the hostel system. Members of these war services greatly appreciated the cheerful club life which they were enabled to enjoy after working hours; hence the widely expressed

determination not again to become a servant who "lives in."

This expression of opinion is most unpopular with employers, who point out, with much reason, that homes cannot be organized in the same manner as factories and institutions, and that when men are working they need the chief hot meal of the day on their return. They remind the woman worker that, in good service, she is lodged and fed in a manner superior to that usually obtained by the girl in business or in industrial work. Generally when a servant changes a situation her fare and the postage for her correspondence regarding that situation is paid by the employer, a month's notice is given to terminate her engagement (provided she is paid by the month), her washing bill is paid and full wages given during her holiday. She has no fares to pay to and from her work, and if she is a competent servant she is highly considered by the employers and well treated in the matter of gifts at Christmas, tips and so forth, while her wages, counting in addition to the money wage the cost of board and lodging and washing, are quite as high as those obtainable by other women of similar education and capabilities.

But the working girl is firm; she does *not* like service and she will not, if she can help it, return to service if she is required to "live in."

Strange to say, the male servant who has been uprooted shows no reluctance to return to his pre-war position, which may be explained by the fact that men servants for many years past have been employed almost entirely in luxurious establishments; they have been far better paid than women and accorded more freedom.

Meanwhile, under the stress of changed conditions such as the shortage and high price of labor, food, fuel, and rent, we witness an increasing simplicity of middle-class home life: silver is put away; meals are less elaborate; rooms emptier of ornaments, of flowers; children are clad in stuff frocks with knickerbockers to match, rather than frilled, embroidered "tub wear."

Amongst those who can afford it the habit of eating in public grows apace. Restaurants are crowded, not only in London but in provincial cities and small country towns.

The difficulties of home life have become so great that the hotels and boarding houses are crowded, and as pre-

vailing conditions also affect them, those of the less expensive order are none too comfortable.

Another notable change in our national life is the general adoption of preserved or freshly cooked "ready to eat" foods. Before the War some of the large stores included a cooked provisions department amongst their attractions; since the War these have been greatly enlarged and many other establishments have engaged in the "ready to eat" food trade. This is the case not only in London but in provincial towns and in the small country towns. Cooked meats and birds, fried fish, fish cakes, fish salads, potato salad, Russian salad, potato chips, pies of all kinds, croquettes, sauces, puddings and sweets are provided and eagerly purchased, while in houses where tinned and bottled foods were once unknown they are now welcome, and new "time and trouble savers" are eagerly noted and tested.

The scarcity and high cost of fuel has brought into use new methods of cooking. Ovens are used but once or twice a week and housewives have learned to steam bread and cakes and make wonderful use of the frying pan.

Now that educated women are often obliged to do their own house-work there is a great demand for labor-saving household apparatus, and the interest taken in the housing question is intense and must in the future lead to the erection of the "efficiency home" for which we crave.

With the more general use of gas, electrical, and oil cookers a different style of cooking utensil is coming into favor, and the casserole (and in a short time the glass saucepan and baking dish only just introduced into the country) will replace the old-fashioned pots and pans.

At the moment domestic life is not easy; we cannot live as we have been accustomed to live, and we have not yet adapted ourselves to the changes which are inevitable and for which, in the end, we may come to be thankful. In the past the energies of woman have been exhausted in work which did not justify itself. There is no industry so large as the home-making industry, and no industry perhaps in which the worker's energies are so ill regulated, the tools so inadequate and the results so little in relation to the money, material and labor expended.

MRS. C. S. PEEL.

THE DECLINE OF MILITARISM IN JAPAN

BY JOHN COLE MCKIM, M.A., B.D.

INTERESTING and useful as are the many studies of present-day Japan which are now appearing in this and other periodicals, they are for the most part, however accurate and informing, studies in cross-section. This is necessarily the case since most of this writing is based upon knowledge of contemporary circumstances acquired by Europeans and Americans whose cultural antecedents are those of the Western world.

I do not wish to minimize the importance of these "studies in cross section" pursued by patriotic Americans of unbiased minds. I do not wish to express an opinion as to whether or not or in how far they may be right in discerning a menace to civilization and especially to the United States in the present condition of the Far East. For, though studying the question from a different angle, I wish emphatically to disassociate myself from those (more vocal than numerous) Americans in foreign residence who strive to curry favor among alien peoples by slandering or misleading their fellow citizens. A study in cross section may be of the greatest value when it warns of imminent danger or stimulates discussion as to the existence and extent of such danger. But it is incomplete. It leads to a knowledge of facts. It tells us little or nothing of tendencies. Studies in perspective are needed to complete the picture. And it is exactly here that our knowledge of Japan is most inadequate. Our familiarity with European history enables many of us to draw a fairly accurate picture of the nineteenth century Germans as a reasonably peaceful people gradually militarised by Napoleonic aggression and Prussian Junker domination. We possess no correspondingly widespread knowledge of Japan and hence

many of us have come to speak of her as a sort of Asiatic Prussia. The title which I have chosen for this paper indicates, as I hope to show, exactly where this suggested analogy breaks down. For militarism,—as distinguished from mere modernization of military methods,—declined in Japan while it was growing in Germany.

Japan, when first she began the development of her armed forces along modern lines, engaged French instructors for her army. After the Franco-Prussian war, Germans took the place of Frenchmen. The vast majority of foreign instructors for the navy were, from the first, Englishmen.

None of these influences is responsible for the existence of militarism in Japan. Japan had been from mediaeval times militaristic to an extent the Junker may have dreamed of but never realised. Japan's modern civilization has developed along militaristic lines because it was inconceivable that it could develop along any other lines. Many of the sentiments (including, it surprises some people to hear, the intense national consciousness called patriotism[1]), which now inform the thoughts and acts of the Japanese are of modern origin. But the militaristic sentiment needed no new impetus. It was there. It was for this reason that it needed but the introduction of modern military methods to render Japan, as a fighting power, formidable out of all proportion to wealth or population. Prussia could not in 1870 (or for that matter in 1914) have taught militarism to Japan.

Even in 1914 Germany, though she had built up the most formidable army in the world and the most efficient navy possessed by a continental European Power, was widely admitted to possess also the best railways, communications and other public services upon the continent of Europe. Even her educational system, though (I have always thought) vastly over-rated, was, in a certain and almost sinister sense, efficient.

For these reasons it must be conceded that the militaristic asymmetry of late nineteenth century Germany was considerably less than that of Japan. There is, I think, no other country where, in time of peace, the efficiency attained

[1] The corresponding virtue in feudal Japan was loyalty,—a virtue far more easily exploited for the purposes of militarism than genuine patriotism. Peoples who have come under the influence of Confucianism set a high value upon loyalty as (e.g.) in the case of filial piety.

by the armed forces stands in such startling contrast to the achievements of other branches of the public service.[1]

But Japanese militarism has declined since 1870. It is still on the decline. That this movement has been exceedingly gradual is due in part to the cultural tradition of the people[2] and in part to circumstances both internal and external of which what follows is intended to be a rough sketch.

It is a matter of more or less general knowledge that, for some centuries previous to the opening of Japan to foreign intercourse in the nineteenth century, the Government of the country, so far as a central Government existed, was a curious sort of duarchy; that while the sacred city of Kyoto enshrined the cloistered Mikado, scion of a line which a system of concubinage and adoption had kept unbroken from time immemorial, Yedo (now Tokyo) was the seat of that military government (shogunate) which was held one after another by families whose power successively declined as its opportunities were abused. At the time of the opening of the country the shogunate was held by the great house of Tokugawa.

Trouble had long been brewing for the Tokugawa. Whether their fall would otherwise have resulted in the "restoration" of the emperor to temporal power or in the rise of another great house to the shogunate may be left as an open question, but foreign intrusion made the restoration a certainty, not only because it was a political necessity to unify the Government in the face of foreign pressure but also because the "presumption" of the shogun in concluding treaties of intercourse with foreign countries without reference to the imperial court united against him both the anti-foreign element and the protagonists of the imperial prerogative.

There was a southern bloc led by four great clans (Satsuma, Choshu, Hizen, Tosa), who, by reason of their remoteness from Yedo and the fact that the Daimyo of Satsuma and Choshu, were the richest and most powerful of the feudal nobility, occupied a position of semi-independence. These houses, united by common jealousy for pre-

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[1] This contrast, while marked, is easily exaggerated by tourists, since their judgment is warped by difference of antecedents—e.g., accommodations in railway trains correspond to Japanese (not American) standards of comforts.

[2] Some exponents of "Social Evolution" (e.g. Prof. Benj. Kidd in his *Science of Power*) appear to have based conclusions on the supposed rapidity with which an imagined entire change has taken place in the mental outlook of the Japanese people.

rogatives which were always threatened by any strengthening of the shogun's hands, acquired also a common grievance against the foreigner whose most wanton acts of aggression, epitomised in the bombardment by allied fleets at Kagoshima and Shimonoseki, fell with especial severity upon their territories.

It was necessary for Japan to present a united front to the foreigner. It seemed possible, employing adroit diplomacy backed by force, for the combined southern clans to overthrow the shogun. It was plainly impossible for any one of them to seize the shogunate. For this reason the restoration of the emperor and the expulsion of the foreigner became their slogan.

The last of the shogun, outwitted in diplomacy, threatened by overwhelming force, and distrusted by those very foreigners whose treaty rights he was striving to protect, was not equipped by nature and training to deal with so grave an emergency. A wiser man in his position would have bargained and yielded, for he was in a position to drive a very good bargain for himself and his vassals, the northern Daimyo. But a vacillating temperament and the importunities of intemperate retainers led him into belated and hopeless armed resistance. Thus, to the already enormous prestige of the southern chieftains (especially the Daimyo of Satsuma and Choshu), was added the fact that their samurai, quelling resistance in every corner of the empire and incidentally destroying the power of the northern lords, had shed their blood to found the new Government about to be established under the " restored " emperor.

The southern nobles had no intention of seeing the sacrifices of their clans go unrewarded. Upon victory, as was inevitable, came a division of the spoils. By the time the restoration had been affected it had become clear that Japan could not safely refuse to enter upon diplomatic relations with European Powers. It is well, even yet, to remember that she did so under compulsion. The anti-foreign element, though it had helped restore the Mikado, was obliged to yield to the force of circumstances, but, obviously, it could be counted upon to endorse a policy which looked to Japan's growth in military strength. It was also natural for feudal chieftains, now convinced of the need for national solidarity, to think of the nation as a

glorified clan. Just as, within the clan, men were ranked as (1) fighting men (samurai), (2) farmers, (3) skilled workmen, (4) tradesmen, and (5) outcasts, in the order named, so, in the new nation, the achievement of fighting power was regarded as easily the most important question. When it came to a division of the spoils the two great plums were the Army and the Navy. Choshu got the first and Satsuma the second. These services are still looked upon as the happy hunting ground of the two clans.

The very fact, however, that national solidarity had become a *sine qua non* for the new Government made it necessary for the victorious clansmen to sow the seeds of that national consciousness which must, in the long run, deprive the clans of all power. It is in the use that has been made of the department of education that Japan has most resembled modern Germany. She seems indeed, in some respects, to have out-Heroded Herod in this department, and to impart knowledge apart from "patriotism" has been made almost a crime. Thus missionary schools which were in the early days of new Japan a great boon to the youth of the country were kept under close and, at times, hampering surveillance by officials not always friendly to Christianity.

With the sure decline of the power of the clans it has been inevitable that, in a poor country with many pressing domestic problems, militarism should also decline. The decline has been slow. The armed forces are still, in point of efficiency, far ahead of any other public service.

It has been pointed out that foreign menace as well as domestic political interest has played its part in retarding the decline of Japanese militarism. I do not deny that this menace has been at times very real. I think it safe to say that it has always been exaggerated. At any rate it has never been underestimated. For this reason it cannot be regarded as an entirely independent factor though, in so far as it was real, it has been a contributory element in stimulating Japanese naval and military expansion. It will be a sad day for the militaristic politician when Japanese apprehensions of foreign aggression approach the vanishing point. These form the militarist's great stock in trade, and a bogie, euphemistically described as "our hypothetical enemy," frequently mentioned in budgets, is invoked to determine the increases necessary for the navy while the

necessity of holding the two clans together inspires corresponding support for army expansion.

The foreign menace did approach reality about the time of the restoration. Not only was Japan practically forced against her will to open her doors to foreign intercourse, but one foreign nation, Russia, in taking Shaghalien, laid her hands upon land to which the Japanese also laid claim. On both sides the claim was to rule alien rather than kindred peoples (together with their mines and fisheries), but Russia's bearing throughout the dispute made it clear that force was the only argument to which she thought it worth while to appeal. There was perhaps some danger at that time that Russia might attempt the invasion of Japan proper (though she would have received the surprise of her life had she done so), and this danger was greatly exaggerated in the eyes of those who were not yet sufficiently *en rapport* with world affairs to gauge the restraining effect which European rivalries exercise upon the aggrandising efforts of any single Power. Traditional racial and religious prejudices often led Japanese of the early Meiji era to assume that the Europeans were leagued against them, and some color was lent to this assumption by the occasional coöperation of foreign envoys for the protection of their subjects and by military demonstrations for this object, for the purposes of relevant reprisal, and for the collection of indemnities. The thirty-third year of Meiji (1900) found Japan coöperating with these same European Powers in a somewhat similar undertaking when Graf von Waldersee led the allied forces to the relief of the Pekin legations. During the past forty years no anti-Japanese combination has involved more than three Powers at once and this combination (France, Germany, Russia) did not threaten her territorial integrity but only limited the extent of her territorial aggrandisement at the expense of China after the Chino-Japanese war in 1895.

European and American neutrality in the Russo-Japanese war, Japanese participation in the late world war on the side of certain European Powers against certain others and the recognition accorded her as one of the "Big Five" at the Peace Conference will have the effect of making it increasingly difficult to use "the foreign menace," thus vaguely described, in the interests of military expansion. This is bound to have an effect upon those issues (such as

the Shantung matter) which are now engaging universal attention. For Japanese territorial expansion has been military rather than either colonial or commercial. It has been urged that as Japan is a densely populated country, it is inconsistent for Americans and Australians to limit Japanese immigration to their own shores and at the same time object to her expansion in other directions. One remembers that somewhat similar arguments were employed by the Junkers. The answer in both cases is that the expansion in question does not offer any relief to density of population. Japan did not annex Korea because Korea offered a wide field to Japanese immigration but for a strategic reason, viz. "Korea in the hands of Russia would be like a dagger pointing at Japan's heart." Japan's position entitled her to sympathy (which was generously accorded her in America) and her expulsion of Russia from The Land of the Morning Calm was perfectly intelligible.

One good reason for thinking that Japan will eventually return Shantung to China lies in the fact that here again no reason other than a strategic one exists for its retention. In this case the strategic considerations cannot be seriously regarded as possessing a defensive character. Thus, with the decline of the militaristic sentiment, the desire for the retention of Tsingtao must necessarily disappear. For Japan cannot colonize Shantung. The population there is said to exceed in density that of Japan in a proportion of six to four, and as Chinese labor is already excluded from Japan to protect the Japanese workman, it is unimaginable that the latter can compete with the Chinaman on his own soil.

Japan owes much to the strong hands that guided her destinies during the last third of the nineteenth century. Her people as a whole have not been unmindful of this fact. They have a warm admiration and affection for their great military leaders. But these men were themselves capable of great self-denial. Trained in an allegiance to the clan which itself called for a high degree of self-abnegation, transferring this devotion to the imperial throne that their nation might live, it is no exaggeration to say that they are as much revered for their high moral examples as for their military prowess. This moral tradition will be, in future years, a treasure more precious to the nation than any chronicle of conquest. If their successors, honored at

first for their sakes, substitute swashbuckling and swagger for knightly carriage, they will not be looked upon as displaying a consistent reverence for those ancestors whose memories (for only a few of them now walk the earth) their countrymen delight to honor.

No doubt it is right to think of these men as militarists. They were such at a time when it was inevitable for them to think that in militarism lay the salvation of their country. But these were men of sensitive and even in some cases of tender natures. They had an eye for moral as well as for physical beauty. What they did not themselves conceive of the humane in warfare they learned and adapted with a rapidity which often shamed their teachers. They were militarists; but the ideals which they inculcated were such as militate against the vainglorious display of force. Long may their remembrance survive in honor!

There is at least one way in which foreign Powers have retarded (or seemed to retard) the decline of militarism in Japan. It is possible to think of the foreign *menace* as often the creature of politicians anxious to secure large military and naval appropriations. It is not so easy to explain away, in a manner satisfactory to the Japanese mind, the fact that foreign *recognition* and respect have appeared to follow upon the display of military prowess. Is it a mere matter of chronology that treaty revision whereby ex-territoriality and other galling limitations of sovereignty were removed was greatly accelerated after Japan's victory over China in 1894-5; that the Anglo-Japanese alliance which, more than any other thing, has tended to make the Japanese feel that they were at last recognized as an equal member in the company of civilized Powers, was the direct product of Japan's demonstrations of fighting power; and that Japan's share in the world war has brought her recognition as one of the "Big Five"?

It is of course answerable that the last two of these three items belong in any case to the category of armed strength. Further, I am convinced that it is not true,—though cynics often say it,—that the Japanese victory in China convinced America that Japanese courts had now become competent to try defendant foreigners.[1] I do think that the startling display of progress in one department shown in that victory

[1] Under ex-territoriality jurisdiction was exercised by the court of the defendant's nationality.

did stimulate the serious study of the other institutions of modern Japan and thus accelerated a recognition which, upon investigation, was found to be merited. Even so, it is impossible to say that Japanese military prowess was useless in winning recognition for Japan. But the extent to which this is true is due to that very ignorance of Japan which, as I pointed out in the opening paragraphs of this paper, prevents a true appreciation, based upon studies in perspective, of situations affected by Japanese tendencies in life and thought.

These considerations are certainly pregnant with suggestion for those "who would labor for peace with them that make peace" as well as with those who act upon the motto "In time of peace prepare for war."

I do not dispute the soundness of the teaching which informs this last adage. Writing from abroad, I would not say anything which might be distorted into a suggestion that we need not be prepared for any conceivable eventuality. The easy conquest of a land so rich as ours must suggest itself to the predatory minds of whatever country as a worthwhile undertaking. Defensive armament means making the game very plainly not worth the candle. For such a purpose Japan is already more than adequately armed. She will entertain no grievance if, in a spirit of friendliness, we, who offer the greater temptation, make the sin correspondingly difficult. The way of the transgressor upon her own sovereignty will be exceedingly hard. We too must face the world prepared to defend our shores. All this is preparation for war. It is justifiable precaution but it is not constructive peacemaking.

Peace depends far more upon goodwill than upon the dread of consequences. This paper is written not to prevent precaution but to promote good will. Upon the first point, if I may be permitted the paradox, I have repeatedly and persistently said nothing. As to the second I have tried to give grounds for thinking that the Japanese are not at heart a militaristic people and that militarism is on the decline in their country.

It is not likely that intelligent Japanese will long pretend to find a grievance in the fact that the United States Senate has candidly debated a proposal which was openly submitted to it for consideration. Nor will they question our right to protect our legitimate interests in the Far East

on the basis of a non-existent and preposterously impossible "Asiatic Monroe Doctrine."

But, unless the cultivation of mutual sympathy gives rise to more intimate knowledge, it will be possible for many years to come for interested parties to convince them that such legislation as has been from time to time enacted by Pacific coast legislatures is evidence of American unfriendliness. Japan cannot complain of the mere fact that her subjects are debarred from holding land in a few American States where there is real danger of large areas passing into the hands of aliens for, throughout the whole of Japan proper, Americans are subjected to similar disabilities, although the entire number of American residents in the Empire is less than one-tenth the Japanese population of California alone, and none of them are manual laborers or farmers. An American in Japan may not own outright the house he lives in,—much less large tracts of arable land.

The hypothetical-enemy-ist finds his grievance not in the facts but in circumstances which, he alleges, surround the facts. (i) He not infrequently accuses the United States of bad faith with a frankness which, if exercised on the floor of the United States Congress with respect to his own country, he would vociferously resent or (ii) he maintains that, whether in technical violation of treaty or not, the act in question set up a distinction as between races which is humiliating to the Japanese people.

The first of these contentions he can render plausible in the ears of a majority of his countrymen by trading upon their ignorance of the American system of government. Themselves the subjects of a highly centralized government where every local authority is, in the last analysis, a delegate of the crown, it is exceedingly difficult for them to conceive of a group of States each retaining every particle of sovereignty not definitely ceded to the Federal Government. Nor is it possible for Americans to undeceive them since they will, naturally, incline to believe their own leaders. But as leadership becomes more widely distributed and falls more and more into the hands of those not interested in military aggrandisement, saner views are sure to prevail. It will come to be understood that a treaty-making power does not violate its obligations save by its own acts or omissions, and that no act or omission of the United States Government has been in violation of the most

favored nation clauses in the treaties which that Government has ratified. I for one would be greatly rejoiced if the Pacific Coast States could see their way clear (with due regard to their obligations to their own people) to make the lot of the Japanese traveller a happy one. But I am also convinced that the United States has scrupulously observed its treaty obligations and that it would be a mistaken policy for the Federal Government to be moved in the least degree by erroneous accusations of bad faith.

The second point—that Californian and other laws are informed by a desire for racial discrimination, is again more plausible than accurate. No doubt race prejudice exists in California as in other places (not excluding Japan) but as this has not been sufficiently strong in times past to prevent certain Californians from encouraging coolie immigration, it need not be regarded as a dominant factor when (as at present) a majority of Californians desire to prevent it. Indeed, if Japanese sources of information were not measurably controlled by those who are interested in preventing their countrymen from becoming sincerely friendly to any foreign people, reasonably frequent reference to Japan's own policy with respect to Chinese labor immigration would go far to show the groundlessness of this alleged grievance against (part of) the United States.

It is a sign of better times that this analogy has of late been frequently drawn in the more enlightened portions of the Japanese press and that, on the other side, it is somewhat feebly met by the naïve suggestion that Japan immediately rescind her Chinese immigration laws so that she may be in a position to demand similar action in her own interests on the other side of the Pacific.

As straws showing the direction of the wind, I will mention three things.

(i) Twenty-five years ago the favorite play of children in the streets was mimic war. I now live on a street which is on the direct route from barracks to target range. Bodies of troops pass the house at all hours of the day. Yet one seldom if ever sees the children playing soldier. Toy weapons are, if anything, less in evidence than on an American street in a town of corresponding size. Military caps and "sailor suits" are much less worn by children here. I have heard lads openly congratulated upon escap-

ing the Army draft. Twenty-five years ago such a felicitation would have been taken as an insult. One frequently hears complaints of conscript evasion.

(ii) Twenty-five years ago the young man trying his "English" on the foreigner used often to begin "Why you come to my country?" Today the question is almost invariably "Where do you go?" (that is, "What is your destination?") This is not intrusive though it is often resented as such by the newcomer to Japan. To converse with a fellow traveller for any length of time without inquiring his destination would, to the average Japanese, betray a discourteous lack of interest in him and his affairs.

(iii) *The Japan Advertiser* of April 15th, 1919, printed the following paragraph with figures which, covering as they do the period of the world war, seem significant:

> While the number of officers required for the navy is yearly increasing, applicants for service have been somewhat on the decline, as will be seen from the following table showing the number of applicants for admission to the Naval Cadet School and the number admitted.

	Applicants	Admitted
1912	3,014	100
1913	2,641	100
1914	2,363	100
1915	2,262	130
1916	2,456	130
1917	2,390	179
1918	2,317	193
1919	2,606	300

The necessary number is made up by taking the high men in competitive examination in the order of their standing. It will be seen that in 1919 the navy was obliged to accept eleven and one-tenth per cent. of all applicants as against three and one-third per cent. in 1912. This is a startling change for a period of seven years, during four of which the navy was engaged in war, and is in itself evidence that I have not been without justification in choosing the title for this article.

JOHN COLE MCKIM.

DEATH MASK OF AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER

BY HORTENSE FLEXNER

DEATH is dark sleep and death is very still,
Yet in this sleeping face, shadowed, too lean,
There lives a little smile aloof and chill,
A little mocking smile that lurks between
The even lips firm-sealed, final as stone,
And the nostril's subtle lift; the eyes are stern,
And in their hollows dark all pain is shown;
Yet the face smiles in gentle unconcern.
Something he knew too surely as he came
To the narrow door with youth upon his head,
Something he saw, as by a livid flame,
Paltry, amusing, commonplace instead
Of what he'd thought—and so he closed his eyes.
The dead should not be cynical and wise.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

I—W. B. YEATS

I KNEW W. B. Yeats long before I knew George Moore or George Russel ("A. E."). I had written a play in one act, called *The Magnanimous Lover,* which seemed to me then to be a very remarkable piece, but now seems to be a crude and violent thing made out of an undisciplined intellect; and had sent it, on the advice of Miss Horniman, to Mr. Yeats in the hope that he would think as highly of it as I did. I was living then in two rooms in a high house at Denmark Hill, a suburb of London, on the confines of a dreary slum, near to the house where Ruskin spent his boyhood . . . it is now a boarding-house . . . and I had very few friends, though I had many aspirations. I had not yet become acquainted with Bernard Shaw, though I knew him well by sight and as a public speaker, nor had I yet made friends with H. G. Wells in spite of the fact that I had spent an afternoon at his house in Sandgate in company with some other young men and women. I was too shy and inarticulate on that occasion to make any impression on Mr. Wells, for he had no recollection of me, as I afterwards discovered, when he wrote to me in kind terms about my first-published novel, *Mrs. Martin's Man.*

All young men, whatever their class or culture may be, have heroes. The world will end when young men cease to have heroes. Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells and G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc and W. B. Yeats and George Moore and "A. E." were heroes worthy of emulation to me and the likes of me. I had much respect for John Galsworthy and Granville Barker, mitigated in Mr. Galsworthy's case by the fear that at any moment he might

turn aside and shed a few unaccountable tears, and in Mr. Barker's case by the fact that he was not so very much older than I was and that he seemed to be uncertain of himself. Mr. Galsworthy's work, particularly *The Man of Property, The Country House* and *The Silver Box,* had the great appeal that all sincere work has, but it left me in a state of chilled speculation. It excited curiosity and aloof pity in me, but it did not warm me into wrath or affection. One sees Mr. Galsworthy's characters as the creatures of an impassive and immovable Destiny, not as the victims of human malignity or stupidity; and it is impossible to feel aroused over things which happen and cannot be helped. If a man is wronged by another and stronger man, my feelings are stirred so that I try to defend the wronged man from the assaults of the stronger man; but if he is being thwarted or crushed by some passionless Force which can neither be controlled nor persuaded nor defeated, I am not likely to do more than to murmur, "Poor fellow!" and pass on my way. Mr. Galsworthy excites your pity, but kills your hope. He seems to say, "It is useless to make any effort. Things happen and they cannot be helped!" Though he is easily made indignant over suffering, I cannot conceive of Mr. Galsworthy sounding any call to fight: I can only think of him persuading to surrender. He did not challenge: he deprecated. He was a Tolstoyan not of his Free Will, but because he had no Free Will: he turned the other cheek because he could not help himself.

It was not thus with Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells and G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc. These challenging, fighting, protesting men were concerned less with pity for the victims of society than with anger against and opposition to the oppressors of society. They did not wring their hands: they put up their fists. The twentieth century youth and young woman listened respectfully to Mr. Galsworthy and were moved by his sympathy and his sincerity; but they went out to fight with Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells and G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc.

These four men did not move us in equal measure. Mr. Wells stimulated us with the quick succession of his ideas, but he disconcerted us, too, by the rapidity with which he would shed an idea for another idea. Mr. Chesterton wrote of him once that you could "lie awake at night and

hear him grow," and undoubtedly Mr. Wells has conducted his mental development in public with great frankness; we admired the courage with which he owned up when he had tried an idea and found it wanting, but we were not certain that Mr. Chesterton's statement ought not to have read, "You lie awake at night and hear him change his mind!" While we were willing to challenge everything and make it justify its existence, we were desirous, too, of finding some sure ground for our feet; and it was unpleasant and disturbing to find *A Modern Utopia* repudiated in *First and Last Things*. Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc stimulated us, too, but in a different way. Mr. Wells sent us out into the world in search of new and more adequate formulæ: Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc checked us in headlong flights with words of warning and remonstrance. They reminded us that man is of the earth, earthy; that man does not live by Good Will alone; that society is composed of a great variety of beings, generous and mean, exalted and debased, hearty and miserable, noble and petty, self-sacrificing and self-seeking, kind and cruel; and that unless we took care to remember this vital fact we should lose our way in the deserts ahead of us. They reminded us that Mr. Wells's "Good Will" was merely Godwin's "universal benevolence" all over again, and that Godwin's doctrine had made the way easy for the Utilitarians and the growth of a devitalizing system of political theory that expressed itself in the industrial régime of the first half of the nineteenth century.

Where Mr. Wells sought to convict man of a sense of stupidity, they sought to convict him of a sense of sin. Mr. Wells declared that the world needed "Love and Fine Thinking"; Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc declared that the world needed the love of God and faith in the Catholic Church. It was their persistent regard for the Catholic Church which scared us. Mr. Belloc once said that he would support the Church in an act of repression if the Church came into collision with an antagonist; and his belief was made active by his denunciation of Ferrer when that anti-clerical was executed in Spain. My Orange blood boiled when I heard Mr. Belloc palliating the offences of his church; and Mr. Chesterton and he, though their criticism interested and on occasions checked us, never established a dominion over us, because of their Catholicism.

We were not greatly interested in their beer-swilling habits: we regarded them as queer nastinesses in otherwise reputable persons. Their efforts to make a tenet of religion out of beer-swilling seemed to us to be as ridiculous as would be an effort by a Chinaman to make a tenet of religion out of opium-smoking.

Bernard Shaw was incontestably the supreme figure among these men of mind who stimulated and influenced the young men and women of the twentieth century. I doubt whether any man has ever captured or held the fancy of young men as Bernard Shaw captured and held the fancy of us. Dr. Johnson had an influence as powerful in his time as Mr. Shaw had in his; but Dr. Johnson's influence was mainly exercised over men of older years than we were, of more established habits than ours; and I doubt very much whether he affected their thoughts and outlook on life so profoundly as Bernard Shaw affected us. He could not persuade the faithful Boswell to accept his view of the American colonists, and his pamphlet, "'Taxation No Tyranny," displeased his friends as much as it appeared to gratify George III and his supporters. Dr. Johnson was a critic and a scholar with very little creative ability; he was too conservative a man to be a man of genius; and he looked back too often for the liking of young men who are always looking forward. His love of tradition and settled order, while it was pleasing to men of an age when comfort and security and familiar things begin to attract the mind more than effort and adventure and change, made him unattractive to the stirring minds of young men. Shelley derived from Godwin, not from Johnson.

There is a passage in Boswell's "Life of Dr. Johnson" in which Dr. Johnson's peculiar views on the respect due to men of rank are set out very clearly. ". . . a discussion took place, whether . . . Lord Cardross did right to refuse to go Secretary of the Embassy to Spain, when Sir James Gray, a man of inferior rank, went Ambassador. Dr. Johnson said, that perhaps in point of interest he did wrong; but in point of dignity he did well. . . . Sir, had he gone Secretary while his inferior was Ambassador, he would have been a traitor to his rank and family." The question, to Dr. Johnson's mind, was not one of merit: Lord Cardross was entitled to "go Ambassador," not because he was a more skilful diplomatist than Sir James

Gray, but because he was a lord while Sir James was only a knight! This extraordinary doctrine, which may be held accountable for much in British history, might appeal to elderly men who love rules and regulations, and like to have everything neatly set out in books, but it certainly does not appeal to young men who believe in conflicts won by superior qualities; for young men, as Dr. Johnson himself said on one occasion, " have more virtue than old men; they have more generous sentiments in every respect."

Bernard Shaw is incapable of uttering such a remark as Dr. Johnson uttered in support of Lord Cardross's inept behavior. He has, indeed, said and written many foolish things and he is capable of making what are called " debating" points and cheap scores and of saying things for the sake of saying them or of annoying the complacent and the smug; but he is incapable of saying anything which supports a belief that one man shall have precedence over another, not because of his merit, but because of his birth. Dr. Johnson's statement was not a casual, fantastic, perverse statement: it was a natural result of his general theory of society. It is recorded of him that he declined to leave a room until a Bishop had done so on the ground that the Bishop's office gave him a title to precedence over a man of greater mentality! It was not humility that caused Dr. Johnson to behave thus, for he was an arrogant man, nor was it indifference to such matters, for he was a stickler for respect to himself even when he did not deserve respect: it was his belief in the providential arrangement of society in settled grades that caused him to behave in this way. The man was entitled to quit the room first, not because he was a good man or a great man, but because he was a bishop! There is probably some convenience in this belief, a simple method of preventing incivility, but it is a small convenience which does not greatly matter to youth.

I can imagine Bernard Shaw refusing to go out of the room before the Bishop has done so, in sheer humility or indifference, but I cannot imagine him refusing to do so because of his regard for the man's office as distinct from the man himself. And it is, I suppose, his irreverence for office, more than anything else, which draws young men to him. He is no respecter of persons or authorities: he criticizes them all, high or low. His courage, his vitality, his arrogance, his humility, his championship of persecuted

persons, his impulse to help an unpopular cause not, as stupid people imagine, because it is unpopular, but because it seems to him to be a just cause, and his absolute indifference to vested interests and the power of the majority—these qualities of his draw young men to him as a magnet draws a needle. It is significant, I think, that Dr. Johnson had a very strong dislike of Dean Swift to whom, in many respects, Bernard Shaw bears a close mental resemblance. It is very certain that had Bernard Shaw lived in the eighteenth century, to which, in spirit, he really belongs, he would have supported the Americans as fiercely as Johnson denounced them; and I do not doubt that his would have been the most scathing and powerful of the pamphlets written in reply to "Taxation No Tyranny."

I suppose that some of Shaw's attraction for young men is due to the youthfulness of his spirit. He is an oldish man in years, turned sixty, and his hair and beard have lost their red color and have become gray; but I never think of him as an old man; and I never think of W. B. Yeats as a young man, although he is ten years younger than Bernard Shaw.

II

One evening, a few weeks after I had sent *The Magnanimous Lover* to him, I received a letter from Yeats, written in a queer, illegible, thick style that was very difficult to read. Many of the words were incomplete: all of them were badly formed. The contrast between the handwriting of Bernard Shaw and W. B. Yeats is very striking: Shaw's writing is very clear and neat and beautifully formed and as delicate as a spider's web; Yeats's writing is obscure and untidy and shapeless and has the appearance of having been done by a blunt pen. H. G. Wells writes in a small, clean but not always clear hand. There is a certain oddness in the difference between the handwriting of Bernard Shaw and that of W. B. Yeats: that the handwriting of the poet should be so ungainly and coarse while the handwriting of the dramatist who seems to have very little of the poetic emotion in him, is shapely and fine.

The letter was to say that Yeats liked my play, but that he could not make a definite decision about it until he had consulted Lady Gregory. It had that formal, distant tone which is so characteristic of Yeats's speech and writing, but it had a pleasant postscript which gave me great pride and

delight. He said that my play was the only example of "wayward realism" that he had ever read. I did not understand what he meant by this phrase, but it was a compliment from a distinguished man, and compliments from distinguished men had never fallen to me before. I must have been a great nuisance to my friends then, for I showed Yeats's note to them and I talked a great deal about my "wayward realism" until I noticed that my best friend, himself an aspiring dramatist of the romantic school . . . he had much contempt for my realism . . . smiled at me in an odd way when I did so. I then ceased to talk in that fashion, for I am very sensitive to the censure of my friends, though I have no regard for the censure of my enemies.

After another lapse of time, I heard from Yeats again. He invited me to call on him on the following Sunday evening at his rooms in Woburn Buildings, behind the Euston Road, in London; and thither, in a state of some excitement, I repaired. I had no trouble in finding the house, for Yeats, who, in some ways, is much more precise and clear-minded than people imagine or his handwriting indicates, had given me very explicit directions how to get to it, and had even drawn a rough sketch of the neighborhood so that I should not fail to find him. Woburn Buildings consists of a number of tall houses in a narrow passage off Southampton Row, and running parallel with the Euston Road. It is a dingy, dark place, with an air of furtive poverty about it, and on Sunday nights it is depressing enough to fill a man's mind with plots for drab dramas. I have heard that H. G. Wells thought of the plot of that clever, devilish story of his, "The Island of Dr. Moreau", in the Tottenham Court Road on a Bank Holiday when he was in a mood of discontent. I believe that the whole of the "drab drama" was first conceived on Yeats's doorstep!

Shops form the ground floor of these houses, little, huckstering shops that just contrive to support their proprietors, and Yeats's rooms were on the third and fourth floors of a house which had a cobbler's shop on the ground floor. The cobbler was a pleasant, bearded man, wearing spectacles, who had some share in the management of Yeats's affairs; for when one, unable to obtain admission to the poet's rooms, required information about him, the cobbler invariably supplied it. He could tell you whether Yeats had gone to Ire-

land or was merely taking the air, and when he was likely to return, and he would offer, with great courtesy, to take a message from you to be faithfully delivered to Yeats on his arrival.

The entrance to Yeats's rooms was at the side of the cobbler's shop. There was a bell-handle over a small brass-place, marked YEATS, and when this had been pulled a sufficient number of times, the door was opened, if he were at home, by Yeats.

He has poor and failing sight, and in the dusk of the Sunday evening on which I called on him, he could barely discern me. He stood in the hall, holding the door, looking very tall and dark, and said in that peculiar, tired and plaintive voice of his, "Who is it?" and I answered "St John Ervine". There was always something conspiratorial about the manner in which Yeats admitted a person to his rooms. You felt that you wanted to give the countersign.

"Oh, yes!" he said, without any interest, and then he bade me enter.

In one of his books, Yeats writes that life seems to him to be a preparation for something that never happens; and the quality of his voice suggests that thwarted desire which is expressed in so much of his work. He is, in poetry, what Mr. Galsworthy is, in fiction: he surrenders to life. I do not know of anyone who can speak verse so beautifully and yet so depressingly as Yeats can. The very great beauty that is in all his work does not stir you: it saddens you. There is no sunrise in his writing: there is only sunset. In his lyrics, there is the cadence of fatigue and of the lethargy that comes partly from disappointment, partly from loneliness, partly from doubt, and partly from inertia. "Innisfree", the beauty of which has not been diminished by familiarity, does not sound glad: it sounds tired. The poet's wish to return to the lake island is not due to any pleasurable emotion, but to weariness and exhaustion: he dreams of the island, not as a place in which to work and to achieve, but in which to retire from work and achievement that has not brought with it the gratification for which he hoped; and the final impression left on the mind of the reader is that the poet is too tired and disappointed to do more than wish that he might go to Innisfree. One reads the beautiful poem in the sure and certain belief that Yeats will not "arise and go now, and go to Innisfree", but that he will remain where

he is. There is no impulse or movement in the poem: there is only a passive wish and a plaintive resignation.

And all that inertia and negation and inactive desire is sounded in Yeats's voice. It is very palpable in his manner.

He warned me not to make a noise as I ascended the uncarpeted stairs: the people on the second floor might be disturbed. They were working-people, I understood, and either there was a fretful baby asleep or the people retired early because they had to rise early, and he did not wish to break their rest. Yeats can be very harsh and inconsiderate with his associates, but his bearing to poor men and women, in my experience, is very courteous and very considerate. He could not have been more gracious to a duchess . . . he probably was sometimes less gracious to a duchess . . . than he was to the middle-aged woman who cooked his meals and kept his rooms clean. I have seen distinguished men being gracious to poor, unlettered men, but most of them had an air of . . . not exactly condescension in doing so, but of altering their attitude slightly, of relaxing and unbending, of modifying their style, as it were, and making it simpler. I did not observe any effort at condescension in Yeats's manner towards that plain and simple woman. He spoke to her in the same way that he would speak to "A. E." or to Lady Gregory. I suppose that Queen Victoria was the only woman in the world to whom Yeats ever spoke in a condescending manner.

He is a tall man, with dark hanging hair that is now turning grey, and he has a queer way of focussing when he looks at you. I do not know what is the defect of sight from which he suffers, but it makes his way of regarding you somewhat disturbing. He has a poetic appearance, entirely physical, and owing nothing to any eccentricity of dress; for, apart from his neck-tie, there is nothing odd about his clothes. I remember being told that Yeats, on one occasion, being asked by his host why he wore that big, black bow, replied, with some asperity, "To match my boots!" This reply effectively quashed his host's effort to make bright conversation. It is not easy to talk to Yeats in a familiar fashion, and I imagine that he has difficulty in talking easily on common topics. I soon discovered that he is not comfortable with individuals: he needs an audience to which he can discourse in a pontifical manner. If he is compelled to remain in the company of one person for any

length of time, he begins to pretend that the individual is a crowd listening to him. His talk is seldom about commonplace things: it is either in a high and brilliant style or else it is full of reminiscences of dead friends. I do not believe that anyone in this world has ever spoken familiarly to Yeats or that anyone has ever slapped him on the back and said "Helloa, old chap!" His relatives and near friends call him "Willie" but it has always seemed to me that they do so with an effort, that they feel that they ought to call him "Mr. Yeats"! I doubt very much whether he takes any intimate interest in any human being. It may be, of course, that he took less interest in me than he took in anyone else for I am not a very interesting person; but I always felt that when I left his presence, it was immaterial to him whether he ever saw me again or not. I felt that, on my hundredth meeting with him, I should be no nearer intimacy with him than I was on my first meeting. My vanity has since been soothed by the knowledge that he has given a similar impression regarding themselves to other people who know him better than I do. I have seen him come suddenly into the presence of a man whom he had known for many years, and greet him awkwardly as if he did not know what to say. He never offers his hand to a friend: he will often stand looking at one without speaking, and then bow and pass on, with perhaps a fumbled "Good evening!" but never with a "How are you?" or "I'm glad to see you!"

It is, I suppose, the result of some natural clumsiness of manner. He has trained himself to an elegance of demeanour, an elaborate courteousness, which is very pleasing to a stranger, but he has spent so much time in achieving this elegance that he has forgotten or never learned how to greet a friend.

He was expecting other people to come to his rooms that Sunday evening . . . I remember he mentioned that Madame Maud Gonne MacBride was expected to arrive in London from Paris on her way to Ireland, and might call on her way to Euston Station . . . but no one else came. He talked to me about my play and told me that he liked it very much, but that Lady Gregory did not greatly care for it. "She is a realist herself," he said, "and all realists hate each other. Synge would have disliked your play, and Robinson does not like it, but I do!" Lennox Robinson, himself a dramatist, was then manager of the Abbey

Theatre. He asked me if I had written any other plays, and I told him that I was half-way through a four-act play, called *Mixed Marriage,* and I described the theme of it to him. He urged me to complete this play and bring the MS. to his rooms and read it to him. "The difficulty about *The Magnanimous Lover,*" he said, "is that it may provoke some disturbance among the audience, and as our patent expires shortly we do not wish to give the authorities any ground for refusing to renew it. They were very angry over our production of Bernard Shaw's *Blanco Posnet* after the Censor refused to license it in England. We'll leave the production of *The Magnanimous Lover* until the patent has been renewed. If your new play were ready, we could do it first and create a public for you! . . . "

Yeats is one of the best advertising agents in the world, and I did not doubt his ability to " create a public " for me, although I thought that Lady Gregory would probably be more skillful even than he could be. When one remembers that she has established a considerable reputation as a dramatist on two continents entirely on the strength of half-a-dozen one-act plays, it is impossible to doubt that she is at least as skillful as Yeats in drawing attention to herself. A great amount of their advertising energy has, of course, been expended on the Abbey Theatre and the Irish Literary Renaissance, and a great many Irish writers, myself included, have derived advantage, personal and pecuniary, from their activities. It would have been better for us, perhaps, if Mr. Yeats's very great critical ability had been more freely employed on our work than his eulogy. There is an immense amount of creative power in Ireland, but it is raw, untutored, timid stuff, and because the critical faculty in Ireland is almost negligible, this creative power is wasted in violent, explosive plays and books or violent, explosive beliefs.

I have always believed in the interdependence of all men and minds. It seems to me that an ill-conceived, foolish political scheme must in some manner react on every other department of man's life, and that the laborer who is doing his job badly in a remote village is in some measure adversely affecting the welfare of his countrymen miles away. Violent, crude plays are inevitable in a land of violent, crude beliefs; and it is, I think, not without significance that some of the most violent, crude plays in the Abbey repertory were written by dramatists who professed

the violent, crude beliefs of Sinn Fein. When one thinks of the generosity and courage and nobility of many of the Sinn Feiners, it is hard not to lose faith in human perfectibility when one considers how foolish are the political schemes they devise. If men so good and exalted as these men are can produce schemes so stupid and sometimes so cruel, how can we hope for any progress in the world when we remember how many bad men there are?

But there is an explanation of all this crudity and violence in Ireland. For all sorts of reasons, political, social and historical and also religious, the critical faculty has rarely been employed and certainly has not been developed. Either you are for a thing or you are against it. Doubt is treated as if it were antagonism. Reluctance to commit oneself to any scheme, however fantastic or ill-considered it may be, is treated as treason to the national spirit. Anyone who asserts his belief in the establishment of an Irish Republic, by force, if necessary, is an Irishman, even though he be a "dago", and anyone who is doubtful of the feasibility of this proposal is denounced as a West Briton, an anglicised Irishman, even, on occasions, as "not Irish at all", although his forbears have lived in Ireland for generations. The state of affairs in Ireland is not unlike the state of affairs in Russia, where literary criticism, as a Russian writer has stated, has always tended to be the handmaid of political faction. "Any writer of sufficient talent," says a reviewer in the *Times* Literary Supplement, "who adopted a liberal attitude was certain of the appreciation of the *intelligentsia's* acknowledged critical leaders, and hence of a wide and enthusiastic audience. But writers whose instinct for the truth led them to doubt the sufficiency of doctrinaire discontent with the established order were debarred from the aids to literary advancement, and had to struggle against the grain of popular, and even academic, valuation".

It is even worse than that in Ireland, for there, generally speaking, there is hardly any criticism at all, although there is plenty of abuse. In great measure, this lack of criticism is due to the fact that all the mind of Ireland has been obsessed by the demand for or the opposition to self-government. There has not been any reality in Irish electoral contests for a great many years. Until the growth of Sinn Fein, there seldom were any contests at all. Candidates for parliament were frequently returned unopposed. A con-

test, if there were one, was between one Nationalist and another, concerned with matters of detail and not with matters of principle, or, at the most, between a Nationalist and a Unionist, concerned with the advocacy of, or opposition to, Home Rule. Sinn Fein has, indeed, brought a contest to every constituency, but even here the contest is concerned with the old obsession, self-government in one form or self-government in another: Home Rule within the British Confederation or a Republic outside it. If one considers that this obsession was nearly always expressed in bitter language, it is not difficult to understand how deplorable its effects have been on the general life of the Irish people. It has temporarily incapacitated them from judging any proposition or thing in a sane and dispassionate fashion; and so the critical faculty in Ireland has languished until at times one fears that it has decayed.

Yeats is a great creative artist: he is also a great critic. Had he chosen to do so, he could have had an enormous influence on the minds of his countrymen. His pride in his craft, his desire for perfect work, his contempt for subterfuges and makeshifts and ill-considered schemes, his knowledge and his skill, all these would have affected the faith and achievements of his countrymen, imperceptibly, perhaps, but very surely. It is unfortunate that he was not appointed to the Chair of Literature in Trinity College, Dublin. I know that he wished to receive this appointment and was disappointed that he did not receive it. The mind that might have disciplined and developed the imagination of young Irishmen was rejected by Trinity College, and it has turned to tiresome preoccupation with disembodied beings, to table-turning and ouija-boards and the childish investigation of what is called spiritual phenomena, but is, in fact, mere conjurer's stuff.

(*To be continued*)

THE WING OF DEATH—II

BY ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

On the Train. October 23rd.

THE war. What does it mean? Had I even a glimmer of its significance all this past year when I was writing about it before it really got under my skin?

* * *

Knowledge of war has come by a gradual absorbent process, a sort of slow penetration with its dark background. As it affected the French nation primarily. And especially my French friends in Paris. Their lives at first seemed surprisingly normal. But gradually these lives came to appear subtly distorted, as faces are distorted by a poor mirror—or by a hidden fear. And their spirits: when their once so vital and humane spirits were not full of sinister images, they were empty, as the streets were empty during those drab dragging months that preceded the German Spring offensive. The months during which the growing numbers of Americans in the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross were discovering the restaurants, and taking war like the rain.

What was war to the A. E. F.? In the beginning "a great game," played with wharves, and freight yards and storehouses and ice-plants. A great game: I shall never forget the spur to hope that pricked me during my journey from one end of our army to the other in the early months of this year, the sense I got of the constructive force that moved it.

But the end of March changed all that. For America only less than for France war then became a drama: intense, vibrant, lurid. A drama that went on steadily in one's own inside, whatever one's superficial activity, and that might well have a tragic ending.

Not like Greek tragedy any longer. And the front and the rear are continuous. Refugees, Red Cross men dashing back and forth from their posts, fighters on leave, wounded;

the big gun, the raids, the fleeing industries and banks—Paris is now war zone. America is at Cantigny on one side, at the Bois de Belleau on the other. Paris is Germany's objective. Paris is ourselves. Paris is the heart of America, as well as the heart of France.

* * *

Paris is saved. But the war goes on. Deeply and yet more deeply is America involved. Not in her brains only, in her flesh. In the flesh, above all, of those tall sinewy young men in the twenties, who swing so smartly and so sternly down the Champs Elysées on July 4th. Those young men who should be the future of our country. Our finest. If one begins to know now what war means, this is the reason. Sympathy for French or British never brought quite this look into American faces. All the girls who are caring for French orphans and refugees feel they must nurse; pour out their life blood too in night watches; steel their nerves, too, by holding firmly the ghastly mutilated limbs. Their former chauffeurs and farmers are their brothers; their children. Dearer, because so helpless and bereft and in pain.

* * *

How soon will Lang and Sid be lying on hospital cots, or worse? Where are they at this moment? The blind query, intensified since my accident, has been gnawing at my consciousness these two months past; since the little Anglo-American lieutenant of twenty—so much more philosophical than the tall American lieutenant of twenty-seven—disappeared towards the British lines after our walk in *vieux Paris;* and the radiant Californian treated me to a last lunch at the Ritz before St. Mihiel. Both great lovers of life and of France. Both fully expecting to die some fine morning, " doing a definite thing for no very concrete reason, " as the American put it. Both taking a simple and immense pride in their dead comrades, a pride devoid of heroics. In the war they are fighting there is no place for either oratory or vindictiveness. " I have never wasted ten minutes hating the Germans, " says Sid. The British lieutenant hasn't either. But he has lost, as the American has not, all zest for war in itself. He envies his American cousins their faith and enthusiasm, goes back to the front with a rather wistful serenity. While the Californian is passionately longing to achieve his aviator's destiny.

This generation of the twenties has been the important one, in every country, since 1914. Its reactions to war are rawly honest, not befogged by convention, like those of older men. And Harvard, and Yale, and Princeton, and California, feel just as much need to talk and write them out as Oxford, and Cambridge, and the Sorbonne and the Ecole Normale have done. In the last year I have learned a good deal about how the tremendous business looks to half a dozen very diverse young Americans. To Ernest, doing his responsible job in the rear of the A. E. F.; to Pink at his governmental post in Paris; to two or three Red Cross men; to Sid at the front. Sid at St. Mihiel, in the Argonne, flight commander of a bombardment squadron, sending letters from the thick of the only war activity that has any romance left.

"If I come out of it," he writes me, "I shall look back on it as the only reality amidst all the pale mirages of experience I have known. There *is* no experience possible wherein man is not at grips with ultimate fate. The only contrast is the contrast of life with death, and the only living making nothing of life. I seem unable to stay out of the air here. If I miss a raid I am wretched until my turn comes again. I don't seem to know myself. I am neither a hero nor a degenerate. I have found no new surprise in Archies, only a new slant on an old subject in real war flying. And yet my whole state of being has shot up like a rocket. I am having (I suppose literally) *the* time of my life. That is the final consolation to death in battle. It doesn't much matter what happens once the climax comes. The men I saw go down in flames yesterday were friends of mine. I knew it. Even that didn't matter. It's the *damndest* thing."

* * *

I am not to be persuaded that love of adventure makes war good, any more than the spirit of sacrifice, or the patient endurance of pain. Is it good for the world, for his mother, or for the boy himself, who is so gifted for life, that Sid should be killed? And for how many individuals of the millions of fighters has this war, after all, been good? To prolong it by one unnecessary day, hour, minute, would be criminally wrong—of that at least I am sure, after the evacuation tent.

Like the soldier, I feel no bitterness and very little surprise at my individual lot. At every stage I have said to myself: "So this is what it is like"—to drive from hospital to hospital, for instance; or to lie on the floor interminably while indifferent people walk about and brush your face with a foot or a skirt. Certainly I did not want to be hurt. But I have still less right than the soldier to complain. Voluntarily, for the sake of my profession I ran a risk—slight it seemed—and luck was against me.

Mine is no more than a pin-point of sharp experience in a vast catastrophe. Yet its stab unites me to millions of other human beings. To the little poilu of the hospital who, under other circumstances, might have accepted a franc for carrying my bag across a platform. *Unanimisme*—what potency it has. It is that which keeps war going. Every American in Europe today, however bad his fate, feels in his heart of hearts glad to be here. Glad not to miss the great adventure of the years 1914-1918. For whether war be good or bad, whether it means purgation or damnation for civilization, it is still the adventure of these years. And if one shares, why not up to the hilt? Why not pay the piper?

There my logic fails. I am willing to pay—perhaps; I don't yet know how heavy the price. But not to let others. Not the little poilu. Not the man with no face. Nothing must happen to Ernest, far from his wife and baby. The war must end before H. loses her second son; before Sid goes down in flames.

* * *

Dark now. And I am suddenly terribly tired. The hard stretcher has eaten its way into the very marrow of my back. The doctor takes my temperature with a frown. Says we shan't arrive before ten o'clock—ten hours' journey. He has had too much *pinard*. So has the orderly. I have a sneaking hope that somebody somehow knows I am coming. If only, oh, if only I might find an *American* face—Gertrude's? Ernest's? on the platform.

October 24th. American Hospital of Paris.

I am reincarnated, as a perfect lady in a perfect sick-room, full of flowers. Flowers after Mont-Notre-Dame. And the peace of being alone within four spotless, gray-white walls. Fresh white curtains, white cushions, white

furniture. A long French window into a garden. October tree traceries—black and gold and purple, like Versailles—against the sky. A bell-rope, the genius of which is a beautiful young Alsatian girl, in blue and white, who brings lemonade made of real lemons that quench fever; tea on a tray with dainty strips of toast; ungreasy bouillon; eggs refined to custard; hot water bags which yield to pressure instead of repelling it. I wonder if cantankerous souls exist who think this hospital a prison?

I have been in a state of exaltation ever since Colonel L. got my stretcher out of the ambulance, well after midnight, and down the white corridor which ended in a white bed—with pillows! A night-nurse with melting Portuguese eyes. A middle-aged surgeon in a dressing gown. A hypodermic. This was Neuilly. Blissful haven.

Much good M. Clemenceau's recommendation did me, though. I still hear the gray-beard of a regulating officer ranting over me in the hospital tent at the station, while I tried to hold on to my self-control and my wits. High fever and great pain by that time. Ranting because he did not know where to send me; because the ambulance boys hadn't come. The hours they took in coming.

And the face that peered into the little window of the ambulance from the driver's seat when the " boys " deserted me in the velvet blackness in front of the Hotel de France et Choiseul. " An *apache*, " I thought. On the contrary, the poor old literary night-watchman, blubbering over my hand, nearly, in his emotion, tolling the bell that roused us so often for raids to give notice that here I was again. Several sympathetic shades of my dead life collected about the ambulance, as it was. And the Colonel, spruce and good-humored, in spite of the hour, climbed in and sat himself down on the other stretcher, as if for our usual war gossip. How many times did he say " I'll be damned " on the way to Neuilly? For once I made the Colonel sit up.

The whole of my previous existence in war-time Paris returned with a rush this morning; as normally as if the sealed world of Mont-Notre-Dame, the world bounded wholly by pain and death, the world where only wounds and poilus existed, had never been. But for that slowly winding train, which somehow linked the two together (how often have I similarly readjusted my universe between Boston and New York!) I should be dazed to find myself once

more in the midst of war-rumor, political discussion, and familiar entities like the Y. M. C. A., the A. R.C., and the A. E. F. It was the blue and gray "Y" that came dashing in first, in the person of Gertrude; red cheeks, solicitous eyes sparkling through her glasses, armfuls of fruit and flowers, and stores of her rarer gifts of high spirits, generosity and humorous human interest. And then the steel-gray Red Cross, personified in R. M., with her warm, wise smile and limitless capacity and kindness. Both assuming my responsibilities, reinforcing friendship with the power of these great organizations that I have spent so much time studying and criticising. (Glad I am now always to have maintained that their virtues outweigh their deficiencies.)

Then came along the men, Pink, A. R., W. L., C. M., and others, all equally human and concerned and wanting to shoulder my responsibilities. My stoicism would certainly ebb away from contact with this flood of friendliness and flowers, if everyone were not so obviously relieved, especially the men, to find me not a nervous wreck. The crisis is very near, they think. I must get to work again. In fact I have engaged a stenographer for next week. If convalescent poilus make bead chains in bed, why should I not string words together?

* * *

My little blue and white nurse reproves me for writing tonight. Perhaps I am tired, for the doughboy voices from the garden disturb me. It is my heart, not my nerves, that the A. E. F. troubles. The garden holds a Red Cross tent hospital, an overflow from "Number One," the big ambulance in the Boulevard Inkermann. The wounded—in khaki here—are hobbling by my window, on crutches mostly, to their supper. Rattle of tin plates. End of a lighted tent projecting into my field of vision. It is unjust that I should be enjoying daintiness and luxury, under a real roof, while soldiers are outside where rain can drip and stoves smoke. And the worse of it is that it will soon seem natural that I should be here and they there.

October 25th:

My fate as a *blessée* is in the hands of an American surgeon of remote French descent, who appears to be even more of a Francophile than I am. A Southerner, with very

Gallic airs, and almost Provençal loquacity. I already know much of his family history—great surgical family. *Grand'père* volunteered under Napoleon and made the retreat from Moscow; *père* Deputy-Surgeon General of the South in the Civil War. He himself volunteered in the French Army at the beginning of the war, and served three years before transferring to the A. E. F. He operates half the day here, and half at "Number One." He has a casual manner, jollies the pretty little nurses in a Franco-American jargon of his own (good accent, though). He would like me better if I would only laugh at his jokes, or cry pathetically, while being dressed. I can just preserve a stony silence. He handles my wounds like a connoisseur, not to say a lover of wounds.

I can't altogether cheat myself into thinking I have returned to the old world, though. Not so long as I have a daily dressing. The intensity of apprehension I feel when the surgical cart is wheeled in, and my bed wheeled out, and the surgical nurse begins to undo things, humiliates me. For I do not believe in the importance of physical pain—until my leg is lifted out of the splint. Then I don't believe in anything else. Dr. M. cheerfully tells me to yell. He says the difference between French and American wounded is that the Frenchmen howl, but keep their arms and legs still, and the Americans mutely sweat but wriggle in all directions. He congratulates me on the work of the French surgeon, who, it seems, did a very skilful job in saving the left foot at all. That information sends a cold shiver to my uttermost parts.

October 28th:

The face of the world changed again. I am to have the wounded soldier's experience, *jusqu'au bout.* Infection in left foot. It set in on Friday evening. The work I imagined myself beginning today is remote. Virtue has been trickling out of me, and fever and pain flowing in. How did I ever write at the other hospital, on the train? All I care about now is quiet. And air, fresh, cold air, because I feel stifled and contaminated. And a nurse, a quiet nurse, always there. R. M. has sent one; fair, pink-cheeked, shy, slow, steady. A Norwegian Red Cross nurse, from a North Dakota farm, just landed; the very antithesis of the quick, sophisticated little French pupil

nurses who have been in and out like humming-birds.

Visitors eliminated. I couldn't even talk to Ernest when he came hastening up from Dijon yesterday. I couldn't even bear the sound of his voice. But the affection in his eyes sustains me yet. (Fine, frank, judicious brown eyes.) That is something I dare let down the bars of stoicism to—family affection. More sustenance there than in the rather dubious words of Colonel B., whom Colonel L. brought in consultation this morning. (Shall I lose my foot yet?) Our most distinguished American surgeon looks the part, with a becoming greyness. Acts it, too. Dr. M., whose "*specialité*" seems to be always to be somewhere else when demanded, failed to turn up on time.

I have just had my first irrigation with Dakin solution, through two Carrel tubes in my left foot. Now I know how *that* feels, too. I little thought, when I accepted Dr. Flexner's invitation to hear Dr. Carrel lecture on this great contribution to modern surgery at the Rockefeller Institute, that those lurid Pathé pictures of wounds would soon have such a personal import. May my wounds heal with the miraculous rapidity which Carrel described!

At best it will be a slow business. Hospital till January at least. The doctor told me the first morning that I should eventually walk comfortably "on a level." My face must have fallen for he inquired, with a twinkling glance at my many bandages, whether I was an Alpinist. Couldn't I make ascensions by funicular? I have been haunted ever since by the fear that I may never climb Page Hill, Chocorua, or High Pasture, Dublin, again. I am just as much in need as ever of their wild, sweet junipery flavor and their spacious views. No more different because a hand grenade has hit me than Sid is different because he has dropped bombs on Germans.

October 30th:

I was wrong. Sid is changed. Not by dropping bombs, probably. By his brother's death, and the decimating battle of a month ago. Grey and stern he looked as he stalked in. Scarcely a flicker of his happy young smile. Moving heavily instead of with his usual light ease. ("Thrifty-like" our Irish Mary once called him, which means a fine upstanding lad, and nimble on his feet.)

He sat down in the corner of the room farthest from my bed, and regarded me broodingly, out of eyes black in their sockets. Not as if he were sorry for me. Not as if it were odd that I should be in bed with wounds and broken bones, and he intact. Rather, aggrieved. As if this were just one straw too much.

The rest of his reconstituted squadron has gone to Nice on leave. He doesn't like the new men. Couldn't stand that sort of thing anyhow, just now. But he counted on my being as usual, more than usual perhaps, a sympathetic ear, a safe family friend, a literary comrade—someone to see him through. And I am of no use. (He didn't say it, any more than the poilu at the hospital said it, but he looked the same reproach.) I can't even eat a meal with him. I elicited the fact that he is eating alone, at the Café de Paris. Why the Café de Paris? Not like you. No. That's it. Because he never ate there with P. or R. or the other eight friends who were blotted out at the end of September. He couldn't go to Voisin's because it was there that he found P. eating that historic gourmand's lunch—tended by six waiters holding the choicest wines of the *cave* in their arms. Nor could he go—well, anywhere. He is paying in one large lump for all the leaves (and especially the A. W. O. L's.) he has taken here in the last year.

Were they all killed, the men he lost? Probably some prisoners. The ghastly part is that he lost track of them for about fifteen minutes, when his plane was out of control. His observer—who was P. his closest friend—shot dead, fell on the rear controls, and he could only steer blindly into Germany, pursued by twelve Boches with forty-eight machine guns. When he came to, there was just one of his six planes behind him. The pilot, young P. was going across for the first time. Wonderful pluck, the way he stuck to Sid's tail. That was what got Sid back again. (Sid never admits his own bravery.) Now young P. has been lost too. He must go to see the family in Paris. It seems that he does nothing but look up the families—or write to them.

How many times have you been shot down? Five. Never a scratch. He showed me, hanging on his wrist, one of the bullets that embedded itself in the plank under his feet on September 25th. The plane was a total wreck.

He has received answers from my cables to his family. His Mother has been splendid. (Tough luck to lose B. Tough for the boy not to have got to France. To die in a camp of pneumonia. He can't talk of that). She says he is not to try to get released on her account. So he will go back to the front. Go back soon. Paris is a graveyard.

The doctor had allowed my visitor five minutes. But how shall I send him away if he gets any dim comfort here; sitting on in the corner, tilted on two legs of the stiff chair, his long, straight, powerful profile, ending in a jaw two sizes too big, outlined against the grey wall. Rain-in-the-Face. He might just as well have his aviator's helmet drawn over his head. For there is where he is: at the front. He is quite unaware of the effort I have to make to drag my voice out of the depths of my head. I remember to what a tune he cheered me up at that Ritz lunch—with a pang. Not for myself. He is sunk in trouble; completely immersed in that intense and violent world whence he has come.

It seems impossible to write his Mother a cheerful letter, as I have done after his other visits to Paris. How should I write of anything but war as I see it now? War choking itself out in spasmodic breaths through dark nights in hospital tents. Faces blackening into death. Fine straight young limbs turned rigid. And why should Sid get through, even now, though such a natural adventurer? The zest is gone, and that may be just enough to turn the scales of his luck. There is no reason why he shouldn't be killed on the last day, in the last hour.

Finally he gets up. Lights a Fatima abstractedly. Says he has a taxi eating its head off out there. Sticks on a jaunty cap. Shakes his broad shoulders in his smart, French-cut uniform. Gives a faint flicker of a smile. Avoids shaking hands. But stops at the door an instant and looks at me with a sudden hope. Perhaps I have a panacea? No, there she is, ill in bed. Wounded. For one second he seems to take that in as it affects me. Hastily extinguishes the Fatima. Then he flickers again. And is gone. Back to the front.

(To be Concluded.)

OUR TRAGIC COMICS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

THE most amiably disposed critic would scarcely call the comics of our daily papers masterpieces of art or humor. But he might deplore them as tragedies if he agrees with the philosopher that men and nations are known by what they laugh at.

That the American, even the American of intelligence and experience, laughs at the comics, must, I think, be taken for granted. Certainly he himself would be the last to deny it. More than one staid citizen has told me that his habit is to open his daily paper at the page recording the latest adventures of Petey and the Gump Family, or the latest progress in the Bringing-up of Father. The habit of the staid citizen when I was young, was to open his daily paper at the page containing the day's news, but this may have been less because he was a superior person than because the printing press was an inferior machine and could not turn out any sort of drawing fast enough for it to turn into a daily necessity. The American then had no objection to humor. As I remember, he rather enjoyed the odd joke that filled up the odd space, he delighted in Max Adeler and Artemus Ward, he could not do without the humorous leader so much in vogue. But with him it was not a question of choice and, apparently, he was still better pleased when modern improvements in the printing press and the editorial policy of giving the people what the people want, made the daily comics possible. Artemus Ward and Max Adeler could not compete today with Father and the Gump Family, and I would not be sure that they could have competed in their own day had there been a Father and a Gump Family for them to compete with.

Nobody would be so foolish as to find fault with the people if the editor is right in thinking that what they want

is to laugh. The Red Indian is said to get through life without so much as a smile. But most other men have wanted to laugh from the very beginning, so much so that when they could not invent something new to laugh at, they clung to the old jokes, shaping them into symbols of laughter—national types—national heroes—who would be always at their beck and call and upon whose every reappearance in song or in art, on the stage or in stories, they could shout with joy, as all right-minded people today shout when the circus clown tumbles into the ring. The mind has not only the faculty, as the philosopher maintains, but an imperative need to create symbols. That is why, almost as soon as there was a mind, Olympus was overpopulated with gods and goddesses, the woods filled to overflowing with dryads, the sea with mermaids, the vineyards with satyrs. But all the symbols in the world would not have satisfied the symbol-maker had not the cap and bells been lurking somewhere near. No doubt Neanderthal man-hunted and the Dordogne cave artist worked, each with a jester at his side. Archæologists and museums give us an idea of what this jester developed into when men grew civilized enough to leave records of their laughter behind them. His Christian successor still leers and grins at us from the capitals and choir stalls of old churches and the pages of early illustrated books, while out of courtesy to tradition, we still chuckle over his wit as he handed it down to the Fools of Shakespeare. It is but yesterday that, as Clown and Pantaloon, he was playing his venerable pranks for us, Harlequin waving the pathetic wand everybody had stopped believing in, Columbine twirling the short skirts the fashions had long out-stripped. Even today he lingers as Pierrot, thanks mostly to the poet and the painter, and as Pulcinello because the Italian Carnival cannot get on without the familiar white figure flitting through the crowd, and as Punch at whom Britons have laughed for such ages it would not be good form not to keep on laughing at him. But these old symbols are pale and faded now. They belonged to a land of leisure where charm no less than wit was exacted of its jesters. They are aliens in a busy practical world. The fool's bells could not be heard above the whir of machinery. Pierrot's dainty clothes would soon be soiled and stained in the smoke of modern industry.

With the newspaper and cheap printing came the chance for new types more in tune with the new conditions. Pierrot was elbowed out of his job by Joseph Prudhomme; Clown and Pantaloon were forced to resign in favor of Robert Macaire, and laughter lost its irresponsible gaiety in the process. Charm, which it is not the business of the newspaper to cultivate, gave way to satire and now when the people laughed there was bitterness in the laughter for they were laughing at themselves. Beauty was lost, but the satire, when shaped into symbols by artists like Daumier and Monnier, was of the kind that endures, that can be laughed at, even by generations who have outlived its venom. In the first part of the nineteenth century, the caricaturist, the comic draughtsman, made and unmade kings and politicians, lashed the days' follies with ridicule that hurt, exposed relentlessly the frailties and mistakes of weak, blundering humanity, and this he did with such distinction that his drawings will be treasured as long as anything is left of the paper on which they are printed. Prudhomme and Macaire had scores of rivals, scores of successors, so spacious was the new field opened for their fun. Sometimes these types became as national as Uncle Sam and John Bull, sometimes as local as the British Ally Sloper; they were continually cropping up in every land, changed and modified according to time and place and circumstance; the feeble dying off promptly and the strong surviving; always characteristic of the country and the people from whom they sprang; always belonging essentially to their day and reflecting its fads and follies; and, when given life by an artist, living on in his work, as Prudhomme lives in Monnier's, Macaire in Daumier's. Even Ally Sloper, disreputable, vulgar old bounder that he was, is remembered because of the art with which Baxter recorded his exploits and varied his vulgarity.

Once newspapers could print illustrations as readily as text, the field widened immeasurably and the new types increased and multiplied until it was almost impossible to keep pace with them. Then the American, with his genius for invention, evolved the daily comic and for one fool in cap-and-bells, for one Pierrot, for one Macaire, it would be pleasanter to forget the numbers that swarm in the evening paper and the Sunday supplement. But the trouble is, there is no forgetting. The editors are few who

refuse them a place. And, like the movies, the comics are syndicated through the country, and, though I have not yet travelled so far, I am pretty sure that when I do I shall have only to invest in a newspaper to feel as much at home in Portland, Oregon, as Portland, Maine, on the shores of the Great Lakes as among the Lagoons of Florida. In the sense of humor, if in nothing else, East today is West, North is South and in their love of the comics the States are United.

That Americans should want to laugh at something merely shows them to be human. It is the something they want to laugh at that shows what they are besides, and, fortunately for Americans curious to know themselves, the study of the comics is not an over-laborious task. I have found them of a simplicity that a child or a savage could master—so simple that differ as they may, and do, in detail, they can all be reduced to a few first principles as easy to grasp as that two and two make four.

To begin with, the basis upon which the whole scheme is built up is the continued tale. The creators of the comics realize the virtue that lies in the familiar. It requires no unusual gift of vision to see that, if we all keep on laughing at the circus clown, it is not because his tumble is irresistably funny, his "Here we are again!" a triumph of wit, but simply because he is the clown at whom we have always laughed, as our fathers and mothers laughed before us. Andy and Petey, Mutt and Jeff, and the rest of the tribe have been figuring on the same page of the same paper, day by day, for the last two years to my knowledge, and it may be longer, so that already we are as familiar with them as with the old clown who, after all, has the decency to leave discreet intervals between his tumblings. Day by day, moreover, their story is told not in one but in a series of drawings, in the manner that Caran D'Ache, if he did not invent it, carried to perfection in his "Making a Masterpiece," and that Frost used so dramatically in "Our Cat Eats Rat Poison." Caran D'Ache and Frost, however, were artists with a respect for reticence. There is no reticence in the exploitation of these new types, and their story is expanded not in one series, but through daily chapter after daily chapter, in an interminable sequence. That the dullest mind is not proof against the eloquence of repetition, the world did not wait for the modern advertiser

to discover. Mediaeval sinners might have lost their stimulating fear of the devil had not his cloven foot and forked tail threatened them from the sculptures over almost every church door and the paintings on almost every church wall. We would have been on less intimate terms with the characters in Balzac's *Comédie Humaine* and the members of Zola's Rougon-Macquart family had they strayed through fewer volumes. Hamerton used to tell us that only by daily reading of fine verse, or daily listening to fine music, or daily looking at fine pictures, could our love of the beautiful be preserved. The secret of the popularity of Andy and Petey is that, in our daily papers, they are always with us. We have grown accustomed to them. They are as much a part of our daily life as the milkman and the baker, it is as fixed a habit to laugh at them in the evening as to gather in our quart and our loaf in the morning, and we would as soon put up with the unlooked for in the bread or the milk as in their humor.

The very essence of this humor is its reassuring freedom from any artistic or intellectual nonsense. It must give nobody the bother of thinking, it must not soar above the reach of the most sluggish imagination. Indeed, when I watch the American, as he spits on his fingers, turns over the pages of the paper until he comes to his favorite, and studies the comics with unmoved solemnity, I sometimes think the chief essential is that their humor should not trouble him even to relax the muscles of his face into the laugh you can see or hear. Their ideal of fun is grotesque exaggeration of some physical characteristic, preferably to the point of deformity. The heroes of the comics may be tall or short, lean or fat, young or old; their noses may be tip-tilted or drooping; their hair abundant or scant; their mouths a circle or a line; but whatever their chief characteristic of face, form or features, it must be emphasized until it leaps to the eye of the least observant. The living skeleton, the dwarf, the fat lady still have us in thrall; the comic nose, the bald head still work the charm we never fail to succumb to. And humor can go no further than when two of these extremes are rivals in the same series, especially if they are little monstrosities of children playing practical jokes on grown-ups as monstrous in the Sunday supplement's riot of raw, abominable aniline inks called color.

This physical exaggeration or deformity is nothing new

in comic types or caricature. The Maccus of the Romans was not exactly an Apollo. The comic masks of the Japanese are often distorted to a degree that repels the European. The grotesque was an important element of fun in the Middle Ages. Anyone quite like Macaire's faithful Bertrand was never met with out of Daumier's drawings. And probably no joke has been more persistently repeated in every age and every land than the big head on the little body. But this does not mean that exaggeration is a merit in itself. In the old days it took the artist or the wit to carry it off, and still does in some happier parts of the world. But with the American editor who knows what the American people want, it is an article of faith that they do not want to be pestered with either art or wit in their comics and he gives them neither if he can help it. Good drawing creeps in now and then despite him for, strive as he may, the draughtsman will rise occasionally above the editorial level. Some series are the more annoying because of the cleverness of the drawings, others because they were amusing in the first freshness of the artist's fun. But, as a rule, good drawing in the comics is a mere accident. Judged by results, the draughtsman is preferred who cannot draw. Often his vulgarity is worse than his incompetence, often he is feeble to futility, with his performances in color he sinks to the lowest depths. One asks in dismay what is the use of art schools all over the country, of art lectures and art clubs, of docents in the museums, and critics in the press, of endless chatter about art and bringing it to the people, if the people's eyes are to be debauched and diseased weekly, if not daily, by these raw, crude, discordant washes and messes of the cheapest colored ink.

Nor is humor in the subject apt to redeem its absence in the drawing. The comics cling to the hen-pecked husband, the wrangling wife, the meddling mother-in-law as high-water marks of our inextinguishable laughter. To pull a chair from under the unsuspecting, to tickle the sleeper, to knock off somebody's hat, to stagger with drink have not ceased to be matters of infinite jest. On other pages of the paper, woman may figure as a St. Theresa, a Joan of Arc, a Florence Nightingale, whose mission is to save and "uplift" the world; in the pages of the comics she is not yet emancipated from slavery to a spring hat or a bit of fluff, she has not yet given up her old trick of

wheedling money for it out of her husband's or her father's pocket. On other pages man may be engrossed with more serious problems than he has ever before had to face; on the page of the comics his business is to cheat and be caught at it, to drink and be the worse for it, to fight and be knocked over in it, when he is not at his old trick of keeping his wife's or his daughter's hand out of his pocket. These jests were never of a high order, they were long since squeezed dry, they are the more unendurable today because of the boast we make of our higher standards.

Wit is as far to seek in the new treatment of the old motives, in the modern expression of the traditional emotion. The white face of Pierrot was full of subtlety. Daumier watched the men and women about him until he knew humanity by heart, in its every phase and possibility. Each one of Keene's "cabbies" and "drunks" had a character of his own. But the modern comic draughtsman reduces all human emotion and its expression to a formula that could not disconcert a kindergarten. A black hole for the mouth and a tumble backward with feet in air serve him indiscriminately for fear or astonishment, delight or disappointment, fun or fury. A kick or a blow meets every situation as magically as the wave of Harlequin's wand, or the twirl of Columbine's skirts. He has but to add a hint of surroundings and accessories, of the passing of seasons and fashions, and his task is done. As seldom does wit in the legend atone for primitiveness in the drawing. It used to be said that the drawings in *Punch,* with the exception of Keene's were funny only in the legend. But the comics do not stoop to so small a concession. The legend may simply re-echo the day's slang, beginning with an "O Boy!" and ending with an "Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?" it may yield no rarer gems than such impossible and detestable English as "Doncha know" and "I gotta go," and it is hailed by rapture as empty and inane as itself. There are times when a good strong Rabelaisian roar over a downright Rabelaisian joke would seem as healthy a relief as a cool wind let into an unaired room. But we shrink from Rabelaisianism, while a vein of worse, indecent suggestiveness is permeating the whole country.

Altogether, the more seriously the comics are considered, the less deserving of serious thought they are found to be in themselves. It is the hold they have taken on the

public that gives them importance. They have become as characteristic a part of American life as the movies and the sodawater fountain. The names of their heroes are household words, the adventures they record are as eagerly looked for as the news of the world, the feeble jokes they get off are in everybody's mouth, their authors scarcely lag behind Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford in the race for millions. Unquestionably, if the comics may not have been originally what the people wanted, they have become what the people want today, and, appetite having a disconcerting way of growing by what it feeds on, the more the people get of them, the less able will the people be to do without them. To the public whom he amused, the mediaeval fool appealed not only by his humor but by the beauty with which he played his part in the carver's decoration and the poet's verse. To the later generations who rejoiced in Macaire, romantic vagabond, splendid in his swagger, or in Joseph Prudhomme, smug in his bourgeois virtues, half the pleasure was in the wit that made them think. It was left to the comics to do without beauty or wit. Neither has a place in their daily page. People laugh at the new symbols of humor precisely as they laugh at the man who slips on the ice or at the crude false face of the toy shop—that is, without thought. If they paused to think they probably would not laugh at the slip knowing it was painful, or at the false face knowing it to be silly. But the laugh comes before there is time to think because it is in response to a primitive instinct we have not outgrown;—the comics, however, see to it that thought cannot interfere with the laughter they excite, for they provide nothing to think about. They have foresworn satire as well as wit and beauty. They could hurt nobody, so feeble are their most daring sallies. They could have no more influence on the affairs of the day than the antics of the monkies at the zoo. Kings might flourish or fall, Republics might rise or crumble, Bolshevism might have us by the throat, and the comics could not be held to blame or to praise by their most ardent admirer or severest critic. If they reflect anything of the moment it must be a want of thought that should alarm us. If they are characteristic of the country, as a country's humor has hitherto been supposed to be, then it is time for us to put on sackcloth and sprinkle our heads with ashes, for a country known by the

laugh that greets the comics must be on the verge of senility or a relapse into barbarism.

The result then of any study of the comics is to bring us face to face with the unpleasant fact that in our sense of humor we have gone back to its lowest, most primitive form. To this extremity has his "conquering laugh" reduced the "laughing animal." If in Matthew Arnold's opinion the American funny man of his generation was a national calamity, I shudder to think what the comics would have seemed had he lived to see them—what his word for them would have been when even a travelling Parsee can revile them as an atrocity. It may, it probably will be said that I am thrusting upon the comics an importance that does not belong to them, that they are for the people, and that the people would not understand a higher form of humor,—the "people" when dragged in after this fashion, always meaning the multitude. But this is the sort of argument that invariably meets the bold man—or the bold woman—who ventures to detect deterioration or menace in any feature of our national life. It implies a lack of loyalty, a falling away from democratic grace, to criticize the silly sentiment and wholesale ineptitude in our theater, which is patronized by the people and must therefore be adapted to their intelligence; or to object to the banality and vulgarity of our movies, since the movies cater for the people; or to recall with regret the illustrated magazines of twenty years or so ago because now—nobody yet has helped me to understand why—good illustration would fail to please the people; or, in a word, to be so ill-advised as not to swallow whole every standard set up by or for the people since they, in a democracy like ours, rule. Besides, theaters, movies, magazines, papers would not pay if they were not run for the people—though that the world might be better off if they did not pay is at least open to discussion, while the fact that the people have never been consulted is ignored. Anyway, it is treason to detect a flaw in God's country, especially as with education the change will come. When the schools, colleges and universities scattered from end to end of our vast Republic have done their work, the millennium will be with us and the comics will be transformed into things of beauty, joys forever.

But this is no argument, no explanation at all. What is apt to be forgotten today is that the standard of the peo-

ple in these matters has always been higher when they were not educated, when their taste was formed by tradition, when nobody bothered about what they wanted and they shared in the beauty with which most men were satisfied until, upon the coming of the cheap and nasty, most men revealed their real preference. Moreover, education is a boon that has never hitherto been denied to the American. On the contrary, he has been educated for the last hundred and fifty years and more. He is what education has made him; his theaters, movies, magazines and papers are the outcome of his educated taste. It is despite all that education has not done for him, that the optimist continues to look upon it as the one universal panacea, though the man who is not afflicted with optimism long since lost faith and wonders, with Henry Adams, that education does not ruin everybody concerned in it, teachers as well as taught. I can understand Frederick Harrison's confession that he is " against all education."

The truth we shrink from admitting is that only the few have ever cared for the things that education gives us. In the days when education was for the few, the few set the standard, which the many, in their indifference, accepted without a murmur. But today it is not democratic form to defer to the few in any question, even of taste, nor does democratic mean quite what it used to. The old-fashioned idea of democracy was that each man should be free to take advantage of his opportunities, whether he made more out of them than anybody else or not. The new-fashioned idea of democracy is that no man shall be free to get more out of his opportunities than anybody else, whether or no the strong are sacrificed in this struggle for equality. We are to be standardized, cast in the same mould, we are to have our feet neatly turned in the one path in which we all must go—no possibility left for what Wells calls " the adventure of mankind." The lowest intellect must be respected, for the rich in mind have no more right to a larger share of the world's treasures than the rich in pocket. Under any circumstances, nothing is rarer than the man who thinks, as Anatole France's revolting angels learned to their surprise. The man who thinks today must keep it to himself out of deference to the many who do not. Thought, like labor, must seek the lowest level that injustice may be done to none. Better do without all adven-

ture for mankind than let the intelligence and imagination it calls for become the monopoly of any one favored class or individual.

With the logic of this policy the comics are in strict accord. At a time when the efficient workman should turn out no more work than the inefficient, when the man who drinks wisely must not drink at all because the weakling drinks foolishly, it is only reasonable that nobody should laugh unless the feeblest minded can laugh with him. Inequality in our sense of humor would be a danger to democracy. The marvel is that there should be any man or woman of intelligence who does not see in this forcing down to the lowest level a demoralizing influence, a threat to the virility and independence of the race willing to accept it. It is because the comics play a leading part in the general demoralization and, as a reflection of our sense of humor, are a part of it, that they give a greater cause for tears than laughter. They make not for comedy, but for tragedy, the legitimate, inevitable expression as they are, of one of the most enfeebling fallacies of the day.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

LONGFELLOW THE TEACHER

ESTHER CLOUDMAN DUNN

THE discovery of two slim little volumes in dove-coloured cambric, written in 1830 for students of French in Bowdoin College, by an author who inscribed himself upon the modest title-page merely as "an instructor," set me wondering about the academic life and interests of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The fascinating collection to which these little books belong, with its record of the byways of his life, his scholarly pursuits and his views on the development of his native literature, mark an interesting phase in the history of American letters.

With the hue and cry of modern methods in teaching all about us, we are likely to forget that other times than ours have been concerned with the grave problem of the direct method and similar issues. Longfellow himself was somewhat of a pioneer in the use of a truly modern method for teaching French to young American boys. As a young man of twenty-two years, after an A. B. from Bowdoin College and three years of residence in Europe in preparation for the post, he became Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin in the autumn of 1829. Before the Christmas holidays of the first term, he had in proof the text of a French grammar, translated from a French work in the same subject, and was planning a collection of French prose for use in his classroom. This in itself was interesting and was properly commended by Professor Ticknor of Harvard who praises "the spirit that prompted you to such extra labour in order to promote the success of your department." But on investigating the text one finds something more remarkable than the praiseworthy zeal of a young professor in his first appointment. Longfellow writes to his father from Bowdoin on December 20, 1829: "The more I see of the life of an instructor, the more I

wonder at the course generally pursued by teachers. They seem to forget that the young mind is to be *interested* in order to be *instructed*. Look at the text-books in use. What are they? Extracts from the best and most polished writers of the nation; food for mature minds, but a fruit that hangs beyond the reach of children." Here is a sentiment that would rejoice the soul of the modern theorist in education, involving as it does the so-called "doctrine of interest." This letter, written while his French texts were in press, enunciates the general principle upon which they are constructed.

The first of these books, *Elements of French Grammar,* by L'Homond, "translated from the French with notes and such illustrations as were thought necessary for the American pupil," reveals something of Professor Longfellow's theory of the teaching of French, through his selection of quotations from the original preface. He quotes as follows, translating: "The first elements of a language cannot be too much simplified. When we speak to the young there is a quantity of knowledge to which we should limit ourselves, because they are not capable of receiving more—it is not by abstract definitions that things are to be explained to them, but by such obvious marks as shall render them easily distinguished." L'Homond requires in the teacher a knowledge of child psychology: "I am aware," he says, "that in order to execute such a plan it is necessary to know what children are." In taking leave of his book, he presents his general theory with a Gallic grace which Longfellow, unconsciously perhaps, seeks to retain in his translation: "May its execution (the writing of the grammar) answer the only end I have in view, that of being useful and of sparing to that *amiable age* part of those tears which its first studies cause to flow." Avaunt, advocates of the sterner discipline of other days and enter the modern educator with his theory of *interest* versus *drudgery*.

In thus standing sponsor for L'Homond and his theories, the young Professor Longfellow implies his own preference. But in the second text-book, *Manuel de Proverbes Dramatiques,* a companion volume to the grammar, he avows in a French preface his own pedagogical creed. After explaining that his book reproduces a collection of French proverbs, published in Paris between 1768 and 1782, author unknown, Longfellow presents his doctrine. He begins by saying: "*La*

langue francaise est par excellence la langue de la conversation." Then after emphasizing the responsibility which rests upon the instructor, he proceeds to enunciate the doctrine of interest. *" Il faut que l'instruction soit 'un sage, caché sous un joyeux maintien.' Il faut que le coeur* (notice the word with its emotional connotation) *soit intéressé, afin que l'esprit puisse être* instruit." Even his choice of words here is in modern tradition. To affect the mind by way of the heart's interest, is a present-day pedagogic theory. His next pair of words emphasizes the same idea *"le but proposé serait plutôt atteint, si l'on s'était avisé* d'amuser, *aussi bien que* d'instruire."

After this explanation of general theory, Longfellow makes his application of it to this particular book. If French is the language of conversation, opportunities for speaking it must be offered to the student. In the event of such occasions being lacking, *" Il faut lui donner des exercises, qui puissent y suppléer autant que possible."* The best means of supplying artificially such an opportunity is by way of dramatic dialogue, *"pour graver fortement dans l'esprit d'un élève les phrases idiomatiques d'une lanque, et pour lui faire prendre cette inflection de voix, par laquelle on reconnaît un natif, dès qu'il parle."* In other words, in his practice here we have a forerunner of the modern French conversation book and the *French Daily Life,* the kind of book, which in these recent days has been so grimly limited to the phrases which an American soldier will need in France.

Longfellow realized that as far as the increase of the reputation was concerned, the compilation of these texts was a more or less thankless task. He says somewhat naively: *"Ce n'est pas dans un tel chemin* (as that of writing a grammar) *que l'on cherche à cueillir des lauriers, et á acquerir la renommé de savant."* Yet the fact that he did this thing and that he put into it the new wine of young experiment shows that the instinct of the teacher, in which he was to have a brilliant career, was only second to the instinct of the poet. And who shall say, with as diverse critics as Max Eastman and Mr. Robert Bridges to witness, that the function of the teacher and the poet are not different manifestations of the same creative impulse?

In fact there were several years in Longfellow's life when the interest in poetry gave way before the interest in teaching. In his inaugural address at Bowdoin College in

the autumn of 1830, with a seriousness which is very "young" and at the same time very engaging, he presents his conception of the function of the teacher. "I cannot help believing," he says, "that he who bends in the right direction the pliant disposition of the young, and trains up the ductile mind to a vigorous and healthy growth, does something for the welfare of his country and something for the great interests of humanity." A part of this enthusiasm may be set down to the ardour of a young man in his first post; yet the same interest in academic matters stayed with him in more mature and balanced years. He performed faithfully and with success the task of writing on subjects of a specialized and academic character—which is still the duty of a conscientious professor. He did a deal of reviewing for the scholarly periodicals, planned various elaborate works such as a *Literary History of the Middle Ages,* notes for which were published in the *New York Eclectic Review* for 1841. He undertook a series of articles for the *North American Review* on the origin and development of various modern languages. Another one of his self-imposed tasks was the translation and publication in American periodicals of various pieces of literary criticism which on account of being written in a foreign language were more or less inaccessible to the American public. His work on Dante, of course, is well known. Throughout all of this, there is a certain amount of originality which made him more influential in the trend and tradition of American letters than is ordinarily supposed. The importance of Anglo-Saxon in the study of English literature, which is so much insisted upon nowadays, was emphasized by Longfellow. In a very detailed and erudite article on Anglo-Saxon literature, written in 1838, he says: "I cannot close this sketch of Anglo-Saxon literature without expressing the hope that what I have written may 'stir up riper wits than mine to the perfection of this rough-hewn work.' The history of this subject still remains to be written. How strange it is that so interesting a subject should wait so long for its historian." In dwelling upon the importance of Anglo-Saxon, Longfellow shows his insight into the problems of literary history and criticism.

In the *North American Review* for January, 1832, he reviewed a new edition of Sidney's *Defense of Poesy.* In this article, his estimate of the state of American culture

and letters shows that the function of teacher is developing into the more inclusive function of the man of letters. With the same fear that makes many conservative people to-day watch with apprehension the abnormal growth of "vocational" education, Longfellow inveighs against the "utilitarian" spirit of the American public. He says:

> With us the spirit of the age is clamorous for utility,—for bare brawny, muscular utility,—for visible, tangible utility. . . . Yet the true glory of a nation consists not in the extent of its territory, the pomp of its forests, the majesty of its rivers, the height of its mountains, but in the extent of its mental power, the majesty of its intellect, the height and depth and purity of its moral nature.

No one can face the world-events of to-day and doubt that he has put his emphasis upon the things which do truly constitute the glory of nations.

Going further in his observations upon American education, he finds that "the main current of education runs in a wide and not well-defined channel of immediate and practical utility. The main point is, how to make the greatest progress in worldly prosperity—how to advance most rapidly in the career of gain." Against this crass utility in education, Longfellow protests. "We are much led astray by this word *utility,*" he writes. (I almost transcribed his word "utility" by "efficiency"; for the same old enemy masquerading under another quasi-virtuous name, is still besetting us.) He continues:

> We are apt to think that nothing is useful, but what is done with a noise, at noon-day, and at the corners of the streets; as if action and utility were synonymous, and it were not as useless to act without thinking as it is to think without acting.

In defining the American Philistine who cries without ceasing "Utility" and complains that "Poetry and the Fine Arts . . . will not till our fields, nor freight our ships nor fill our granaries and our coffers," Longfellow draws an interesting parallel. He recalls that among the Gothic tribes, the corruption and degeneracy of the Western Empire were believed to be the result of a love of letters and the fine arts; and he adds that these people would not allow their children to be instructed in the learning of the ancient Mediterranean lands for fear of the same undesirable result. It was this very fear of the effect of liberal studies upon practical success that Longfellow noticed and

deplored in the America of 1830. If he had been writing to-day, he would not have failed to point out that the same Philistine point of view prompted the educational dictum that went out from Berlin a few years ago discouraging the study of ancient cultural subjects, such as Latin, in the public schools. Undoubtedly Longfellow knew his Philistines and he portrays them in all their well-known markings:

> They think that the learning of books is not wisdom; that study unfits a man for action; that poetry and nonsense are convertible terms; that literature begets an effeminate and craven spirit; in a word, that the dust and cobwebs of a library are a kind of armor which will not long stand against the hard knocks of the bone and muscle of the state.

The fact that our country literally drafted boys into college in 1918 as one of the best means by which to develop the "bone and muscle of the state," should be a final answer to that proverbial Philistine.

It is characteristic and satisfying to find that the young professor and champion of culture offers, as a weapon for combating Philistinism in America, the development and influence of American poetry. It shows the unified aim of Longfellow's activities whether as professor or as poet. From the intimate connection of poetry with the manners, customs and characteristics of nations "one of its highest uses is drawn." Therefore, he argues, "it seems every way important that now, while we are forming our literature, we should make it as original, characteristic, and national as possible." American poets "have only to write more naturally, to write from their own feelings and impressions, from the influence of what they see around them, and not from any preconceived notions of what poetry ought to be, caught by reading many books, and imitating many models." In this plea to the poets to write from their own feelings and from the influence of what they see around them, Longfellow is only prescribing for America what Wordsworth prescribed for England in that revolutionary little preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* where he insists that "all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings"; and in application of his doctrine, presents a volume of poems dealing with "incidents and situations from common life," and purporting to "relate or describe them throughout, as far as possible, in

a selection of language really used by men." It is interesting that Longfellow should be criticizing the same affectations and lack of real feeling in American poetry that Wordsworth had marked and inveighed against in English poetry a generation before. And when Victor Hugo in *La Preface de Cromwell,* which appeared only four years before Longfellow's review, maintains that *" le poete,—ne doit donc prendre conseil, que de la nature* [*et*] *de la vérité,"* and adds *" il n'y a d'autres règles que les lois générales de la nature,"* one realizes that Longfellow's ideas for American poetry are well in accord with the most progressive European theory.

Though we are not accustomed to regard Longfellow as the sponsor of a new fashion in American poetry, yet if one will read most of his contemporaries who were much published and lauded at the time but whom a discriminating posterity has kindly obscured, one will see that he was indeed an innovator. Like Wordsworth and Hugo, he put into practice his theories about the proper material and form for poetry. Such poems as *The Village Blacksmith* and the *Building of the Ship* show by comparison with much of the unreal verse of his contemporaries that Longfellow has gone to his "own feelings and impressions" and has sought "the influence of what he saw around him." It is perhaps his faithful adherence in his poetry to this principle of sincerity of observation and feeling, which has allowed him to hold his position and to steadily gain in favor as the "American Poet" in our national literature.

Longfellow, the teacher, the critic, the poet, made a contribution to the sum of American letters which was at once sympathetic to our native genius and in advance of it

ESTHER CLOUDMAN DUNN.

COVENTRY PATMORE

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

THE most austere poet of our time, Coventry Patmore, conceived of art as a sort of abstract ecstasy, whose source, limit, and end are that supreme wisdom which is the innermost essence of love. Thus the whole of his work, those "bitter, sweet, few and veiled" songs, which are the fruit of two out of his seventy years, is love-poetry; and it is love-poetry of a quite unique kind. In the earlier of his two books, *The Angel in the House,* we see him, in the midst of a scientific generation (in which it was supposed that by adding prose to poetry you doubled the value of poetry) unable to escape the influence of his time, desperately set on doing the wrong thing by design, yet unable to keep himself from often doing the right thing by accident. In his later book, *The Unknown Eros,* he has achieved the proper recognition of himself, the full consciousness of the means to his own end; and it is by *The Unknown Eros* that he will live, if it is enough claim to immortality to have written the most devout, subtle, and sublimated love-poetry of our century.

Patmore tells us in *The Angel in the House* that it was his intention to write

> That hymn for which the whole world longs,
> A worthy hymn in woman's praise.

But at that time his only conception of woman was the conception of woman as the lady. Now poetry has nothing whatever to do with woman as the lady; it is in the novel, the comedy of manners, that we expect the society of ladies. Prose, in the novel and the drama, is at liberty to concern itself with those secondary emotions which come into play in our familiar intercourse with one another; with those conventions which are the "evening dress" by

which our varying temperaments seek the disguise of an outward uniformity; with those details of life which are also, in a sense, details of costume, and thus of value to the teller of a tale, the actor on a stage. But the poet who endeavours to bring all this machinery of prose into the narrow and self-sufficing limits of verse is as fatally doomed to failure as the painter who works after photographs, instead of from the living model. At the time when *The Angel* was written, the heresy of the novel in verse was in the air. Were there not, before and after it, the magnificent failure of *Aurora Leigh,* the ineffectual, always interesting, endeavours of Clough, and certain more careful, more sensitive, never quite satisfactory, experiments of Tennyson? Patmore went his own way, to a more ingenious failure than any. *The Angel in the House* is written with exquisite neatness, occasional splendour; it is the very flower of the poetry of convention; and is always lifting the trivialities and the ingenuities to which, for the most part, it restricts itself, miraculously near to that height which, now and again, in such lines as "The Revelation," it fully attains. But it is not here, it is in *The Unknown Eros* alone, that Patmore has given immortality to what is immortal in perishable things.

How could it be otherwise, when the whole force of the experiment lies in the endeavour to say essentially unpoetical things in a poetical manner?

> Give me the power of saying things
> Too simple and too sweet for words,

was his wise, reasonable, and afterwards answered prayer. Was it after the offering of such a prayer that he wrote of

> Briggs,
> Factotum, Footman, Butler, Groom?

But it is not merely of such "vulgar errors" as this that we have to complain, it is of the very success, the indisputable achievement, of all but the most admirable parts of the poem. The subtlety, the fineness of analysis, the simplified complexity, of such things as "The Changed Allegiance," can scarcely be overpraised as studies in "the dreadful heart of woman," from the point of view of a shrewd, kindly, somewhat condescending, absolutely clear-eyed observer, so dispassionate that he has not even the privilege of an illusion, so impartial that you do not even

do his fervour the compliment of believing it possible that his perfect Honoria had, after all, defects. But in all this, admirable as it is, there is nothing which could not have been as well said in prose. It is the point of view of the egoist, of the "marrying man," to whom

> Each beauty blossomed in the sight
> Of tender personal regard.

Woman is observed always in reference to the man who fancies she may prove worthy to be his "predestined mate," and it seems to him his highest boast that he is

> proud
> To take his passion into church.

At its best, this is the poetry of "being in love," not of love; of affection, not passion. Passion is a thing of flame, rarely burning pure, or without danger to him that holds that wind-blown torch in his hand; while affection, such as this legalized affection of *The Angel in the House,* is a gentle and comfortable warmth, as of a hearth-side. It is that excellent, not quite essential, kind of love which need endure neither pain nor revolt; for it has conquered the world on the world's terms.

Woman, as she is seen in *The Angel in the House,* is a delightful, adorable, estimable, prettily capricious child; demonstrably finite, capturable, a butterfly not yet Psyche. It is the severest judgment on her poet that she is never a mystery to him. For all art is founded on mystery, and to the poet, as to the child, the whole world is mysterious. There are experts who tell me that this world, and life, and the flowing of times past into times to come, are but a simple matter after all: the jarring of this atom against that, a growth by explicable degrees from a germ perhaps not altogether inexplicable. And there are the experts in woman, who will explain to me the bright disarray of her caprices, the strangeness of her moods, the unreason of her sway over man; assuring me that she is mysterious only because she is not seen through, and that she can never be seen through because into the depths of emptiness one can see but a little distance. Not of such is the true lover, the true poet. To him woman is as mysterious as the night of stars, and all he learns of her is but to deepen the mystery which surrounds her as with clouds. To him she is Fate, an unconscious part of what is eternal in things;

and, being the liveliest image of beauty, she is to be reverenced for her beauty, as the saints are reverenced for their virtue. What is it to me if you tell me that she is but the creature of a day, prized for her briefness, as we prize flowers; loved for her egoism, as we love infants; marvelled at for the exquisite and audacious completeness of her ignorance? Or what is it to me if you tell me that she is all that a lady should be, infinitely perfect in pettiness; and that her choice will reward the calculations of a gentleman? If she is not a flame, devouring and illuminating, and if your passion for her is not as another consuming and refining flame, each rushing into either that both may be comingled in a brighter ecstasy, you have not seen woman as it is the joy of the poet and the lover to see her; and your fine distinctions, your disentangling of sensations, your subtleties of interpretation, will be at the best but of the subject of prose, revealing to me what is transitory in the eternal rather than what is eternal in the transitory.

The art of Coventry Patmore, in *The Angel in the House,* is an art founded on this scientific conception of woman. But the poet, who began by thinking of woman as being at her best a perfect lady, ended by seeing her seated a little higher than the angels, at the right hand of the Madonna, of whom indeed she is a scarcely lower symbol. She who was a bright and cherished toy in *The Angel in the House* becomes in *The Unknown Eros* pure spirit, the passionate sister of the pure idea. She is the mystical rose of beauty, the female half of that harmony of opposites which is God. She has other names, and is the Soul, the Church, the Madonna. To be her servant is to be the servant of all right, the enemy of all wrong; and therefore poems of fierce patriotism, and disdainful condemnation of the foolish and vulgar who are the adversaries of God's ordinances and man's, find their appropriate place among poems of tender human pathos, of ecstatic human and divine love. And she is now, at last, apprehended under her most essential aspect, as the supreme mystery and her worship becomes an almost secret ritual, of which none but the adepts can fathom the full significance.

Vision, in *The Unknown Eros,* is too swift, immediate and far-seeing to be clouded by the delicate veils of dreams.

> Give me the steady heat
> Of thought wise, splendid, sweet,
> Urged by the great, rejoicing wind that rings
> With draught of unseen wings,
> Making each phrase, for love and for delight,
> Twinkle like Sirius on a frosty night:

that is his prayer, and it was not needful for him to

> remain
> Content to ask unlikely gifts in vain.

Out of this love-poetry all but the very essence of passion has been consumed; and love is seen to be the supreme wisdom, even more than the supreme delight. Apprehended on every side, and with the same controlling ardor, those "frightful nuptials" of the Dove and Snake, which are one of his allegories, lead upward, on the wings of an almost aerial symbolism, to those all but inaccessible heights where mortal love dies into that intense, self-abnegating, intellectual passion, which we name the love of God.

At this height, at its very highest, his art becomes abstract ecstasy. It was one of his contentions, in that beautiful book of prose, *Religio Poetae,* in which thought is sustained throughout at almost the lyrical pitch, that the highest art is not emotional, and that "the music of Handel, the poetry of Æschylus, and the architecture of the Parthenon are appeals to a sublime good sense which takes scarcely any account of "the emotions." Not the highest art only, but all art, if it is so much as to come into existence, must be emotional; for it is only emotion which puts life into the death-like slumber of words, of stones, of the figures on a clef. But emotion may take any shape, may inform the least likely of substances. Is not all music a kind of divine mathematics, and is not mathematics itself a rapture to the true adept? To Patmore abstract things were an emotion, became indeed the highest emotion of which he was capable; and that joy, which he notes as the mark of fine art, that peace, which to him was the sign of great art, themselves, the most final of the emotions, interpenetrated for him the whole substance of thought, aspiration, even argument. Never were arguments at once so metaphysical and so mystical, so precise, analytic and passionate as those "high arguments" which fill these pages with so thrilling a life.

The particular subtlety of Patmore's mysticism finds

perhaps its counterpart in the writings of certain of the Catholic mystics: it has at once the clear-eyed dialectic of the Schoolmen and the august heat of St. Theresa. Here is passion which analyzes itself, and yet with so passionate a complexity that it remains passion. Read, for instance, that eulogy of "Pain," which is at once a lyric rapture, and betrays an almost unholy depth of acquaintance with the hidden, tortuous, and delightful way of sensation. Read that song of songs, *"Deliciae Sapientiae de Amore,"* which seems to speak, with the tongue of angels, all the secrets of all those "to whom generous Love, by any name, is dear." Read that other, interrupted song,

Building new bulwarks 'gainst the infinite,

"Legem tuam dilexi." Read those perhaps less quintessential dialogues in which a personified Psyche seeks wisdom of Eros and the Pythoness. And then, if you would realize how subtle an argument in verse may be, how elegantly and happily expressed, and yet not approach, at its highest climb, the point from which these other arguments in verse take flight, turn to *The Angel in the House* and read "The Changed Allegiance." The difference is the difference between wisdom and worldly wisdom: wisdom being the purified and most ardent emotion of the intellect, and thus of the very essence of poetry; while worldly wisdom is but the dispassionate ingenuity of the intelligence, and thus of not so much as the highest substance of prose.

The word "glittering," which Patmore so frequently uses, and always with words which soften its sharpness, may be applied, not unsuitably, to much of his writing in this book: a "glittering peace" does indeed seem to illuminate it. The writing throughout is classical, in a sense in which perhaps no other writing of our time is classical. When he says of the Virgin:

> Therefore, holding a little thy soft breath,
> Thou underwent'st the ceremony of death;

or, of the eternal paradox of love:

> 'Tis but in such captivity
> The unbounded Heavens know what they be;

when he cries:

> O Love, that, like a rose,
> Deckest my breast with beautiful repose;

or speaks of "this fond indignity, delight"; he is, though with an entirely personal accent, writing in the purest classical tradition. He was accustomed always, in his counsels to young writers, to reiterate that saying of Aristotle, that in the language of poetry there should be "a continual slight novelty"; and I remember that he would point to his own work, with that legitimate pride in himself which was one of the fierce satisfactions of his somewhat lonely and unacknowledged old age. There is in every line of *The Unknown Eros* that continual slight novelty which makes classical poetry, certainly, classical. Learned in every metre, Patmore never wrote but in one, the iambic: and there was a similar restraint, a similar refusal of what was good, but not (as he conceived) the highest good, all strangeness of beauty, all trouble, curiosity, the splendor of excess, in the words and substance of his writing. I find no exception even in that fiercely aristocratic political verse, which is the very rapture of indignation and wrath against such things as seemed to him worthy to be hated of God.

Like Landor, with whom he had other points of resemblance, Coventry Patmore was a good hater. May one not say, like all great lovers? He hated the mob, because he saw in it the "amorous and vehement drift of man's herd to hell." He hated Protestantism, because he saw in it a weakening of the bonds of spiritual order. He hated the Protestantism of modern art, its revolt against the tradition of the "true Church," the many heresies of its many wanderings after a strange, perhaps forbidden, beauty. Art was to him religion, as religion was to him the supreme art. He was a mystic who found in Catholicism the sufficing symbols of those beliefs which were the deepest emotions of his spirit. It was a necessity to him to be dogmatic, and he gave to even his petulances the irresistible sanction of the Church.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

AN OPERATIC BLUE BIRD

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

FOR the edification of future generations who may come upon these yellowing pages, we preserve herewith a memento of some remarkable happenings of a certain holiday season in New York, quoted from the veracious *World* of the third day following the one thousand nine hundred and nineteenth Christmas after the birth of Our Lord:

> New York will be painted blue during the first week of January to symbolize happiness in honor of the American visit of Maurice Maeterlinck, author of "The Blue Bird."
>
> Blue Bird Week will begin officially Jan. 5. The city has given permission to stretch across Fifth Avenue a banner with a large bluebird and an inscription, "Welcome to Maeterlinck." The Retail Dry Goods Association has urged merchants to decorate their show windows with blue draperies, lights and merchandise. Blue Bird booklets, candy and cigarettes will be sold.

And it was recorded that the great ladies of our local aristocracy, who have so conspicuously modeled their lives after the precepts to be learned from *Le Trésors des Humbles,* were heard murmuring to themselves, on their way to their opera-boxes, this guiding aphorism from the Master's essay on *Silence:* "From the moment that we have something to say to each other, we are compelled to hold our peace. . . . It is idle to think that, by means of words, any real communication can ever pass from one to another." Also, there be those who swear that, in crossing Fifth Avenue beneath the flapping banner bearing the Sign of the Blue Bird, they overheard these words from *The Treasure of the Humble* fall from the lips of the traffic policeman as he turned the semaphore to "Go": "Beauty is the unique ailment of our soul, for in all places does it search for beauty." As for our Board of Aldermen, it rose

handsomely to the occasion, and caused to be exhibited in the subway trains (displacing temporarily, through the graciousness of the Interborough management, the engrossing *Subway Sun*) that revered and famous saying out of *Pelléas et Mélisande:* "L'âme humaine est très silencieuse. . . . L'âme humaine aime à s'en aller seule." It was indeed a memorable week for the citizens of New York, and to this day our policemen, street-cleaners and motormen still wear proudly in their lapels the pretty Blue Bird buttons distributed by the Mayor in honor of the great event. As for Mr. Maeterlinck, he has, we believe, shaken the dust of this mystical and symbol-loving metropolis from his otherworldly soles, and is instructing Middle Western Chautauquas concerning wisdom and destiny, and whether it is cheaper to keep a bee or a Ford.

New York, therefore, will have to solace itself for a while with the concrete legacy of all this poetic and spiritual excitement, which also was its occasion and excuse: the opera made by Albert Wolff out of Maeterlinck's play, *The Blue Bird,* and exhibited at the Metropolitan Opera House, with a thrilling clamor of band-playing and horn-tooting and laurel-crowning, two days after Christmas. Charity has the $40,000 accruing to it from this performance, Mr. Maeterlinck has a vivid conception of New York's enthusiasm for mystic morality and philosophic beauty, and the Metropolitan has Mr. Wolff's incomparably advertised opera. As for those old-time friends and students of Mr. Maeterlinck's genius, they still have the original text of *The Blue Bird,* and their memories of it as it was before an inept and commonplace music-maker did his best to spoil it.

It is one of the glaring defects of what one may call aesthetic penology that there are no laws to estop mediocrities who happen to be composers from laying destructive hands upon a literary or dramatic masterpiece. There they lie, such superb subjects as *Romeo and Juliet, Paolo and Francesca, Don Quixote, Monna Vanna,* at the mercy of despoilers like Gounod, Zandonai, Massenet, Fevrier,—whose lasting epitaph in the minds of an "acute and honorable minority" must be this: They defiled a masterwork. The *Roméo et Juliette* of Gounod, the *Monna Vanna* of Fevrier, the *Don Quixote* of Massenet—what are they but prostitutions

of ideal dramatic material to the ends of sentimentalists and vulgarians? These things are not easy to forgive—especially when one speculates upon the uses to which such subjects might have been put by opera-makers of genius. Imagine a *Francesca da Rimini* composed by Loeffler, a *Monna Vanna* composed by Strauss! If Lilliputians and incompetents, barbarians and weaklings, must produce operas, should not society restrain them from maltreating and debasing such great themes as cry imperatively for great music? Should it not restrain Mr. Ozias J. Pugsley, whose empty futility has been abundantly demonstrated, from using as an operatic subject Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra?* Should it not lay prohibitory hands upon Mr. George Washington Teets before he has a chance to bamboozle the guileless Metropolitan Opera Company into producing his opera based upon Synge's *Riders to the Sea?* Must we forever stand aside in complacent impotence while artless artisans and heavy-handed lightweights have their degrading sport with noble texts—with plays and poems and chronicles that should be preserved inviolate for composers gifted and skilful enough to render them with eloquent justice? All composers, all operatic composers at least, should, we think, be licensed, as are chauffeurs and doctors and other potential mischief-makers—licensed by a Board composed of poets and docile madmen and anti-prohibitionists. Such a Board might have preserved *The Blue Bird* of Maeterlinck from such a mishap as it has suffered at the hands of Mr. Wolff.

We shall not claim that this play is one of humanity's indispensable possessions; but certainly it is among the loveliest things of the theatre—a delectable and exquisite compound of tenderness and humor, beauty and fantasy, profundity and playfulness. In it are unforgettable passages—moments of authentic greatness, when the probing emotion of the poet starts the deeper springs; and there is the ineffable charm that overlies the text from beginning to end. For such a play, no test of capacity in a composer could be too searching. Indeed, there is scarcely a play of Maeterlinck's (save that last and lamentably unrepresentative drama of contemporary violence) which does not call for a special equipment on the part of the musician. Maeterlinck's world is, like Blake's, shut away by a cloud and a river and an enchanted

forest. Its terrain is not free to all, or to many. Only those who approach it with a certain rare and fine simplicity, a delicate candor, a sympathetic understanding of the ways of its people and a deep love of its shadows and lights and contours, will find their passports honored in this land "where the wind passes like the hand of some fine etcher over the surface"—where the landscape is "not of dreams or fancy, but of places far withdrawn", seen as through a strange veil . . . "in no ordinary night or day, but as in some faint light of eclipse, or in some brief interval of falling rain at daybreak, or through deep water."

Mr. Albert Wolff is not of this predestined company. He is a young Frenchman, still under forty. He has been a conductor at the Opèra-Comique, where he has of course studied many scores, many styles. Perhaps he has absorbed too much music for his own good. Certainly he has nothing to say on his own account; what he says in his music to *The Blue Bird* is as unimportant in itself as it is inadequate for its special purpose. Mr. Wolff writes what we would have called, in those old days when the German language was respectable, *Kapellmeistermusik*—the music of a well-grounded routinier, derivative, respectably proficient, wholly undistinguished.

Mr. Wolff has made it known that his setting of *The Blue Bird* has had the sanction of Mr. Maeterlinck and meets with his approval. "I insisted," confided Mr. Wolff to the New York *Times,* "upon having Maeterlinck do all the necessary rearranging of *The Blue Bird.* If I had suggestions to make I sent them to him to pass on before I composed a note of music for that particular part. And so we are still friends in spite of having become collaborators." To the *Sun* Mr. Wolff imparted the assurance that "Mr. Maeterlinck has given his frank and kindly approval of my music; if the great public find it but one-half as much to their liking as did the author, I shall feel overjoyed."

When it is recalled that Debussy's miraculously perfect translation into tone of *Pelléas et Mélisande* failed to win Maeterlinck's approval, Mr. Wolff's earnest assurances wear a pleasantly humorous aspect. They are still more droll if one remembers that the admirable Maeterlinck is said to be tone-deaf, and, like most men of letters, loves music as little as he understands it.

The quick rebound from depression, the eager interest in men, concern for others, and joy in sport, are all strikingly present here. They are characteristic of the man who had "a bully time" as President of the United States. Similarly, "it was because he at heart regarded it as 'great fun' and was in complete accord with the children," says Mr. Bishop, "that they delighted in him as a playmate." He was whole-hearted in his work, whole-hearted in his sport, and, to crown all, whole-hearted in his play with children. This is the really majestic fact about him; this is what most convincingly shows his greatness as a human being.

Compare with the gusto of the passage just quoted the following, written to his daughter Ethel in 1906: "Your letter delighted me. I read it over twice and chuckled over it. By George how entirely I sympathize with your feelings in the attic! I know just what it is to get up into such a place and find the delightful, winding passages where one lay hidden with thrills of criminal delight, when the grown-ups were vainly demanding one's appearance at some legitimate and abhorred function: and the once-beloved and half forgotten treasures, and the emotions of peace and war, with reference to former companions, which they recall."

Thus, Roosevelt was great in a role which no man can successfully simulate, and the part of his personality that loved and appreciated childish things joined without a break to the part of his nature that rejoiced in manly struggles, whether on the moral or merely on the athletic plane. Here was no lesion, no duality of soul. And so, it may be said that without these letters, Roosevelt's genius and character cannot be fully, or even justly, understood.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONFLICT. By Havelock Ellis. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The effect of the great war upon most thinkers seems to have been at the same time to deepen the desire for essential truth and to repress the enthusiasm of speculation and theorizing. In war time it has seemed peculiarly a duty to write sincerely, peculiarly a sin to dream and argue light-heartedly or irresponsibly. Contact with stern reality has proved just at first somewhat confusing: life on the whole has proved bigger and more baffling than had been realized. On the whole, the war literature speaks repressed emotion seeking outlet in new and larger conceptions which have to be groped after in doubt and darkness.

Something of this effect may perhaps be perceived in Havelock Ellis's book of essays, *The Philosophy of Conflict*. These essays, like so many of the discourses written under the influence of the war, are even excessively tentative, and at the same time betray a slight tendency toward grandiloquence. But Mr. Ellis is a soundly scientific and evolutionary thinker; he is also a man of unusually wide vision and unusually varied interests; and so there are in this book of his, despite its war-time hesitancy and obscurity, strong thoughts and stimulating suggestions.

Progress is the principal theme of *The Philosophy of Conflict*. It cannot be said that the author proves, or even undertakes to prove that man actually does progress, but he finds ground for optimism in the

youth of humanity. Old civilizations one after another have decayed, and our own has proved at least a partial failure, yet the men of a new era will simply declare, "There has been no civilization yet!" As for war, the frightful ogre of today, it is not immortal. To be sure, there are no indications that mankind is undergoing a change of heart that will make war in the future unthinkable. The method of evolution indeed has never seemed to resemble very closely that of a revivalist. Man learns by experience, but slowly, and he is not "converted," even by events. Still, "we can see the line along which war must eventually disappear even without any active human interference. Its two causes are already decaying. The excessive birth-rate is falling, and necessarily falls with every rise in culture. Excessive industrialism has likewise passed its climax." Conflict, however, must remain. "The world is cemented with blood and sweat; without pain and fortitude—that is to say, without struggle and conflict—there would have been no world at all. Thus it is that there is no standing ground anywhere for the pacifist of the (in the strict sense) namby-pamby type; as little as there is for the militarist, since both alike support the delusion that, with the ending of war, struggle and heroism would vanish from the earth." Thus the philosophy of conflict is a very different thing from the philosophy of war—a thought of deep implication, for the clear statement of which we may well be grateful.

The pendulum of life swings forward and back across the plotted track of progress; yet though the swing backward seems to equal the swing forward, life never, perhaps, comes back to exactly the same place. Progress achieved spirally is a possibility. But the optimism that just looks straight ahead is seldom justified. If Martin Luther could have lived forty years longer, "it would have been his fate to realize that the man who above all others had prepared the way for the purification and reinvigoration of the 'Anti-Christ of Rome and his greasy crew' was that same Father Martin Luther who seemed to have dealt the Church so deadly a blow on All Saints' Eve, 1517." English thought is now swinging back toward the point of view of Herbert Spencer—a wholesome change, though it does not seem to follow of necessity that Spencer is the Law and the Prophets.

Many of Mr. Ellis's essays are of a more practical nature. There is much wisdom in his chapter upon the drink problem—the essence of which is that "it is only by the slow process of civilizing our lives and humanizing our manners" that we can overcome the evil. The essays on women—"The Mind of Woman"; "The Politics of Women"; "Equal Pay for Equal Work"—are remarkable rather for the distillation of common sense out of scientific facts of many different sorts than for the novelty or even the definiteness of the conclusions reached. Eugenics is, perhaps, the author's favorite subject, and to this several chapters are devoted. In one of them, Mr. Ellis outlines what seems to be the most definite and scientific eugenic programme that has yet been offered. "We need not trouble overmuch concerning hasty eugenic legislation and the legal regulation of marriage," he declares. ". . . There will be time enough to invoke compulsion and the law when sound knowledge has become universal and when we are quite sure that those who refuse to act in accordance with sound

knowledge refuse deliberately or because they are congenitally incapable of anything else. These constitute the irreducible minimum of the incapable group."

Of the several literary essays that are included in this volume the only remarkable piece is that entitled "A Friend of Cassanova's," a study of Justina Wynne, whose *Essays* are "more instructive and more amusing than many bepraised books of today." Here, if not elsewhere one finds instances of Mr. Ellis's unusual psychological and literary penetration.

TRAILING THE BOLSHEVIKI. By Carl W. Ackerman, special correspondent of the New York *Times*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

From Mr. Ackerman's fascinating, if somewhat unsystematic and confusing account of conditions in Russia, as he saw them during an extended stay, three principal ideas emerge. Sometimes Mr. Ackerman's facts strikingly confirm his general views; sometimes they seem comparatively unrelated, so that one reads with little sense of being generally enlightened; but always they are interesting.

In the first place, there is in Russia no true public opinion—only a great variety of opinions. Here are some of the expressions that Mr. Ackerman heard:

"1. Russia can never help herself to order. There never will be a strong government in Russia until the Allies establish such a government and maintain it.

"2. Without military aid from the Allies the Bolshevists will never be overthrown.

"3. If all foreigners would get out of Russia and let the Russian people alone, there would soon be order here.

"4. A military dictatorship is the only solution of Russia's present problems.

"5. The Russian people want a monarchy. A Socialist government is not the wish of a majority of the people.

"6. The Social Revolutionists made the first revolution a success, and Russia's salvation lies in their hands.

In all, the author gives twelve different varieties of opinion current in Asiatic Russia today. What it all means is comparatively simple. "'To our homes,' and not 'To the front,' is the cry of the Russian people today. If the wish of these people could be expressed in a few words, it would be this: 'Let us live at home in peace.'"

In the second place, the failure of the Allies to support the All-Russian Government was a calamity for Russia. "The All-Russian Government was not doomed to death, but done to death by the failure of the Allies in uniting upon a Russian policy. But for this mistake the history of Russia today might be totally different." The responsibility rests largely with America. Our representatives in Russia had sent to President Wilson a report recommending that a small detachment of men be sent from Vladivostok, together with detachments representing other nations to the Ural front to assist the Czecho-Slovaks. After careful consideration, the President replied that the proposed plan had been vetoed by the chief of staff of the army. Thus

by "the failure of the United States to join the Allies and do what obviously should have been done" the whole course of Russia's future was changed.

In the third place, there is in Russia a nucleus for future reconstruction from within. This is the amazingly successful organization of co-operative societies, having nothing to do with the Bolshevist Government, which have saved the country, in part, from economic anarchy. Here at least one finds Russian efficiency. Mr. Ackerman's account of the Russian Co-operative Unions is instructive and hopeful.

There is no great mystery about Bolshevism itself, one gathers from this book. It is the rule of the under dog. It is a form of anarchy that inevitably springs up after war, and before reconstruction, like fire-weed on a field burnt over and not tilled. That it is not only different from the League of Nations plan, but so strictly opposed to it that the one is the only alternative to the other, is an assumption that Mr. Ackerman frequently states, but never proves.

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MARCH, 1920

AID OR ALMS FOR EUROPE?

WE are facing the question of the financial policy of the United States toward Europe. It is a dual question, both of interest and of duty. Our policy must be so shaped as to protect and to promote our own national security and welfare, and also to fulfill generously and without grudging the duty of this country to its fellows in the community of nations and, we might add without exaggeration, to humanity and civilization. This question, relating to the restorative and rehabilitatory period of peace, is comparable in urgency and importance with that of our military policy in the early part of the war, and it is decidedly more complex and puzzling than was the latter. It is urgent, because there can be no reasonable doubt that some of the European nations are actually in great popular distress as well as official embarrassment, and indeed are in imminent danger of disaster. It is important, to us as well as to the nations directly concerned, because of the intimate and inseparable relationship among all peoples. If any considerable country of Europe became bankrupt, it would inevitably involve others in grave embarrassment if not also in bankruptcy, and the effect of such a process would quickly be felt in America, to our serious detriment.

The determination of our proper policy in the case—of our duty, whether to others or simply to self—is, however, an immeasurably more perplexing problem than was that which confronted us in 1917; or, more logically, in 1914. In the latter emergency there was really no question

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at all, unless in the minds of pacifists unworthy to be called American citizens, or unless artificially raised for still more unworthy purposes of factional advantage.

In the present case the same duty, from the same two points of view, may indeed be equally clear to a certain extent. Or perhaps we should say, to a very uncertain extent, because the whole puzzling problem turns upon the extent to which we should afford financial aid to Europe. The duty of financial aid is equal to that of military aid. But how far shall it be carried?

We must in considering this question first of all discriminate between aid for the sake of convenience and alms for the relief of distress. Certain countries are said to be suffering famine. They must be relieved. There is no question of that. It is true that the famine is largely due to artificial conditions. People have been starving for bread in Vienna, while large stores of wheat were lying idle and wasting less than a hundred miles away. The trouble was that because of the surrender of railroad rolling stock to the Allies under the Armistice, means of transportation were lacking. Also, of course, the demoralized state of international exchange made it difficult to secure grain for Austria from Hungary, Jugo-Slavia or Roumania. But because of such artificial conditions people must not be left to starve; and if loans can assure a supply of food to the famine-stricken, loans should be made. Of that there can be, we think, no question.

Beyond that comes the vastly greater and more perplexing question of loans to countries which are not starving, for the sake of facilitating and expediting the restoration of their industries. The two extremes of opinion or of suggestion have been defined respectively by Sir George Paish and by Mr. Carter Glass. The former would have the United States extend to Great Britain loans or credits to the amount of many billions of dollars. The latter would practically adapt Pinckney's familiar epigram and say "Millions for relief, but not one cent for credit." Sir George Paish spoke personally, or at least unofficially, for himself and other British financiers but not, we are told, for the British Government. Mr. Glass was still Secretary of the Treasury when he spoke, and therefore must be assumed to have reflected the sentiments of the Administration. The proposal of the former certainly did not com-

mend itself to this country; not to any of the three elements concerned—the Government, the financial world, or the public. The sentiments of the latter were obviously something of a shock to Great Britain, but the most informed and judicious opinion over there seems to be that it was the healthful and stimulating shock of a cold douche, which was to be regarded with gratitude rather than with resentment.

It would be uncalled-for and absurd for Europeans to charge us with selfishness or with being "quitters" because we would not go on indefinitely with loans and credits. They know that during the war we unhesitatingly and even gladly gave them credits amounting to billions of dollars; and that at the present moment we are with equal readiness extending the time of payment of hundreds of millions of dollars of interest. They know, moreover, that if we are reluctant to grant them further loans it is not because of ill-will or of any desire to delay their rehabilitation. Such an attitude on our part would be incredibly stupid. It is scarcely less to our interest than to their own to have them restored to full prosperity as speedily as possible. But it is also to the interest of both that it shall be a wholesome and substantial prosperity, and not the hectic product of increased inflation of credits. It was, we doubt not, in full and especial recognition of Europe's relation to us, and of our vital interest in Europe's continued solvency and renewed prosperity, that Mr. Glass wrote his much-discussed letter to the Chamber of Commerce.

One of the specific points raised by Mr. Glass, while most unpleasant to dwell upon, demands emphasis and practical consideration. That is, the matter of the German indemnity. France is, at least nominally, expecting an enormous sum, sufficient to go very far toward rehabilitating her ravaged territories and restoring her national finances to a sound and satisfactory condition. Now we have no hesitation in saying that France ought to get every cent that she is looking for, and that Germany, both now and for years to come, should be compelled to pay every cent that can be extracted from her; even though her people were condemned to the lot of Helots for a century to come.

At the same time we must recognize the fact that there is really some doubt of the possibility of extracting the full indemnity from Germany, no matter with what justifiable

mercilessness we go about it; and we must therefore question the wisdom of France's dependence upon that source of recoupment. At present, her reasonable expectations are undetermined, and she can, of course, base no credit whatever upon them. From the practical point of view it would seem decidedly preferable to fix, at least for present purposes, upon some amount which it is quite certain that Germany can be made to pay, and which can therefore be so funded in advance as to form the basis for needed credits. What France needs is not vague hopes or desires of securing all that she ought to have, at some undetermined time in the remote future, but the largest amount of cash or of negotiable securities that can be extracted from Germany at this present moment. If such provisions as were made in the Treaty are capable of exaction, well and good. It should be possible, then, to utilize them as a basis of financial operations. If they are incapable of execution, sanity prescribes their commutation into a practical form.

Another point upon which we might be reluctant to touch if we were sordidly inclined, is that of the rate of exchange and the balance of trade. We mention the two as one, because they are at this time inseparably connected. We do not say that the enormous balance of trade in our favor is the sole cause of the unprecedented fall in European exchange, but we are convinced that it is one of the chief causes, and it is unquestionably so regarded in Europe. Now we are not so altruistic as to object to any trade balance in our favor. But neither are we so selfish and sordid as to exult in one which is so large as to be unhealthily bloated, and we must recognize the balance of last year as answering to that unfavorable description. Note, for example, our commerce with the United Kingdom in 1919, as contrasted with that in 1913, the last year before the war. In 1913 we bought of Great Britain $271,954,000, and in 1919 $309,189,000, an increase of 14 per cent. In 1913, on the other hand, we sold her $590,732,000, and in 1919 $2,279,178,000, an increase of 286 per cent. In 1913 the balance in our favor was 117 per cent of the value of our imports. In 1919 it was 634 per cent. The increase in the balance in our favor in six years was considerably more than five-fold.

Obviously, that sort of thing cannot be permanently maintained. If we grant that the abnormal conditions of

the war made it, or something like it, temporarily necessary, we must recognize that the sooner it is corrected the better it will be. It may seem to some self-abnegatory, but we believe that it would be sane and profitable policy for us as well as for her, for Great Britain to purchase less from us and to sell more to us, and thus bring the balance of trade back somewhat nearer to an actual parity. That would undoubtedly strengthen British exchange in America and would promote the prosperity of the United Kingdom. We have no fear that it would in the least degree impair the legitimate and sane prosperity of the United States. On the contrary, it would probably promote it, by bringing market prices of many of the great staples down to a rational standard. The law of demand and supply has not been abrogated; and if the abnormal British demand were materially abated, our domestic supply would be correspondingly increased, with the natural result upon prices.

We are thus logically brought back to two utterances of some time ago; two utterances in exact accord with each other; utterances of two particularly sane and practical advisers. M. Clemenceau, in France, and Mr. Hoover on the part of America earnestly exhorted the war-stricken peoples of Europe to get to work. A generation ago, while we were still wrestling with the financial complications imposed upon us by the Civil War, particularly with the question of the resumption of specie payments, a clear, sane voice exclaimed, "The way to resume is, to resume!" So we may say to the peoples of Europe: The way to resume profitable industry and national prosperity is, to resume! It will mean labor. It will mean privation. It will mean sacrifice. So did the war. But in the war, those things meant victory; and in peace they will no less mean success. The United States was not lacking in the war, and it will not be lacking in peace. But because of the precise reversal of conditions which we have already described, its attitude must now be the reverse of what it was, or of what it should have been, a few years ago. Then it was our policy to do all that we could without stopping to calculate to what extent Europe could perhaps get along without us. Now it is equally Europe's policy to do all that she can for herself, without stopping to speculate upon how much the United States might be able or willing to do for her.

SOVEREIGNS AT THE BAR

THE demand of the Powers for the surrender of William Hohenzollern for trial has been rejected by the Government of the Netherlands on technically logical grounds. For reasons quite easy to understand, the Dutch Government has chosen to stand upon strict legality rather than to rise to the higher plane of moral equity. It was obvious from the beginning that upon no existing principle of international law, under no existing extradition treaty, could the surrender of the world's arch criminal be demanded. The provision in the Treaty of Versailles for his trial was of course of no effect, seeing that he had found asylum in a country which was not a party to that Treaty. He was thus left in the doubly secure position of a fugitive who has committed a crime for which no penalty is provided in the law, and who flees to a country with which his own country has no extradition treaty. In that position it seems not improbable that he will perforce be permitted to remain. No cause is apparent for any change of opinion or intention on the part of the Dutch Government. Its refusal was not a hasty action, but most deliberate and studied; having been under careful consideration, doubtless, ever since the former Kaiser sought refuge in the Netherlands. As for coercion of that Government, it is not to be thought of. The Powers cannot violate the sovereignty of Holland in order to punish William Hohenzollern for violating the sovereignty of Belgium.

Nor will such a result be without its compensations, or at least its consolations. Any punishment that could be imposed upon this criminal would be grossly and grotesquely disproportionate to his deserts; if indeed it would not be less than the suffering which he must incur in his selfsought asylum. Nor need the cause of international justice and human equity suffer from failure to arraign him corporeally at the bar and to send him to the scaffold. Nothing could be more impressive than to try him *in absentia;* not upon any legal technicalities, which would be futile, but upon those broader principles of equity and right which now need to have formal recognition in the code of international law; to convict him and to condemn him; and then to blazon to the world for all time the fact that execu-

tion of his sentence was suspended out of respect for the very principles of law which he had violated.

Such a trial would be unique. It would differ from the former trials of sovereigns not only in its result but in almost every particular—in the character of the accused, in the nature of his indictment, in the method of the trial, in the composition of the court. It would differ also in its purport to the subsequent constitution and progress of the world, though in that it would certainly not be inferior to them. Indeed, in epochal significance to the world it would rival if it did not surpass any other political or judicial event in human history.

There come to mind two great historical trials of deposed sovereigns. They are those of Charles I of England, and of Louis XVI of France. A third, that of the hapless Maximilian, it would not be pertinent to consider. He was never the legitimate ruler of Mexico, but an alien usurper. Juarez put him to death not as a traitor but as an invader.

If we begin with the least important part of the comparison, that of the personalities of the culprits, our judgment cannot be favorable to William Hohenzollern. There is general agreement that Charles and Louis were men of pure life and lovable character. Charles was a bigot, and a despot, and he countenanced acts of tyranny and cruelty; but he never took personal pleasure in witnessing or in ordering the sufferings of others, and his personal morals were above reproach. The same may be said of Louis. Unintelligent and obstinate to a degree, and incapable of making an effective stand against the governmental corruption with which he was surrounded, his life was clean and his disposition was amiable. We would not wantonly revile the Hohenzollern, and we are mindful that there are those who have ascribed to him certain domestic virtues. But three facts stand indisputable. He began his reign with one of the most revolting exhibitions of filial impiety recorded in history. He habitually displayed, according to the testimony of his own entourage, not merely a callousness toward suffering but an impish delight in inflicting pain, both of body and mind, upon those who were helpless to resent his brutality. He ended his reign with not merely permitting, nor even sanctioning, but actually directing the most infernal orgy of lecherous crime

that ever sullied the annals of the race. Mindful of these things, the just judgment of mankind will accord him no claim to be esteemed as personally admirable in any relationship of life. It would be insulting to the memory of Charles and Louis to bracket his personality with theirs.

There is to be observed, also, a radical difference between his case and theirs in the nature of the indictment. Neither Charles nor Louis was really condemned for the technical fault with which he was charged, while William Hohenzollern would be. Charles was charged with treason, in that he had sought to bring Scottish troops into England to coerce and oppress the English people. That was quite true, and it was a grave offense. But not for that was he sent to the scaffold on Whitehall. He perished because of his infatuated insistence upon his "divine right" to govern without regard for the will of Parliament or the people and, also, because of the duplicity, deceit and treachery in public affairs which he so strangely mingled with virtue in his private life. Louis, also, was technically charged, and quite truly, with seeking to introduce foreign troops for the subjection of his own people. But he was in fact sent to the scaffold in the Place de la Concorde because of the accumulated sins of his predecessors, and because he would or could take no efficient steps toward abating them and redeeming France from their legacy of woe. But William Hohenzollern would be tried for no such offenses, but for violating treaties, for breaking international law, and for acting upon the arrogant principle that other nations had no rights that he was bound to respect; and upon the literal indictment preferred against him, and nothing else, would he be judged and condemned.

In the identity of the prosecutors and judges, and the method of trial, there would be of all the most striking contrast. Charles and Louis were accused, arrested, tried, judged, sentenced and put to death by their own revolted subjects. Their trials, so-called, were, moreover, the veriest travesties upon legal procedure. In the trial of Charles, no judge would take part, and a lay court, composed of his accusers and enemies, was formed. There was no actual trial, no giving of testimony. The prisoner was not even permitted to speak freely in his own behalf. He was denounced as a traitor, and the court voted unanimously to put him to death. That was all. It was the fulfilment

of a predetermined judgment. Little different was the treatment of Louis. True, advocates were permitted to make arguments in his behalf. But the Convention hall was packed with his enemies, clamoring for his blood, and on the question of his guilt, submitted to a tribunal of more than 700, it was literally true that nobody dared to vote Nay. Yet the penalty of death was imposed by the narrowest possible margin of a single vote, the ballot being 361 to 360. William Hohenzollern would, on the contrary, be accused and brought to trial by the citizens, or their governments, of other lands, and the trial, we may be assured, would be conducted with the most scrupulous regard for judicial procedure. The once-imperial prisoner would have every privilege of counsel, of witnesses and what not that any citizen could have, and every essential principle and requirement of jurisprudence, even of the international jurisprudence which he so grossly flouted and outraged, would be sacredly observed.

In this dramatic contrast to those former cases the epochal significance of this trial is suggested. It was a tremendous thing for a people to rise against the pretension of "divine right" and, though by the most arbitrary and technically illegal means, to establish the principle that a king reigns only by the will of the people. It was a tremendous thing, too, for a people, though with utter brutality, to establish the principle that a king might be brought to account for gross misgovernment of the nation. But greater still, from the world's point of view, would it be to establish the principle that a Government is accountable to its fellow Governments, both civilly and criminally, for its violations of international law. For that is in the last analysis what this trial and judgment of William Hohenzollern would mean.

There is, of course, a corollary to that proposition, which we may consider first. That is, that there is an element of personal responsibility in government, which is most marked when there is the greatest pretension and when, we may say, there is also the greatest exercise of autocratic power. That principle has become very familiar to us in America, in corporate affairs. It is now an established principle of law that the heads of a company, above all, its president, shall be held responsible for the doings of the company through any of its agents or em-

ployes. Thus the president of a railroad is indicted for manslaughter when somebody is killed in an accident on the line, though he may have been a thousand miles from the scene of the occurrence. So the principle is proposed that if the agents of a Government—armies and fleets—break the laws of nations, to the detriment of others, the heads of that Government shall be held personally responsible; above all, the one autocratic head who was forever harping upon the one boast that his will was the supreme law and that without his authority there was nothing done. That is why it was demanded that William Hohenzollern be personally brought to the bar, and tried, and judged, and punished. But the other principle, of which this is merely a corollary, is the all-important one: The international responsibility of governments under international law.

We need not here and now rehearse the full catalogue of offenses with which the German Government, in the person of William Hohenzollern, stands charged.

The important thing is, that such deeds are not, as hitherto they have ever been, to be passed over as the inevitable concomitants of war, and to be avenged or not according to the outcome of the war upon the battlefield, but are to be made matters of judicial scrutiny and judgment after the war is over. That is something that never was undertaken before in the world. We do not know that it was ever seriously proposed. We do know that the enforcement of that principle would mark perhaps the greatest achievement for universal peace and for the universal justice upon which alone peace can be founded, that the world had ever known. Beside it even the great principle of arbitration, practically given to the world by the United States, seems dwarfed, while the provisions of the Covenant of a League of Nations seem petty and peddling. It would for the first time give to international law a vitality and a validity comparable in international affairs to that which national law has in domestic affairs. That, we submit, is a type and a function of internationalism which is logical and legitimate. It immeasurably transcends the puny conceptions of the Covenant. It subjects the world to the reign of international law, without in the least degree impairing the independent sovereignty of the nations.

It leaves the nation free to govern itself as it pleases;

with the similar rights of others. It permits a nation to make treaties as it pleases, without the let or hindrance of some alien conclave; but it insists that it shall faithfully respect the compacts into which it thus enters. It allows a nation to arm itself as it thinks it needs to do; but it warns it not without just cause to use those arms against its neighbor. It propounds the sane principle that the making of a law—be it municipal or national or international—essentially implies the intention, the right and the power to enforce that law and to impose penalties for its violation; a right and a power which axiomatically pertain to the makers of the law.

There is an ancient legal maxim, sometimes well applied, often misapplied: *Rex non potest peccare*—The King can do no wrong. Whatever its original significance, which we rather suspect was an arrogant assumption of "divine right", the only tolerable interpretation of it is that which has been made in modern times, chiefly in Great Britain, namely, that since the people are the real sovereign, anything which they do through their representatives must be legal. That is, within its limits, an entirely respectable theory, in a country like Great Britain, without a written constitution, and it has more than once proved an effective answer to those who have objected that something Parliament was doing was "unconstitutional". Here, with our written Constitution, an act of Congress may be unconstitutional; but where the constitution consists of nothing but the mass of acts of Parliament, it is difficult to see how that objection can be sustained.

So far, in national affairs. But in international affairs it is very different. There the principle that the king—the Government, the people—can do no wrong is utterly untenable and indefensible, for the reason that there people are not dealing with themselves, but with others. "The king can do no wrong" in domestic matters means merely that people have a right to govern themselves as they please. But in international matters it would mean that no nation has rights which other nations are bound to respect; which as we have seen is precisely one of the monstrous errors which the war was fought to defeat and for which William Hohenzollern should be brought to trial. As surely, then, as the trial of Charles I sealed—for England, at least—the doom of the "divine right of kings," just so surely

would the trial of William Hohenzollern seal the doom of that pernicious international interpretation of the principle that "the king can do no wrong". It would establish instead the principle that kings—governments, peoples—are bound by and are accountable to the laws which they themselves have made, and that their international acts as sovereign states are not to be *ipso facto* justified by the circumstance of their own sovereignty, but are to be judged by those rules of law and justice which are more and more becoming the assured basis of international relationships.

That would be the significance of this trial. What personally becomes of the perverted paranoiac of Potsdam may matter little to the world. Human ingenuity could not devise punishments sufficient to atone for one ten-millionth part of the evil he has done to the world. But the precedent which should and which would thus be set, the principle which would be established, in bringing him to trial and to judgment, would matter more to the world than any other act of human tribunal since time began.

THE EDUCATIONAL CRISIS

MR. ROCKEFELLER'S gigantic gift to higher education is timely and will be useful. The income from fifty million dollars judiciously applied to the increasing of salaries will afford measurable relief to many worthy instructors who are now hard-pressed if not actually distressed and to the institutions with which they are connected. The instructors will be saved from actual suffering or from the unwelcome and undesirable necessity of seeking other occupations, and the colleges and universities will be saved from the danger of losing the services of men and women whose places it would be practically impossible to refill. The gift comes at a time when numerous leading colleges and universities are recognizing the need of such increases of salaries by themselves making "drives" for large endowment funds to be devoted to that very purpose.

How great that need is may be estimated from the "new schedule" of faculty salaries recently adopted by Columbia University. That being one of the richest institutions of its kind in the world, we may assume that its scale of salaries is one of the highest. Under the increases just granted, professors of full rank will henceforth receive

from $6,000 to $8,000; associate professors from $4,500 to $5,000; assistant professors from $3,000 to $3,600; instructors from $2,000 to $2,400; and assistant instructors from $1,000 to $1,200. Now it must be borne in mind that the men thus paid are engaged in preparing others for professional and business careers in which a large proportion will secure incomes several times as large as these salaries. Instructors on $1,200 a year are fitting young men to earn $12,000 a year. In this view of the case, the academic salaries seem small indeed.

They seem small, too, when we compare them with those received by men in other occupations for which not nearly so high a degree of preparation is required. They are smaller than the pay of men in manual and semi-manual trades, such as railroad trainmen, carpenters, bricklayers and plumbers. To require a man to be university-educated, and to devote himself to the task of instructing and training other men in university courses for lucrative careers in the learned professions, on half the wages of a mechanic, or on the wages of a ditch-digger or street-sweeper, is certainly not to place a premium upon intellectual attainments.

The injustice and hardship of the situation are still more evident when we observe that there has been no increase in academic salaries comparable with that which has been demanded in other occupations as necessary because of the increased cost of living. The cost of house rent, food and clothing has risen to the professor as well as to the mechanic. Yet while the latter has for that reason had his wages increased fifty, seventy-five or a hundred per cent in the last few years, the former has had little or no increase whatever. The highest salaries in the new schedule at Columbia University, which we have quoted, are only six or seven per cent higher than those of the same places a generation ago. No wonder, then, that college chairs are being vacated by competent men and women, who are seeking in other occupations at least a fair living income. No wonder that a college appointment agency reports the demand for instructors to be far greater than the supply, the number of vacant chairs to be far greater than the number of applicants for them. No wonder that the president of one of our foremost colleges declares that "We are facing the annihilation of a profession."

The still greater timeliness of Mr. Rockefeller's gift is, however, in its reminder of the still more pressing needs of those other and far more numerous institutions of learning which while of lower rank are actually of immeasurably higher importance to the nation than the colleges and universities. The seriousness of the situation in the common schools was not exaggerated by the Acting Governor of New Jersey, Mr. Runyon, when he said the other day that the 300,000 school children of that State were in danger of being the victims of a demoralized and broken-down educational system because of the lack of adequate pay for the teachers. That State has hitherto enjoyed honorable rank for the general quality of its public schools. Its curriculum has been high. It pays its school teachers on the average far more than most other States, far more than the average rate in the United States. Yet today scarcity of competent teachers has compelled a pruning of the curriculum, a lowering of the standard of scholarship, widespread suspension of classes, and danger of the actual closing of many schools. Schools are kept open only through the employment of inexperienced and incompetent teachers, and even such are so hard to obtain that the demand genrally exceeds the supply.

Nor is New Jersey's plight singular, or exceptional. The Secretary of the Interior reports that during last year more than 143,000 school teachers, or nearly one-fourth of the entire number in the United States, resigned their places on account of inadequate pay, to seek or to take more lucrative positions.

There is no exaggeration in saying, then, as Secretary Lane and Governor Runyon have substantially declared, that there is today a crisis in American education. It would be a crisis at any time for one-fourth, and on the whole probably the most competent fourth, of the entire teaching staff of the nation to resign their places. It is the more serious at this time because just now there is exceptional need of the widest possible extension of public instruction, and of making it of the very best quality. These are vital necessities of the national welfare.

We are not unaware of or indifferent to the magnitude of the problem. In 1915 there were more than twenty million children enrolled in the schools, and they were only about three-quarters of those who should have been enrolled

and in attendance. They were cared for by 622,371 teachers, and the total amount expended upon the schools was more than $640,000,000. That was a colossal sum. But it was not colossal in comparison with the work which it was intended to do. It meant for each person in the nation only a little more than six dollars a year, or less than two cents a day, to make this an intelligent rather than an illiterate country. It meant less than $42 a year for each of the children in actual attendance. We should say that $42 a year is a small proportion of the cost of decently maintaining a child, a small price to pay for endowing it with the education which is to serve it through all its after life. If the child spends the full eight years at school, as provided by law, there will have been spent upon its life-instruction only $336. We have heard of the man who boasted that "salvation was free" because he hadn't dropped so much as a cent in the collection plate for years. He is not far from being matched by the man who would boast that it cost him only $336 a head to give his children all their instruction and training for all their future lives.

If that sum seems in bulk colossal, it does not seem so when apportioned among its beneficiaries. The average salary of all teachers in that year was only $70.21 a month, for nine or ten months in the year. In only three States did it average as much as $100 a month. In seven States it was less than $50 a month, and in 33 it was less than $75. Suggest the reduction of mechanics' wages to such figures, and see the quick response in a menace of universal strike. It is, as we have said, a big problem. But its very magnitude makes its solution the more urgent; and that it is capable of solution, reason forbids us to doubt. There must be some way of satisfying so great a need of the nation and of humanity. For, as says the Governor of New Jersey, already quoted, "if our children are to be taught by incompetent teachers, or are not to be taught at all, the end of American democracy is in sight."

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

BY JAMES M. BECK

[This "imaginary conversation"—in Landor's style but unhappily without his art—is written in reply to comments in the English press upon my article in the January issue of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, entitled, "The League and America's Good Faith." They contend that the British and French premiers could only deal in the peace negotiations with President Wilson as the American representative. This is true, but in negotiating with him they could have asked that the possible attitude of the Senate should be taken into account. A little less etiquette of diplomacy and a little more courage and candor might have saved the peace of the world from its present wreckage. With this explanation, let the curtain rise upon a scene that might have been enacted upon the stage of this "wide and universal theatre of man."]

Scene: Paris.

Time: January 11, 1919.

Place: Premier's Room, Quai d'Orsay.

(*As the curtain rises, Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Orlando are seated at council table.*)

Orlando (looking at the clock): Our illustrious American colleague is late.

Clemenceau (dryly): He generally is. In that policy no one will question his consistency.

Lloyd George: "Better late than never." His tardy arrival gives us the opportunity to discuss between ourselves the new complication of the active participation of an American President in European conferences. It may destroy the equilibrium of the European polity. This Messianic diplomacy, with its flotilla of ships and a thousand attachés, experts, journalists, photographers and cinema operators, may have rejected Machiavelli, but it is somewhat reminiscent of Barnum.

Clemenceau: We need not quarrel with the methods of the new diplomacy if we can secure quick results. The vital question is one of time. A fear grips me that the work of the sword may be lost in the wordy wrangles of diplomats, old and new. I sometimes wonder whether we could not wisely commit the establishment of peace to Foch and Haig as a Committee of Two "with power." We could then discuss at our leisure the philosophy of government and plan a new charter for the world. For the present, our dead demand of us concrete results, not illusory abstractions.

Orlando: Peace cannot come too soon for Italy. Our distinguished visitor's triumphal tour through my country has not been attended with the best results to the stability of my government. He has appealed to the masses over our heads and already we hear the distant thunder of a coming storm.

Clemenceau: Too much importance need not be attached to these popular ovations. "The shallows murmur; but the depths are dumb." Our enemies were completely deceived by the welcome given in America to Prince Henry. At that time my government was much concerned at the extraordinary receptions given to the Prussian Prince and feared that it marked a pro-German attitude on the part of the United States. Whom the masses applaud one day, they stone the next.

Orlando: That is true, but the present danger remains. In Italy the demonstrations in his honor may shake the foundations of our Government. The times are abnormal and the passions and sufferings of the war have inflamed the minds of men to fever heat. Our great cities are so many powder magazines, to which the match cannot be safely applied. I confess that I would feel safer if the American President, who is a master of phrases, had not come to Europe at this very critical time.

Clemenceau: On the contrary, his coming is the most fortunate of occurrences to us.

Orlando: I fear I do not fully understand your Excellency's meaning.

Clemenceau: Had Mr. Wilson remained in Washington, he would have been the moral dictator of the world. He would have been seated as Caesar in the Flavian amphitheatre. In Paris he is in the arena and cannot escape the dust of conflict.

The President is certainly a remarkable man. No such figure has appeared in European history since the Czar of Russia appeared at the Peace Conference in 1815. Had he remained in Washington he would have had all the advantages of an exceptional position. We should have been compelled to deal with his *fidus Achates,* Col. House, who would not admit that two and two make four without an imperial rescript. When the Texas Talleyrand had secured from us the maximum of benefits for the minimum of concessions, he would have pleaded the necessity of referring the final decision to Washington. Long delay would have resulted, during which President Wilson through his control over the press and the channels of communication and his unrivaled power of suave but obscure statement, could prejudge the public opinion of the world. Inaccessible to any personal contact, he would at the psychological moment descend from the cloudy summit of his Mt. Sinai and deliver to us the tables of the law, with this unhappy difference, that *le bon Dieu* was content with ten commandments, whereas our Moses has already bewildered us with fourteen, and God only knows how many more we may receive before we complete our labors. They say he comes to match wits with us. I am old and my political race is nearly run, but my hand has not altogether lost its cunning. European diplomacy may be old, but it is not yet for America's " thumbs " to pronounce its fate.

Lloyd George: I agree that in coming to Paris Mr. Wilson has staked his all upon the success of his venture. In this lies his weakness. He dare not fail, therefore he must concede. Before sailing from New York, he announced that he went to fight for " the freedom of the seas " and the League of Nations. When your Excellency's reception of the latter project disappointed him, he came to England to seek my aid, and, to test the strength of his purpose, it was suggested that England could more readily accept the League if the issue of the freedom of the seas were eliminated from the deliberations of the Peace Conference. For a short time, he remained silent, and then surprised me by bursting into a hearty laugh. He said that the joke was on him, as it had never previously occurred to him that when the League of Nations was in operation there would no longer be any neutrals; and thus the question of the freedom of the seas was academic.

While I could not share his enthusiasm in the prospect that every little war between nations would automatically become a world war, yet I gladly accepted his happy and naïve solution of a vexed question which vitally concerned my people. Paul's conversion on the way to Damascus was not more sudden or miraculous than his abandonment of his "freedom of the seas."

Clemenceau: But what of France? We prefer the balance of power and the tested offensive and defensive alliance, which won this war. I would as soon defend Paris with a rainbow as France with a League of Nations. A nightmare fills me with a haunting dread that if we follow this *ignis fatuus*, the real victors of the war may yet be Trotsky and Lenin.

Lloyd George: I promised to support him in *a* league of nations. The remarkable fact that he had no concrete plan made my acceptance less difficult. I have noted in him an invincible repugnance to the concrete. In applying his lofty principles to the realities, he is as luminous as a London fog. Let him have his vision, if we can secure the desired provisions. We can give him a League in name, but have a strong alliance in fact, which will make America the underwriter of the new map of Europe.

Orlando: But will not Mr. Wilson distinguish between the substance and the shadow? Will he accept a plan, which conflicts with his explicit statement at Manchester that the League must be a league of all nations and that within it there can be no special grouping of powers?

Clemenceau: Mr. Wilson seeks prestige, rather than power. Give him all he asks in form, and he may not particularly care whether he gets it in substance. If he is satisfied with the limelight and the press notices, may we not content ourselves with an equitable division of the box office receipts?

Lloyd George: A more difficult problem remains: Will the American Senate also fail to distinguish between form and substance, between reality and shadow?

Clemenceau: That is the crux of the problem. I have some familiarity with the American Constitution. At one time, I had some thought of becoming a citizen of that great country. Our friend, the President, however, is not so fortunate as we who have practically plenary authority over foreign relations. He cannot bind his country, legally

or morally, unless two-thirds of the Senate concur. Besides, Americans have a peculiar aversion to one-man power. They denied it even to their illustrious Founder.

How, then, are we to deal with Mr. Wilson? Two months have passed since the armistice was declared, and the situation has daily grown more menacing. The eclipse of Bolshevism is slowly passing over Europe. Delay is fatal; the times are critical beyond precedent. Can we, then, safely negotiate a treaty with the American President which six months or a year hence the Senate of the United States may refuse to ratify? Should we not ask him, as a matter of common prudence, how far he can guarantee such ratification? Otherwise a year from now all Europe may be on the verge of revolution and the fruits of the war hopelessly sacrificed.

Lloyd George: I appreciate all you say, but without adverting to the peculiar personality of our distinguished visitor, I am at a loss to know how we can inquire into his credentials without giving him mortal offense, and, as you know, he comes not merely as President but as the dispenser of food and credit,—a combination, if I may be jocose, of Pedagogue, Purveyor and Philanthropist, and incidentally banker. Are we in a position to inquire by what authority he speaks?

Clemenceau: Are we in a position not to ask him? President Wilson is not America. The United States will tolerate a dictator in times of war; but never in times of peace. Of that we already have evidence; for, last October, the President appealed to his people to make him, as he said, their "unembarrassed spokesman" by a vote of confidence, and he boldly said that unless they did so, he and we could only regard an adverse verdict as a "repudiation" of his leadership. An election followed and the American people by over a million votes did repudiate our august friend's claims to be an ambassador plenipotentiary of the American people. If we cannot safely ignore President Wilson's limited powers, can we with greater safety ignore the significant warning of the recent American elections?

Orlando: My advice from our Embassy in Washington is that his coming to Europe has been in the teeth of almost universal opposition.

Lloyd George: Nor can we ignore the fact that the

American Senate has now a majority in opposition to the President's administration and that Senator Lodge, the leader of the majority, less than a month ago criticized five of the sacred Fourteen Points and specifically called our attention to the fact that we must reckon with the majority of the Senate. I confess that all this is a mystery to me; for when I appealed to my electorate, if a majority had been returned to Parliament hostile to my administration, I should have resigned.

An impossible alternative confronts us. To please Mr. Wilson is to ignore the American people, who have so recently and emphatically spoken. To ignore Mr. Wilson is to close the only possible approach to an accord with America. What can we do?

Orlando: Italy is in desperate need of coal, oil, cotton and copper. Where are we to get them, except from America, and how can we get them except with President Wilson's goodwill?

Clemenceau: What can we gain, what have we gained, by always yielding to President Wilson? Had we not conceded a modification of the blockade to meet his imperious demands, the war would have ended in 1916. These fatal concessions enabled Germany to prolong the war by the supplies which she received from America through the Scandinavian countries.

What is past is past. I am more concerned about the present situation in Russia, which, to me, is the crux of the peace problem. Unless we can crush Bolshevism, the war may be lost. The time to destroy that serpent is now. President Wilson seems oblivious of the fact that Russia's repudiation of her debt to my Government and the French people, amounting to more than thirty milliards of francs, means an indirect indemnity paid by my unhappy country seven-fold greater than that which she paid to Germany in 1871. Is there no limit to our concessions?

Lloyd George: What you say is tragically true. I recall with the deepest regret that when I had Trotsky at Halifax safely in irons and could have interned him for the period of the war, to please the Washington Government we consented to Trotsky's release. Since then neither God nor man has rested.

Clemenceau: Let us avoid similar errors in the future.

Only a fool is twice burned. Let us generously recognize all that President Wilson has done for the common cause, without forgetting our debt to the dead and our duty to the unborn. I remember the advice of the wise old Roman, Scipio, to Jugurtha, the Numidian prince, to "make friends with Rome, but not with individual Romans". In this spirit, let us have more faith in America and a little less in Mr. Wilson's suave phrases.

(*Door opens and Secretary announces: "His Excellency, the President of the United States." Enter Mr. Wilson. The three Premiers arise and shake hands with him.*)

Clemenceau: Welcome, Mr. President. Our heartiest congratulations upon your extraordinary receptions in Europe. The oldest of us cannot recall the like for enthusiasm.

Orlando: In my country, Mr. President, the multitudes hail you as a god. Such enthusiasm was never witnessed since Peter the Hermit preached the great Crusade with his "*Deus vult.*"

Lloyd George: Even in our country, Mr. President, although we are colder in temperament than our Latin sisters, you must have appreciated the warmth and cordiality of your reception.

President Wilson: I thank you heartily, gentlemen. The cause was greater than the advocate, and it was the great cause that has won for me the plaudits of your fellow citizens. This should quicken in us a sense of deeper responsibility in the work that we have to do. We have assembled for the purpose of doing very much more than making the present settlements that are necessary. I may say, without straining the point, that we are not the representatives of governments, but representatives of the peoples. It will not suffice to satisfy Government circles anywhere; it is necessary that we should satisfy the opinion of mankind. We are bidden by these people to make a peace which will make them secure. If the Governments do not obey the peoples, the peoples will surely break the Governments. They will not brook any denial of their wish for a league of nations. Statesmen must follow the clarified common thought, or be broken.

Clemenceau: What is this clarified common thought, Mr. President?

Wilson: It is, well, it is—the voices of good men and plain people everywhere.

Clemenceau: But who is the clarifier?

Wilson: They who have seen the great vision.

Clemenceau: But what is the process of clarification? Is it the common organ of democracy,—the ballot box?

Orlando: Recent events in my country make me wonder whether your clarified common thought may not be such emotional excitement as raised Rienzi to power,—only to hurl him down the steps of the Capitol.

Wilson: Your lack of faith surprises me. I pity those who have not seen the vision and heard voices in the air.

Lloyd George: I have a more concrete mandate. My people have recently returned me to power with overwhelming majorities. I trust the recent elections in your country have given you a similar mandate, or was their common thought not sufficiently clarified?

Wilson: Your reference to the recent elections in my country is indelicate. My countrymen have a deep and very genuine ardor for my great vision of a League of Nations.

Clemenceau: True, Mr. President. We may not too curiously inquire into any possible difference between your authority and the will of your people, as expressed at the ballot box; but, by the same token, might it not be well in your public addresses in Europe to put the soft pedal on this constant appeal over the heads of the existing governments to the masses? It only serves to make our task more difficult. After all, the masses can only work their will through governments of their own selection. The contrast that you have drawn in your speeches in England, Italy, and my own country, between existing governments and the masses, as though their wills were at variance, is not calculated to strengthen the stability of these governments or to render them effective for the great purposes that we all have in mind.

Two months have passed since the armistice, and as yet we have made no progress towards peace. Napoleon would have made a peace in half the time.

Wilson: Do I understand that you are charging me with responsibility for this delay?

Clemenceau: Not at all, Mr. President. When we learned that you were about to honor us with a visit, we

rejoiced, not merely in having the great help of your co-operation at the peace table; but because it gave us an opportunity, which we had long desired, to pay a tribute to you and your great country which did so much to make the result a decisive and gratifying one. All this we gratefully appreciate. We are today confronted with the greatest problem that ever confronted any peace conference, and it is to be feared, with the inevitable differences of opinion and disappointments, that, when once the Peace Conference adjourns, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to reconvene it. We therefore think it most important that each of us should be reasonably sure that that which he promises in the name of his country will have binding obligation, and, as these questions cannot be discussed to any advantage in the Peace Conference, it seems the part of candor and sincerity to discuss the question now.

Wilson: Gentlemen, you seem to forget that I am President of the United States.

Clemenceau: No. Mr. President; we have not forgotten it, and we are greatly honored that for the first time in history a President of the United States is here. But we should be faithless to the great interests which are in our keeping if we were blind to the fact that under your Constitution no treaty that you negotiate can have any moral or legal force unless two-thirds of the Senate concur.

Wilson (grimly): You can leave that to me, gentlemen. I shall see to it that the Senate does concur in what I promise, without omitting the crossing of a "t" or the dotting of an "i".

Lloyd George: Under ordinary circumstances, Mr. President, that assurance would be quite satisfactory; but we are further embarrassed by the fact that those who share with your Excellency the responsibility for the making of treaties have already served notice upon us that they do not agree with some of your Excellency's ideas with respect to the nature of the peace and particularly the League of Nations.

Wilson: Who are they that question my authority?

Orlando: Our dispatches from Washington indicate that the leading members of the majority of the Senate, who apparently are in opposition to your administration, have stated that they do not favor all of the Fourteen Points and particularly question the value of the league of nations.

Wilson: Pygmy minds, pygmy minds! You need not concern yourselves with them. They will accept what I bring from Paris, and will know little of what we do, until we have reached an agreement. Before leaving America I took possession of all the cables, and our joint censorship will thus inaugurate the new diplomacy of "open covenants, openly arrived at."

Clemenceau: Your Excellency's assurance is most comforting. Under ordinary circumstances, it is all that we could ask; but it is a matter of life and death to the millions of people whom we represent that there should be no possible mistake. As your Excellency knows, I, for one, have never believed in the League of Nations. There is an old system of alliances which I would not renounce except a better method of defense is offered. If, therefore, we abandon a tried method, which protected France for fifty years and finally saved her in 1914, in favor of the League of Nations, we must know definitely that your country will accept the League. We are therefore naturally concerned in the result of your recent elections in America and the speeches made upon the floor of the Senate by the leaders of the majority.

Wilson (somewhat brusquely): Are you qualified to interpret the recent American elections?

Clemenceau: It is not I, Mr. President, that interprets your mandate from your people. You interpreted it for us; for we read with deep interest your appeal last October to the American electorate, in which you said that "the return of a Republican majority to either House of Congress would certainly be interpreted on the other side of the water as a 'repudiation'" of your leadership. As your people have returned to both houses of Congress large majorities against you, how can we ignore their reply to your appeal, unless we are prepared to assume that America is not a democracy but an autocracy?

Wilson: Enough of this. I am not here to be catechized.

Lloyd George: We are not catechizing, Mr. President. It is, as my confrere of France has said, a matter of life and death to us to know whether, if we concede to America that which you say she asks, America will accept the burdens as well as the benefit of your league of nations. In one of your recent and very eloquent addresses to your countrymen, you well said that "no scruple of taste must

in grim times like these be allowed to stand in the way of speaking the plain truth ". May we not, then, speak plainly?

Wilson (abandoning his angry tone): Gentlemen, you need give yourselves no concern about this point. I have a plan which will defeat my petty enemies in the Senate. I shall so interweave the covenant with the peace treaty that the Senate cannot reject the former without also rejecting the peace treaty, and you will agree that this is inconceivable. Have, therefore, no concern; for I shall " delve one yard beneath their mines and blow them to the moon."

Lloyd George: A very happy Shakespearean quotation, Mr. President, and with our wish for the complete success of your efforts we can only hope that it will not be a case, to continue your quotation, of a very able engineer " hoist with his own petard ". Nevertheless, it would be more satisfactory, if in some way we could have something more than your assurance of your ability to defeat your political adversaries, great as our confidence is in your resourcefulness. If I could venture a suggestion, therefore, might I ask whether it would not be practicable for you to bring to Paris some representatives of the majority of the Senate, so that they would be available for consultation at such times and places as your Excellency thought proper; so that, when you and we had agreed upon the essentials of the treaty we could, before announcing them to the world, get their views and thus avoid a possible miscarriage of our great plans?

Wilson: Certainly not. I have managed the affairs of my administration without the co-operation of the leaders of the opposition, and nothing would be more distasteful to me than to have any of them take part, even in a minor capacity, in the coming conference. Your suggestion is impossible.

Clemenceau: Why impossible, Mr. President? We of France, Italy, and England have formed coalition governments, and thus merged the representatives of the various parties into a sacred union. We consult freely with them, and thus we know that we speak the voice of the united country.

Wilson: I will not further discuss the suggestion. It is now too late for me to discuss these questions with men of narrow vision who seek to undermine my influence.

Lloyd George: You know best the problems of your

own government; but would it not be practicable to give the Committee of Foreign Affairs of the Senate, as we understand your predecessors have often done under similar circumstances, the tentative plan of your league of nations, so that they can offer any criticism that occurs to them; so that, in default of criticism or objection, we can safely assume that the Senate will ratify any treaty we may formulate?

Wilson: Assuredly not. Your second suggestion is even more objectionable than the first. I do not propose to allow the Committee of Foreign Affairs to know anything until we have reached an agreement. My cable censorship will take care of that. The present session of Congress expires by limitation on the fourth of March. I shall refuse to reconvene the Congress until I am ready to present it with *un fait accompli.* The Senators will then find the Covenant not only in it, but so many threads of the treaty tied to the Covenant that they cannot dissect the treaty from the Covenant without destroying the whole vital structure. Let us drop any further discussion of the question, which concerns me and my country, and not you or your countries.

Orlando: But it does concern us. With Italy, it may be a matter of life or death. I confess, Mr. President, we are all disappointed; for the situation in Europe is growing more critical every hour. Is it a time for false delicacy? Do we not more justly deserve each other's esteem and confidence by speaking our inner thoughts? If we are, in this greatest of all peace conferences, to put an end to the "old diplomacy", against which you have eloquently inveighed, must we not reveal to each other our inner convictions? Otherwise, we will make the world safe—not for democracy—but for hypocrisy.

Lloyd George: Your summary method of disposing of your Senate fills us with wonder and admiration. In English history, there is nothing comparable to it since Cromwell entered the House of Commons, and, pointing to the Mace, said: "Take away that bauble." But will your Senate so readily abdicate its authority? You cannot take reasonable offense, Mr. President, at our natural desire to know whether your demand for a League of Nations is shared by your Senate, whose final concurrence is necessary; for you have not hesitated in your public ad-

dresses to distinguish between our governments and the people whom we are supposed to represent. We cannot recognize your Senate without an undue slight to your great office; but is it not equally true that we cannot give exclusive recognition to your views without the manifest danger of an equal slight to a representative body having at least equal powers with your own in the making of treaties for the United States? With you only can we deal and to you only must we appeal to prevent such a catastrophe as would result from a rejection by the Senate of the United States of the peace treaty that we shall negotiate.

Wilson (rising) : Your inquiry, gentlemen, is an affront. It does not comport with my own dignity, or that of my country, that I should permit you to inquire into my credentials. Nothing is left for me but to leave the peace conference. I shall cable for the " George Washington " tonight and return at once to my country.

Orlando (rising in haste) : You surely do not mean that, Mr. President. It would be an irreparable calamity, if the United States withdrew from the peace conference, especially after the great expectations which your eloquent speeches have aroused in the masses of Europe.

Lloyd George (rising) : There must be some method of meeting so grave a situation without such a disastrous step as you now intimate. We hope that you will reconsider your determination and not take amiss our natural and vital interest in the question that we have discussed.

Clemenceau (who has remained sitting, now arises) : Mr. President, your ultimatum surprises us. There is little hope for the peace conference and for the future of mankind if the representative of one of the great nations shall threaten to withdraw from the conference if any inquiry is made as to the full scope of his credentials, or the probable action of his nation. However, my colleagues need have no anxiety. You will not withdraw.

Wilson: Why not? Who will stay me? Freely I came and freely I will depart.

Clemenceau: Freely you did not come, and freely you cannot depart. None of us are free in this great crisis of humanity. All of us are only as the seaweed which floats upon the surface of the Gulf Stream. It indicates the direction of that mighty current. We, too, are floating on

a great and irresistible current of events whose origin and destination, like the Gulf Stream, God only knows. Let us face the situation and be frank with each other in this solemn hour of destiny. We cannot leave this conference without some agreement. You think that you are free to return to your country, your great task undone, but a moment's reflection will convince you that such is not the fact. You and we are bound hand and foot by the force of imperious necessity, which will compel us to remain in Paris until some result is accomplished.

If you left Paris because we made a natural inquiry as to the scope of your credentials you would suffer more than we. From the pedestal to which you have been elevated by the acclaim of uncounted millions of Europeans, your great reputation would be dashed to the ground and broken into a thousand pieces. You cannot leave. The dead forbid you. Visit the desolated regions of the war. There lie the innumerable slain, among whom your noble youth are already numbered. Their tongues are mute and cannot vie in sound with the frenzied plaudits of the living masses who greeted you in London, Paris and Rome. But the dead are eloquent beyond the power of the living, and admonish us, in this fateful hour, that for us to separate on account of petty considerations of personal dignity with our work undone would be to crucify the cause of justice afresh and put it to an open shame.

(*President Wilson hesitates for a few minutes, walks the floor in great emotion, and finally resumes his seat with his confrères, who have been awaiting his decision.*)

Wilson: Gentlemen, you are right. I dared to come, and no statesman of my country ever made a greater gamble. My worst critic cannot charge me with any lack of courage. I dare not, however, return unless I have accomplished something. I have a high and honorable ambition to shape the peace of the world in one of the greatest moments of history. Do not challenge my authority further. Leave the Senate of the United States to me. They, too, are only bubbles floating upon a swift current of events, and they, too, will feel the imperious force of manifest destiny. I accept the responsibility for their concurrence in what we agree upon.

Clemenceau: This does not solve the difficulty, for even you may be mistaken, but we have at least satisfied our own consciences by bringing this vital matter to your Excellency's attention. As, however, you think otherwise, and for reasons that have commended themselves to your discerning judgment have declined to associate with yourself in Paris the representatives of the Senate, we can only accept your assurances.

Therefore, upon you is the terrible responsibility.

With this understanding, let France, which has little faith in your League of Nations, accept it, because, as you say, America wishes it. God grant that in this there may be no mistake; for if, to please America, we accept the League of Nations in lieu of the more direct and practical protection of an offensive and defensive alliance, and America rejects the League, then our last state is worse than our first, and children yet unborn will rue the fatal error.

Let us face realities and remember the future. If we err now, a year hence you may be a president without a nation or a party, and even drag us down in your fall from power. Indeed, like Samson, you may pull down the Temple of the World's Peace into cureless ruin.

Wilson (after long thought, marked by deep emotion): I am deeply impressed by that which you, my dear colleague, have said. A new light has come to me. The advantage of my coming to Paris has already been demonstrated by this conference, for you have given me a point of view which I lacked when I sat alone in the isolation of the White House, surrounded by flatterers and sycophants, who "crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift might follow fawning."

This is no time for selfish ambition or pride of opinion. The safety of the world is in our keeping, and we must leave nothing undone to bring about a speedy and just peace and the reconstruction of civilization upon a surer foundation.

Recognizing your just concern as to the possible attitude of my constitutional partner in the treaty-making power, I shall at once cable an invitation to Senator Lodge, as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations; to Senator Hitchcock, the ranking minority member; to my illustrious predecessor, ex-President William H. Taft, who has done so much to promote the League of Nations; and to my distinguished opponent of the last Presidential elec-

tion, former Associate Justice Hughes, and shall ask them to come to Paris as an advisory committee with whom I can confer from time to time as to what America, without respect to divisions of political opinion, fairly asks. That which I shall ask in its name, with the approval of this advisory committee, three of whom are distinguished members of the Republican Party, will undoubtedly be promptly accepted by the Senate.

As I consider all that you, my good confreres and loyal allies, have said, I am further deeply impressed with the truth which my illustrious predecessor, the first President of the United States, said in his Farewell Message to his country. He strongly advised that the permanent foreign policy of the United States should be marked by a disinclination to implicate America, "by artificial ties in the *ordinary* combinations or collisions" of European politics. It is now clear to me that, in representing the United States at the coming conference, I must bear in mind the pregnant distinction which he made between "extraordinary emergencies" which concern all civilization and the "ordinary" affairs of Europe, which are peculiarly its own concern and with which its statesmen are more competent to deal than I can possibly be.

For this reason, I venture to suggest that the peace conference shall first take up the peculiarly local European questions which require adjustment, such as the control of the Adriatic, the frontier protection of France, and all questions of European boundaries. In these, America has no practical interest and its representatives little real knowledge of them. Even my thousand experts who have accompanied me in my formidable peace armada, know less of these matters than one qualified European statesman.

While you, my confreres, are adjusting these peculiarly local concerns, I will pass through your countries bringing a message of good-will from America, and what is far better, practical relief for your starving millions. "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right," I will in Lincoln's spirit and with the vast resources of my country bind up the wounds of the world and "care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphan." When you have settled these peculiarly European questions, and

the time has come to discuss those of world-wide concern, I shall then, as the chief representative of my great nation, participate in your deliberations, and will make every effort to help in the greatest problem that ever confronted the assembled statesmen of the world. Your Mr. Canning, Mr. Lloyd George, said, in substance, that in the Monroe Doctrine a new world had been called into existences to redress the ill-adjusted balance of the old world. In a larger sense, America, if it abstain from a policy of meddlesome interference in your local concerns and cooperates with you in the larger problems which concern all civilization, will so adjust the disturbed balance of civilization, that an equilibrium of power with peace and justice may be established, to last, please God, for many centuries. Thus, we will, again to quote the wise and patient Lincoln, "do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace."

(*Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Orlando rise and grasp President Wilson's hands.*)

Clemenceau: In behalf of my colleagues, and anticipating the verdict of Posterity, I acclaim you the acknowledged leader of the liberal forces of mankind.

EPILOGUE:

(Spoken by the Muse of History)

Of all sad words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are these, '*It might have been.*'

THE COVENANT OR THE CONSTITUTION?

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

SOMEWHAT tardily, but none the less clearly, the American people are coming to understand that the fundamental question regarding the League of Nations is not, Shall we participate in some kind of international understanding? but, Shall our conduct as a nation be controlled by our own Constitution or by an unnecessary international agreement that overrules it?

So intelligent an observer as Viscount Grey of Fallodon, the British Ambassador at Washington, although accustomed to move in a different political atmosphere from that created by a written constitution, could not fail to note the wide difference between these two questions, or to be convinced that the Senate's discussion of the League of Nations has not revolved about mere partisan interests.

It was perhaps made easier for Lord Grey to attain to this point of view because, in 1914, before Great Britain was committed to war, he had personally recognized the self-evident principle on which the whole issue turns, and which he afterward so admirably stated in the words: "You cannot, you should not, pledge a democracy in such a matter without consulting it, without clearly knowing its mind". And to this axiomatic statement he added, "I could not be sure that on any point of interest the British democracy was willing to go into a great war. And what a cruel disappointment to another nation if I had given a pledge and it had taken certain dispositions on that pledge, and the pledge had not been kept because the people did not endorse it! A friendly nation might thus be involved in a great calamity and might with justice make the reproach that we involved them in that calamity, for without our pledge they might have submitted to a diplomatic humili-

ation; but relying on our pledge they had stood firm and so encountered destruction. Until Belgium was invaded I was not sure that the British people would make war and I gave no pledge. When Belgium was invaded it became a question of honor, and I knew that the people would keep that."

"You cannot, you should not, pledge a democracy in such a matter without consulting it, without clearly knowing its mind";—here, in brief, is the constructive principle on which the exercise of the war power is based in the Constitution of the United States. The Covenant of the League of Nations is not founded upon that principle. It is a pledge to act, and it makes all necessary preparations to act, upon the opposite principle;—namely, that if the people were consulted, if their mind were clearly sought at the moment of action, perhaps they would not choose to act at all! In order to secure their action—this is the theory of the Covenant—they must be bound beforehand while the circumstances are yet unknown and only generally stated. A solemn pledge must be given in their name, and to avoid the possible calamity of their breaking it execution must be confided to a dominant authority who can remove the subject from all debate.

It was a stroke of good fortune that a statesman of Lord Grey's principles and perspicacity was sent to Washington during the long debate on the Treaty of Versailles. He was able promptly to comprehend its meaning, because he perfectly understands the principle involved. This he has now clearly explained to his own countrymen, and his explanation supplies the ground for a cordial understanding of the American situation regarding the League of Nations. "The Senate," he points out, "by the American Constitution, is an independent body, an independent element in the treaty-making power. Its refusal to ratify the treaty cannot expose either itself or the country to a charge of bad faith or of repudiation; nor is it fair to represent the United States as holding up the treaty," he continues, "solely from motives of party politics, thereby sacrificing the interests of other nations for this petty consideration."

It is, in truth, to Lord Grey's mind, as much in the ultimate interest of other nations as in that of the United States that "reservations" should be made to the Covenant of the League of Nations wherever they are necessary to

indicate clearly what the United States will or will not do; for it is only thus that the Powers associated in the League can know what to expect, and thus avoid the calamity of counting upon action where it may eventually be refused. Nor is it to his mind a ground of reproach to this nation that in constituting the Government—a government based in this case wholly on delegated authority—the people should have placed it beyond the power of any individual to pledge them in a matter so grave as the automatic creation of a state of war without consulting their authorized representatives.

It is a service to the whole world to point out, as Lord Grey has done, in his letter to the London *Times,* that " the American Constitution not only makes possible, but under certain conditions renders inevitable, a conflict between the Executive and the Legislature." If, for example, the President should promise to another nation something which the Congress did not approve, such a conflict would arise, and it was intended in planning the structure of our Government that in such a case it should arise; for such a conflict furnishes the most effective method of clearly ascertaining the mind of the American people and obtaining their consent, which otherwise might be arbitrarily assumed where it did not exist, even in so grave a matter as being involved in war.

As Lord Grey reads the document, " it would be possible if the Covenant of the League of Nations stands, for a President in some future years to commit the United States, through its American representative on the Council of the League of Nations, to a policy which the Legislature at that time might disapprove."

" That contingency," he continues, " is one which cannot arise in Great Britain where the Government is daily responsible to the representative authority of the House of Commons, and where, in case of conflict between the House of Commons and the Government, the latter must either immediately give way, or public opinion must decide between them and assert itself by an immediate general election. But in the United States it is otherwise. The contingency is within the region of practical politics. They have reason, and if they so desire the right, to provide against it."

Inevitably, to the mind of an Englishman, the major-

ity of a representative legislative body is entitled to be considered as an authoritative organ for interpreting the popular will. This is the very essence of representative government as it is understood in Great Britain. According to the British Constitution it is impossible to conceive that any power in government can do more than temporarily obstruct the operation of this authority.

A careful examination of the "reservations" adopted by the majority of the Senate of the United States, as a condition of ratifying the treaty containing the Covenant of the League of Nations, will show that, in the main, they are designed to secure precisely that legislative supervision over the policies and decisions of the Executive which automatically exists in all countries having what is called a "responsible government". If, for example, the Prime Minister of Great Britain should, under the Covenant of the League of Nations, issue instructions to the British representative in the Council, when its members "advise upon" the course to be taken under Article X or Article XI, authorizing acts of war, and the House of Commons should consider the action taken not authorized under the Covenant by the circumstances of the case, or not expedient, the House could express its disapproval; and if this were not heeded, there would be an appeal to the country and perhaps a change of ministry. In France under similar circumstances, a change would be certain.

In the United States nothing like this could occur. As pointed out in the January number of this REVIEW, under the Covenant of the League of Nations, as it stands, when action is automatically called for by the provisions of the Covenant, the President, alone, acting under the authorization of the treaty, would instruct the representative of the United States what course to take in the Council, and could then, without interference by the Congress, and even without its knowledge of what was ordered by him, begin to carry out the Council's decision. If that action included acts of war, such as the dispatch of troops to a foreign country, and the Executive's authority to do this were challenged, he could reply that a declaration of war by Congress was not necessary, since war was automatically provided for in the Covenant and actually existed; and if it were further objected that he was acting without constitutional authorization in conducting a campaign it could

be answered that his powers were implied by the obligations of a treaty, which must be recognized as " the supreme law of the land ".

There was, no doubt, a period in the history of the United States when such pretensions and such reasoning would have seemed fantastic, but that day has passed. The time has arrived when men supposed to be well versed in Constitutional Law do not hesitate to declare it " strange " to hold that the powers of Government in the United States are necessarily derived from the Constitution. A State, it is contended, being " sovereign ", its Government is sovereign! Its agents do not need to seek an explicit delegation of power. Armed in the full panoply of national sovereignty, the President of the United States represents the will of the people in its majestic plenitude, and has not to ask a specific authorization for his specific acts but may rather pursue any course, adopt any policy, and take any action that is not explicitly forbidden by the Constitution of the United States. Even where that implied omnipotence appears to be limited, the limitation is nugatory unless a means of enforcing the restriction of power is definitely provided! The only practical restraint upon the undefined power of the President of the United States, therefore, is a refusal to obey his decrees on the part of some constitutionally authorized department of the Government, like the legislative or the judiciary; and even these he may very profoundly influence, in the first instance by appeals to the electorate and by his supremacy as a party dictator, and in the second by his power of appointment.

This abnormal growth of executive power is the result of many causes. In its origin the Government of the United States was a government of restricted, co-ordinated and balanced powers definitely delegated. It was a system designed to secure the citizen and the separate States from the oppression which governments were accustomed to impose, and always tend to impose unless they are restrained. In the contest for increased power between the legislative and the executive branches of government, the latter had the advantage at every point. The fundamental law restrained the functions of legislation, but could hardly affect the realm of policy, in which the President claims an unrestricted field. So long as the President can be plausible

he can lead the nation; and in realms where the popular mind is not instructed almost anything can be made to seem plausible by an adroit rhetorician like President Wilson, whose method is thus described in a passage quoted by Dr. E. J. Dillon in his book on *The Peace Conference:* "President Wilson is conscious of his power of persuasion. That power enables him to say one thing, do another, describe the act as conforming to the idea, and with act and idea in exact contradiction to each other, convince the people, not only that he has been consistent throughout, but that his act cannot be altered without peril to the nation and danger to the world. We do not know which Mr. Wilson to follow—the Mr. Wilson who says he will not do a thing or the Mr. Wilson who does that precise thing." To this might be added, that to those who have committed themselves body and soul to a party leader, what he says or what he does is of no importance to them. The only important thing is to follow him!

The fact that the United States is a constitutionally governed country has had little influence either upon the process of framing the Covenant of the League of Nations or in the effect of it upon the European mind. In truth, it has hardly been present to the consciousness of some American advocates of the Covenant, and has been brought home to them for the first time by Lord Grey's recognition and proclamation of the fact. Not only so, but the fact itself may be regarded as open to question; for, while it is indisputable that the Constitution still exists and is rightfully the basis of our whole system of government, it cannot be contended that its provisions have recently controlled public action either in its letter or its spirit.

The evidence all goes to show, and new evidence is daily coming to light, that at the Peace Conference at Paris the Constitution of the United States was virtually a sealed book both to the Supreme Council and to the American delegation.

As regards the Supreme Council, it has not come to public knowledge that any American constitutional question was ever raised there. The personality of the President, the American plenipotentiary, "acting in his own name and by his own proper authority," was so completely in the foreground that everything else American was left in the shadow of obscurity. What the effect of this was is evident

from Dr. Dillon's revelation of the state of Lloyd George's mind regarding the powers of the President. "In the course of a walk," writes Dr. Dillon in the book already quoted, "Mr. George expressed surprise when informed that in the United States the war-making power was invested in Congress. 'What!' exclaimed the Premier, 'you mean to tell me that the President of the United States cannot declare war? I never heard that before'."

In the mind of at least one person connected with the American delegation in Paris an almost equally exaggerated conception of the President's power prevailed. I am credibly informed that, upon one occasion when an item of the treaty was under discussion, it was observed by one who examined the proposal that the Senate would never ratify a document containing it; whereupon its proponent replied with much indignation: "The Senate? What has the Senate to do with it? The President is making this treaty, and when he goes home and puts it up to the people the Senate will find it has nothing to say!"

This person no doubt felt that he had the President himself as an authority for his statement.

"The old order changeth" has been the key-note of Mr. Wilson's whole Administration. This was the title of the first chapter of his book on *The New Freedom,* published in 1912, in the first paragraph of which we are informed "that there is one great basic fact" which underlies all the questions that now occupy the public mind. "That singular fact is that nothing is done in this country as it was done twenty years ago." In the next chapter he attacks the Constitution of the United States as having been made "under the dominion of the Newtonian theory" of the universe, and repudiates its system of "checks and balances" as no longer acceptable. Thus far, however, he has proposed no substitute except his own personal will. At the height of his enthusiasm he openly announced that unless his recommendations were heeded all Governments were about to be overthrown. To prove it, he appealed to the Italian people, with a result that is well known. "His implied claim to legislate for the world and to take over its moral leadership," writes Dr. Dillon, "earned for him the epithet of 'Dictator,' and provoked such epigrammatic comments among his own countrymen and the French as this: 'Louis

XIV said: *I* am the *State!* Mr. Wilson, outdoing him, exclaimed: *I* am *all the States!*'"

Mr. Wilson undoubtedly never said this, but neither did Louis XIV say what is attributed to him. These legends are only the impressions created put into words. Both rulers have shown the same hostility to "checks and balances."

Undoubtedly the Constitution of the United States as seen from Paris appeared a matter of little consequence. To the President's mind the League of Nations was, as he has said, "greater than the Senate, and greater than the Government." As for the Senate, he appears to have believed up to the time of his final return to the United States that it would require two-thirds of the Senate to change in any respect the treaty he would lay before it, for it apparently did not occur to him that that body could refuse to accept it in some form. The cause was so great, the longing for peace was so intense, the achievement of the Conference was so impressive, that no one, he believed, could resist his determination to force the assent of the Senate. Accordingly, the "Round Robin" proclaiming the constitutional prerogative of the Senate as a participant in the process of treaty-making was received with silent contempt. From that moment the issue was, Which should predominate, a Covenant elaborated in a foreign capital by the political heads of five Great Powers, or the Constitution of the United States?

When it became apparent that the Senate was resolved to maintain its position, having failed to destroy the opposition to the treaty by negotiations with individual Senators the President turned to the people demanding their direct action. It was, in effect, an invitation to the electorate to aid him in destroying the independence of those they had deliberately chosen to represent them,—the substitution of direct for representative government. "I challenge the opponents of this treaty," exclaimed the President at Denver, "to show cause that it should not be ratified. I challenge them to show cause why there should be any hesitation in ratifying it. I do not understand covert processes of opposition. It is time that we knew where we stand, for observe, my fellow-citizens, the negotiation of treaties rests with the Executive of the United States."

Briefly stated, it was to be this treaty or no treaty. The

people of the United States were suddenly made aware where they stood. They then realized, as they had not before, that the Senate was defending the Constitution against the assault of a public officer who refused to respect its provisions and undertook to coerce a co-equal branch of the Government. He was right in claiming that he had power to make treaties, but he denied the very authority from which that power was derived when he declined to make a treaty " by and with the advice and consent of the Senate."

I have said in an earlier paragraph of this article that the main purpose of the " reservations " adopted by a majority of the Senate is to secure legislative supervision over the policies and decisions of the Executive in relation to foreign countries. The President perfectly understands this, and it is because he opposes this purpose that he declares the " reservations " would " nullify the treaty " and advises his adherents in the Senate to vote against them.

Let us note the effect of these reservations.

1. The United States, declares the first of them, shall be the sole judge, in case of withdrawal under Article I, as to whether its obligations under the Covenant have been fulfilled.

The need for this was apparent from the fact that, in the separate Franco-American treaty proposed by the President, it was not the United States but the League of Nations that was to determine when the obligations of that treaty ceased. If so important a decision as this could, at the President's instigation, be left to the League of Nations, was there no reason for this " reservation " in view of the fact that the privilege of withdrawal by the United States depended upon the fulfillment of " all its international obligations and all its obligations under this Covenant "? It was the Council of the League and not the United States itself that was explicitly recognized in the separate treaty as the judge on this subject.

2. The United States, runs the second reservation, assumes no obligations under Article X, *unless* in any particular case the Congress shall provide for the employment of the military and naval forces of the United States.

If, as the President claims, this " takes the heart out of the Covenant," the heart of the Covenant is that the President, and not the Congress, determines the action to be

taken. "The Council," said the President at Pueblo, "advises, and it cannot advise without the vote of the United States. Why gentlemen should fear that the Congress of the United States would be advised to do something that it did not want to do I frankly cannot imagine, because they cannot be advised to do anything unless their own representative has participated in the advice." Precisely. But who is "their own representative"? The President of the United States, over whom they have no control! What the "reservation" aims to do is to assert the control of Congress. And on what principle can it be said that the "reservation" destroys the obligation of the Covenant, if by an adverse vote in the Council the same effect can be produced? Clearly, the only difference is that, in the one case, the Congress is to have a voice; while in the other the President alone determines the action to be taken!

3. No mandate, the third reservation declares, shall be accepted by the United States except by action of Congress. It is believed that acceptance of mandates by the United States was already understood at Paris. Is it not right that Congress should have a voice in this matter?

4. The United States in the fourth "reservation" reserves the right to decide what questions are of a domestic character.

Evidently, under the Covenant, so important a question as that of Labor is not regarded as a domestic but as an international question, and extensive provision is made for treating it as such. Is it not prudent of the United States to reserve the decision in such matters to the representatives of the people?

5. The United States, declares the fifth "reservation," will not submit to arbitration or inquiry questions depending upon or relating to the Monroe Doctrine.

Unless it is the design of the Covenant that such questions be arbitrated, in what manner can this "reservation" be said to "nullify" the treaty? Unfortunately, the language employed in Article XXI places every "regional understanding,"—past, present, or future, open or secret —upon the same footing as the Monroe Doctrine, which is in its essential nature a protest against the collusions of foreign Powers for "spheres of influence," the better known name for "regional understandings." Certainly, after this unwarranted confusion it is desirable to take the Monroe

Doctrine out of this doubtful category and restore it to its rightful place as an American national policy which is not a subject for international action.

It would be superfluous to consider in detail each of the remaining " reservations." The important point to note is that nearly all of them are intended to reserve to the Congress powers which the Constitution accords to it and of which the Covenant seems in some manner to deprive it. Among them the one declaring that " the Congress of the United States shall provide by law for the appointment of the representatives of the United States in the Council and Assembly of the League of Nations and members of commissions " is plainly a restraint on the action of the Executive. This caution has been necessitated by the attempt of the President to absorb the whole of the treaty-making power and to ignore the legislative control of foreign affairs which is essential to the existence of a really responsible government.

The fourteenth " reservation " is the result of an endeavor to solve the problem created on account of assigning six votes to the British Empire, by limiting the manner in which they are to be used rather than by denying to the self-governing colonies a direct right of representation in the League. Lord Grey touches this delicate question with calmness and consideration. It is significant that he raises no objection to the solution proposed in this " reservation " and considers that no collision is likely to arise from it.

The only real and persistent objector to the " reservations " is the President of the United States, who sees in the power to control the action of the Council of the League by the vote of the American representative no rejection of the obligations of the treaty so long as this is left in the hands of the Executive; but the moment the action of Congress is substituted, and instead of its " own representative," the President, Congress *itself* undertakes to act, the obligations of the Covenant are ignored, the " heart of the treaty " is cut out, and the whole scheme is " nullified "!

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

THE FUTURE OF ALBANIA

BY BRIG. GEN. GEORGE P. SCRIVEN, U. S. A.

Late Military Attaché at Rome

The friendlessness and isolation of Albania passed with the World War; the Adriatic storm must soon blow over, at least for a time; Paris will some day act; and from the south the hand of Greece will be withdrawn, it may be from amity; perhaps because northern Epirus is southern Albania, a spine of the sturdy Thistle of the Balkans, which none but a reckless hand would dare to grasp even if it stood alone. But Albania is no longer alone, the war has brought her friends—at least such friends as the unsophisticated rich may expect to find. But better than that, the war has brought her uplift, for who that has seen can doubt that the occupation of the Allied armies proved for all the peoples lying behind the lines that extended from the Adriatic to the shores of the Aegean sea a blessing to the countries they controlled? They were a powerful constructive force that made for good, and they left behind them works of improvement that the people of Albania, the heterogeneous names of Macedonia, and even the none too serious Greek, must forever recognize as a benefit to the Balkans and, with them, to mankind.

It is not too much to say that in Albania the greatest of the benefits conferred were brought about by the Italian. It was he who built the roads, developed the towns, gave access to the country; it was he who instructed the people, opened the schools, fed the starving; it was the Italian who established the courts, nursed the sick, helped the poor. Why should not this work of Italy be carried on in peace, as it was in war, and why should Albania and Italy now fall apart? Few even of her friends, of whom I count myself one, believe that Albanian people can yet walk alone; all must know that they require a friend and a guid-

ing hand to direct their steps along the path of progress opening before them. A guide but not a master, and one that may be released when his service ends: such a friend, indeed, as the United States proved to liberated Cuba. This, I believe, Albania will accept, and I am not alone in my belief. But the hand extended must not be a thing of steel within the velvet glove. The Schyptar will accept no master, and has never really had one. In addition, the hand extended must be light, and, when necessary, easily withdrawn, and proof of this must be as strong as truth itself. But proof of disinterested friendship is difficult to establish in the case of any country, except America, which has met the test. Yet convincing proof must be shown, and belief assured, before Albania will grasp the helping hand of any nation.

Italy, the best friend that Albania has in Europe, should ponder well this truth. A glance at the events which have occurred in the past five years in this part of the eastern Adriatic will show something of Italy's interest in Albania and of the changes that have taken place there, due, for the most part, to the presence of the Italian soldier and his influence upon a shy and difficult people, among whom he came as an undesired stranger if not as an enemy, and from whom he went a benefactor and a friend.

In the trying days of the early winter of the first year of the war, the 10th regiment of the Italian Bersaglieri received orders to take station at the bay of Valona on the Adriatic frontier of Albania; and on Christmas Day of that year this regiment passed between the rocky, grey-green slopes of Cape Luiguetta and the low outlines of the island of Sasseno, and occupied as an outpost the little fishing-village that lay on the northern shore.

Though their country was still at peace, the business of the fighting men of Italy was to extend the protecting hand of their nation over the exhausted land of Albania which had been left, after the expulsion of the inert and intolerable Turk; first as a bone of contention to its predatory neighbors, and later as a pawn in the ridiculous game of the Powers to wish upon the unwilling people the futile Prince of Wied, an inexperienced tenderfoot in the Balkans, who, after six months of useless struggle, vanished from the scene. He was followed by Essad Pasha, a native, who as President of Albania was to give tangible

form to the shadowy republic of the Schyptars. But Essad, too, quickly disappeared in the whirlwind of war that was rising over the world; the ensign displaying the double eagle of Scanderberg flew away across the hills, and Albania, suffering from a score of voiceless ills, was left forgotten and alone, a prey to the creeping Austrians from the north and to the wily followers of the Germanophile King Constantine from the south, whose advances threatened not only the life of Albania itself, but also the future of the Allied cause in the eastern theatre of war.

But the great nations of Europe, seething with war, were unable to give heed to the troubles of the little peoples, except far-seeing Italy. More watchful of the Adriatic than the other Powers, and understanding better the importance of Valona, she took up the task of meeting the menace of the Austrian and Greek, which, if allowed to go unchecked, would in the future have threatened not only the right flank of the Allies but the whole of the eastern Mediterranean, and might even have assured the definite separation of Greece from the Allied cause.

So, by the occupation of the great bay which forms the best harbor that opens through the mountains of the eastern Adriatic from the erstwhile boundaries of dissolving Austria, to the shores of the Ionian sea, Italy, with admirable if not wholly unselfish foresight, secured great future advantages for the Allies, gaining, as an immediate result, a foothold upon the Albanian coast. By so doing she saved at least the greater part of southern Albania from the Austrian and Bulgar, and in addition became a deciding factor in the ultimate success of the Balkan campaign, which appears now to have been the loose stone of the arch that upheld the German power.

By her early control of the western ends of the line of communication across the Balkans; by her support of the left flank of the Army of the Orient based on Salonica; and by her check and final defeat of the right flank of the enemy resting on the Adriatic, Italy gave the Allied forces lying eastward from the Balkan lakes freedom to operate towards the north. It is unnecessary to speak here of the value to the enemy of such roadsteads as Santi Quaranta and Porto Palermo for submarine and aerial bases, had they remained in his hands, nor of the importance of Valona as a naval base, lying as it does at the north of the

strait of Otranto and some sixty-five miles from the harbor of Brindisi. That is another story; it will suffice to say here that it will some day be recorded in the history of the World War that the world owes something to the brilliant stroke of military foresight that sent the little holding force of Bersaglieri to occupy an unheeded neutral part of the Balkan coast, there to perform the duty of watchful waiting during the trying months that held the fate of the old Triple Alliance in doubt. By this peaceful occupation of a village that was seemingly a mere squalid hamlet, a military position was secured that was later to become for the Allies an important naval station on the Adriatic, and a strategic and tactical base of such value in the operations of the armies in this theatre of war that had it fallen into the hands of the enemy earlier in the operations, the great military romance of the Balkans, if played at all, would have occupied a far smaller stage than it did, and the whole of western and southern Albania would have been thrown to the German wolves. For this and for the later treatment of the country and its peoples, it should seem that Albania, as well as the world, owes a debt of gratitude to Italy.

But be that as it may, it is sufficient here to say that as an immediate consequence of Italian action, the Austrian army was never able in this part of the front to force its way south of the Voiussa, some twelve miles from Valona; and the latter port grew from a mere hamlet into a seaport which became a great military base, as well as the center of civil administration, of food distribution, and of instruction for the Albanian people. Later it became an important factor in their regeneration and a new gateway to their country. Incidentally, too, after their terrible retreat in the autumn of 1915, Valona gave refuge to the survivors of the fugitive army of Serbia, permitted them to recover that fighting spirit which so thoroughly punished the Bulgar in the closing days of the war, and at the last offered a resting place for the bones of the Serbian dead, which the kindly Italian soldier, General Ferraro, gathered from valley and seashore to bury beneath the simple marble cross that stands today in memory of the Serbians and to the honor of the town.

With the entrance of Italy into the war in May, 1915, military activity in the Balkans increased, additional forces

were sent to Valona, and from that position as a base, Italian control was extended over southern Albania. But in this region, conditions had begun to grow more threatening on account of the attitude of Greece, still under the influence of Constantine; and as a consequence the Italian troops were advanced, but without violence and indeed at the request of the inhabitants themselves, to the interior towns, or ruins as some of them were, of Tepeleni, Argiro, Castro, Premati, and Liascoviki, and to the roadsteads of Santi Quaranta and of Porto Palermo, and the wilds of the picturesque Chimara. Indeed, owing to the unsettled state of the country, the troops went south as far as Janina in Greece, and extended the line of occupation eastward along the old Turkish highway to Ersek. Here, in February, 1917, the Italian right flank joined the left of the Armée de l'Orient, and a cordon of Allied troops extended from the Adriatic to the shores of the Aegean Sea.

It is of this region, opened by war and reclaimed by the soldier, that I desire to say a few words in the hope that its charm and interest may become better known than they now are. There has arisen a New Albania. Centuries of mist have hung over the hills of Albania; few strangers have looked beyond the line of its coast; the rugged country that rises behind the sea is without railroads, and, before the occupation, was practically without roads, for the infrequent highways built by the Turk had in large part become impassable for vehicles. But even had it been practicable to enter the country, it was out of the question to remain there; the people were suspicious of strangers, and frequently hostile; there were no stopping-places of a civilized kind, and, on the whole, Albania before the World War was as little known and as little sought by merchant or traveller as were the wastes of Thibet itself.

But today all this is changed. For once, the scourge of war has enlightened and improved a country, softened its inhabitants, and, in the case of the Albanians, dissipated the distrust and lessened the hatred engendered by ignorance, as well as by the ill-treatment the race has received from the floods of people that have surged around and over them, but have never submerged them. The months of military occupation have done much to atone for the dead centuries of the past, and already Albania is opening to the enterprise and curiosity of the West. But what of the

future? Surely the great work of the soldier will not be permitted to vanish unheeded, and the people will not be allowed to drop back into their age-long sleep; surely, too, the nations will see to it that the Albanians are helped along the path of civilization by a wise guidance of their affairs, and encouraged to hold fast to the friendly hands that during four years have been stretched out to assist them.

Certain it is that when the outlander comes to know the real Albania—when he sees the grandeur of its mountains, the beauty of its lakes and streams, and the charm of its old-world towns, and when, above all, he realizes the wealth of minerals lying beneath its hills the fertility of its valleys and the riches and beauty of its coasts,—the long-neglected country will come into its own.

As there has arisen from the war a new Albania, so there has been created a new entrance to the country. It is Valona, the ancient but forgotten village lying isolated at the foot of its encircling hills. In the days of the Turk, the Balkans were approached from the west, through the little sea port of Santi Quaranta, on account of the highway leading thence back into Greece and across the mountains to the Aegean Sea; or perhaps it was Durazzo, the recent Austrian base, that was considered the open door to the peninsula, since from there a Turkish road also ran east and south. Then, too, Durazzo was the starting-point of the great Via Egnatia, by which the Roman legions marched across the mountains to Elbasan, past Lake Ochrida to Konsha and to long troubled Monastir, thence southeast to pretty Vodena on the crest of the hills, whence it dropped into the valley of the Vardar and reached the shores of the Aegean Sea at Salonica, within the remains of whose ancient walls still stands a triumphal arch of Rome. Or perhaps the inlet of Porto Palermo should be reckoned an entrance to the east, since the galleys once came here for shelter, and the trace of an old road still remains nearby to tell the Roman story, or perhaps that of Caesar, whose triremes landed to the north the legions that beat the army of Pompey at far-away Pharsalia.

But however this may have been in the past the present and the future entrance to Albania from the Adriatic is Valona. So it has happened by war and by the hand of Italy that the forgotten village of Valona—or Avalona as it is sometimes called—again finds a place in the sun,

though it had long been lost, in spite of the fact that since the days of Imperial Rome the town under various names has made a dot on the maps. But notwithstanding its antiquity, on that Christmas Day five years ago the future seaport of Albania was a mere squalid fishing hamlet lying asleep in its mud and isolation on the picturesque shores of a noble bay, which then sheltered few vessels except the fishing boats and an occasional trader of the Adriatic. The place offered small attraction to the soldiers beyond a few tawdry bazaars, a mosque or two, and a collection of low dingy houses of stone, as primitive as the surrounding hills, interspersed with the better buildings of the Austrian and Greek Consulates, and the large, pretentious shell of the Vlores family, the autocrats of the place. The ill-paved streets, almost impassable from the mud of the winter rains, were animated by trains of donkeys and infrequent vehicles, and by a few Orthodox or Mohammedan peasants, who indicated by their shabby appearance the poverty and wretchedness into which the country had sunk; while an occasional woman of the latter creed moved ghostlike along her sombre way in her poor straight gown and black yashmak, which often proved a kindly screen to a withered face.

With the arrival of the soldier, however, Valona was soon cleaned up; new buildings were constructed; good water brought in; electric lights and ice-plants installed; and when peace really comes and a few hotels are built, the town will be in a fair way to become a resort of note. Rightly so; for the magnificent bay, half closed from the sea by its sentinel island, offers wonderful water for sailing and yachting; the long stretches of sandy beach lying at the foot of the olive-clad hills are excellent for bathing, while the highways behind the sea, where for many score of miles a car may run past ever-changing scenes, offer to the traveller thrills that are not often found in more sleepy lands, and provide a tonic for the nerves unsurpassed by drug or potion. Add to these things the charm of a back country full of game which is, by-the-way, little troubled by the peasant whose chief sport has been the hunt of his fellowman. But this diversion has been ended by the soldier.

Above the town, conspicuous on a headland that towers twelve hundred feet over the sea, stand in all their crumb-

ling grandeur the walls of an old Venetian castle that once guarded the harbor; and beside it there clings to the slopes the village called Kanina, a refuge of the people in the hot season. The place is approached by a fine road that was built by the soldiers literally in one night, for as the story goes, when the Italians came to Valona, the road was a mere mountain trail fit for the native and the goat. Thereupon, the general commanding, who observed the value of the place for summer quarters if only a proper road were built, remarked the fact to his chief engineer; whereupon the latter replied, "You will be able, sir, to reach Kanina in the morning by motor."

The work was done in the night, and the next day a motor road rose twelve hundred feet along the mountain side, zig-zagging like a curl of vapor to the village clinging like a bird's nest to the crags above.[1] From the castle walls the view is imposing, ranging as it does over sea and land across the wide bay to the mountains beyond, and westward out to the sheltering island that guards the harbor, while inland, above the rolling groves of olive trees, unwooded mountains open to present a vista of hills and cultivated valleys that lie along the river Sciuscizza, once crossed by lines of trenches and gun emplacements that then opposed the Austrian, and marked by the war positions of search lights and anti-air-craft guns on a dozen hills. But these have become mere memories; and again in the fields the peasant guides his plow—a crooked stick drawn by little buffaloes, and across the slopes the herds of goats and flocks of sheep graze lazily beneath the eye of the herdsman, a thing of rags and patches as variegated and primitive as his ancestors of a thousand years ago.

It is indeed a land of wonder, but a land that has been long forgotten, unheralded except for Byron's lines, and as unknown as some lost island of the tropic seas; yet a land, withal, where nature and art have joined to produce a veritable garden, where every prospect pleases, and where man is not so vile as he was once thought to be.

GEORGE P. SCRIVEN.

[1] I was told of this extraordinary bit of road-building by an officer of long service with the Italian troops in Albania during the earlier days of the occupation. I have often traveled over this road and know its quality and the skill shown in the building, but it is difficult to realize the rapidity of its construction. Nevertheless, this can be understood when it is known that the celebrated road along the Adriatic from Santi Quaranta to Valona, about eighty-two miles, was built by the Italian soldiers, aided by the people of the countryside and the Austrian prisoners, in sixty-seven days. These instances go to prove the assertion that the Italians are the best road-builders of the world.

THE PACIFIC TRIANGLE

BY SYDNEY GREENBIE

As late as December 8th, 1916, the Sydney *Morning Herald* said editorially: "And *those of us who think of a possible run under America's wings* forget that her strength at present is proportionately no greater than our own (Australia's). She is not ready for either offence or defence and she knows it. This being so, can we ask Great Britain," etc., etc. Another statement which emphasizes this tendency is that made by the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. "What do the Colonies ask? They ask a preference on their principal products. You cannot give them —at least it would be futile to offer them—a preference on manufactured goods, because at the present time the exports of manufactures of the Colonies are entirely insignificant. You cannot, in my opinion, give them a preference on raw materials. . . . which are a necessity of our manufacturing trade. . . Therefore, if you wish to have Preference, if you desire to gain this increase, *if you wish to prevent separation,* you must put a tax on food." (In both cases the italics are mine.)

After the visit of the American fleet to Australia, so cordial was the attitude of Australians that everywhere they talked of floating the Stars and Stripes in the event of—what? In the event of pressure from Downing Street or from Tokyo. The Australian temperament is not one which buries its grievances or harbors ill-feeling. The Australian speaks right out that which is on his mind. And though much must be discounted because of this bubbling personality, almost primitive in its extremes, nothing that affects Australia can long be ignored by us.

Frankly the situation is this. Australia is set in her so-called "White Australia" policy. Australia made it clear to England that, Alliance or no Alliance, she would never swerve from her policy of excluding Japanese and

Chinese. When the American fleet appeared, knowing the Oriental exclusion practiced in America, Australia felt that bond of fellowship which comes from common danger. And everything was done to develop friendship. America became the pattern for everything Australian. Never particularly fond of the Englishman, at times excluding him almost as effectively as the Oriental, advertising that "No Englishman Need Apply" when looking for labor, and even during the war referring to themselves proudly as "Australians, not English," Australia regarded America as a big brother. Afraid of the little yellow man up there, Australia naturally looked to America as a possible defender.

But along came the European war. Great Britain was in danger. America held aloof. Then everything changed. The wave of anti-American sentiment in Australia was much more pronounced than in New Zealand. This is a strange anomaly, for inherently New Zealand is much more imperialistic and emulates the parent country much more than does Australia. Yet anti-Americanism was almost violent in Australia. This is characteristic of these people. There was almost a boycott against American goods. One firm published a scurrilous advertisement which the American Consul-General at Melbourne showed me and said he had sent it home to Washington. For a time it looked rather serious, but in view of the Australian character, its importance is to be discounted. It was merely the impetuosity of a little boy, disgruntled because big brother had not taken his judgment *in toto*. Many said openly: "We were so fond of America and thought she was our friend. From now on we don't want anything from you. We don't want your protection."

At that time Mr. Hughes, the Prime Minister, returned from England with conscription up his sleeve. It is said that he was warned by labor not to try to put it through without a referendum. What happened then illuminates the Australian character. For weeks the country was in as wild a state as pending civil war could produce anywhere. The feeling was tense. Conflicts and wrangling occurred everywhere. Up to the last night of the discussion it seemed as though there would be war. Then came the day of the vote. The quiet and the orderliness was one of the greatest boosts for democracy ever staged. Every-

thing was bathed in sunny restfulness. Workingmen lay upon the grass of the public domain like seals. When they talked it was about anything but conscription. Conscription lost. It lost a second time the year after. Two main factors stood out against the sending of more men to Europe —labor and Asia.

Almost immediately after the referendum the coal strike occurred. The situation became grave. To conserve fuel for industrial purposes, the Government prohibited the use of electricity and gas except during specified hours. Places of business on the main streets were lit with kerosene lamps, movies were closed, the ferry stations stood in semi-darkness. People conversed as though certain doom were impending. Things looked forlorn indeed. Shops and factories were closing down, throwing thousands out of work. One heard remarks about things heading for a revolution.

Australia is reputed to have done wonders in the way of solving the problems of capital and labor, but there are as many strikes in that Commonwealth as in any other state. The country is crystallizing quickly and is bound to become more and more conservative. In spite of the worthy democracy to be found there, every public utterance seemed to bear itself as though made by a lord. One is constantly aware of the presence of the crown even though it has been removed, like the sense of pressure behind one's ears after having taken off one's spectacles. For in spite of its democracy, Australia is bound up in the monarchy. Revolution was heard of every now and then, but at its mention one also heard the creaking of the bones of Empire. It was evident and clear, though hardly spoken. One felt the security which comes from the accumulation of tradition and custom, but it was not comfortable. Even in Australia change seems to be regarded as synonymous with destruction. A marvelous structure, this British Empire, and fit for the residence of any human being—but not an American. He is too dynamic, too restless, too eager for creation.

And here is where we arrive at the point of meeting and of parting in our relations with Australia. America has determined upon keeping the country "white" against the invasion of Asia. So has Australia. But America has the inclusive tendencies of an empire; Australia the exclu-

sive. America is heterogeneous; Australia is homogeneous. American strikes are regarded as importations, but what about the strikes in Australia? America has a population of 110,000,000 in an area but a little larger than Australia, while Australia has only a paltry 4,500,000. America is trying to amalgamate the diverse races it already has without taking in such people as the Asiatics whose racial characters are so unyielding. But Australia is herself unyielding. Homogeneous as her population is, she has great difficulty in keeping it from disagreement. With a vast region not likely to be touched by labor in generations, Australia uses the same arguments against outsiders coming in as does America in regions already well developed.

Keeping Australia "white" is the keynote of all Australian politics. For this reason half of the leaders waged war against Germany; while to keep Australia white, the other half stayed conscription. Labor is at the bottom of the "white" Australia policy. The most serious problem the country has to face is her insufficient population. Yet what labor is to be found there receives no more consideration than anywhere else in the world. It is no better off than elsewhere. There is less poverty simply because poverty is synonymous with over-population. To protect itself against invasion of cheap (not necessarily Asiatic) labor, the Immigration Restriction Act of 1901 was passed. To speak of restricting immigration to a country containing only four and a half million seems suicidal, but Australia went at it without any trepidation and declared for the exclusion from "immigration into the Commonwealth of . . . any person who fails to pass the dictation test; that is to say, who, when an officer dictates to him not less than fifty words in any prescribed language, fails to write them out in that language in the presence of the officer." This is the crux of the act; other than that, restriction is placed only on those diseased or incapable. In other words, this restriction places a person failing in the test on a level with the criminal, lunatic and leper. It is obviously a snare, for it means that an officer may spring any language he may choose on an immigrant. He may ask a Frenchman to write Greek, or a Greek Spanish, failure to transcribe which gives the officer the power to exclude the applicant. The law has kept Australia white, but with pallor rather than purity.

Veiled and unveiled, this white Australia policy was at the bottom of the failure of conscription. The spirit which dominated both camps was fear of invasion. Argued the pro-conscriptionist: If we do not stand behind the Empire and the Allies in this war, Prussia or whoever may become her ally in future will swoop down upon us. Argued the anti-conscriptionist: If that is the danger, then let us keep our men at home to protect us against this possible peril. The antis were more open. They pictured an invasion following the sending of men to Europe, and pointed to the importation of coolies for labor in Europe. One member of parliament was fined a thousand dollars and made to enter into "cognisance and comply with the provisions of the Regulation" because he specified whom they were afraid of—Japan. And to add grist to their mill, a hundred natives of the island of Malta (British subjects, mind you) appeared at the beautiful front door to Australia, Sydney Harbor, and asked for admission. They did not land. Even Indians are excluded, a deposit of $500 being required of any admitted to guarantee his return. A transport had been fitted out in Java with native labor but Australian workers refused to load it till the fittings were torn out and done over again by Australian labor.

Now, the white Australia policy is, if you care to stretch a point, a humane attempt to avoid conflict. The Australians say to themselves and to the world: We would rather call you names across the sea than scratch your eyes or pull your ears over a wooden fence. They point to the American Civil War and the present problem in the south as an example. They wish to save themselves future operations by avoiding the cancer and are willing to bear the burden of retarded development for this promised peace. Let us see how it has worked out.

It is interesting to note that in 1915, 890 Germans were admitted to Australia, and only 423 Japanese; in 1914, 3,395 Germans and 387 Japanese. The number of Germans for the two years previous was practically the same, whereas that of Japanese fluctuated from 698 in 1912 to 822 in 1913, and 387 in 1914. From 1908 to 1915 the Germans entered in increasing numbers, while the Japanese decreased. Chinese gained admission in vastly greater number than the Japanese, exceeding them by 1,500 and

2,000 yearly. On the whole the arrivals over the departures were seldom very excessive, most of the steamers from the south for the Orient being taken up by returning Asiatics. With the vast regions of the island-continent uninhabited and untouched, this movement of Orientals is only evidence of the check the Government keeps on invasion. The fallacy in the "white Australia" policy is obvious. Its psychological significance was pointed to above—a tendency on the part of Australians, though politically democrats, to revert to habits of thought inherited from England. England is an island kingdom, but the Englishman cannot forget this even when he has taken up his home on a vast continent like Australia. In this day and age of steel ships and submarines, with possibilities of the airship clear before us, for anyone to think in an insular way is to lack the common sense of a King Canute. Australia has shown that even with an enemy recognized and fought she has been unable to remain unified in thought, yet she thinks that merely by excluding the Asiatic she will be able to maintain her integrity. Capital in Australia would be willing to admit the Oriental in order to reduce the cost of labor; but as soon as he becomes a factor in commerce— as in the case of the Chinese furniture-makers who exploit Chinese laborers and undersell Australian furniture manufacturers—Capital becomes wroth and shouts for the exclusion of the "coolie." Labor, on the other hand, swaggering about the brotherhood of man and the common cause of labor throughout the world, becomes just as nationalistic when "foreign" labor threatens to undersell it. True that it would be easy enough to establish a minimum wage by law so that no Chinese would be allowed to receive less than that wage for his work, but the principle doesn't work out as easily. Even with a minimum wage and an eight-hour day, the Chinese with his intense application to his job and his manner of living would threaten the white man. But have we not the same difficulty even amongst a given number of white men, where some are ready to undersell others? Australia, the experimental station for labor legislation, is the last country where one would expect to find the exclusiveness which she condemns so vigorously. She has shown herself exclusive in her discrimination of the English workingman; she has been exclusive in her con-

demnation of America in the first days of the war; she has even been exclusive in her attitude toward her neighbor, New Zealand; and finally and foremost she is exclusive of Asiatic and colored people. This exclusiveness has left a continent with barely the fringe of it scratched. To people like the Japanese and Chinese, this must indeed seem the height of selfishness. True, that sparse as her population is, Australia has done more to better the conditions of her people than has Japan. Japan's claims cannot be regarded seriously, for mere breeding is never an argument for expansion. But in the face of this menacing conflict, America and Australia, sharing with each other this attitude of exclusiveness, must know whither they are drifting. We must learn from Australia what she intends to do, and why. We must study Australian temperament and Australian character. Some of her own people said she was a quitter in the war, but that is false. Australia sent 400,000 men to Europe. Would Australia stand by America in an Oriental conflict? Is there going to be a conflict? A military or naval struggle—not necessarily. But the conflict is on. Will it be a struggle for land? Not necessarily. Japan doesn't want to push out. She has all of Manchuria and Korea and Formosa and her own north island, the Hokaido, yet she has lost only about 1,200,000 people by emigration. Japan will not create a commercial menace until she improves the standard of her workmanship, and when she does that her cheap labor will also be a thing of the past. But even then, when Japan has captured by higher grade and more extensive production the markets of the Pacific which Australia, unless she obtains more people, cannot think of approximating, Australia will need to find some way out of her dilemma. She must have more people, but failing to get them, can she maintain her policy of exclusion? The danger is largely a psychological one. Australia will seek the friendship and assistance of America, with whom she is linked by ties of common language and similarity in temperament.

The Pacific presents a problem for the future, colossal and without precedent. We are apt to single out the three great countries—Australia, America and Japan—and think that by studying their natures we can find a solution to the difficulty. But there are in the Pacific an infinite number of other races, in various stages of development. Hawaii

has had an interesting civilization; the Philippines are clamoring for independence; Java is in no sense a barbarous country; and China—well, we are childish in our judgments of people strange to us. Then there is India. Europe was less diverse in any particular than is this conglomeration of marvelous civilizations—yet see what a mess it is in. Australia is almost a homogeneous country—yet see what conflicts rage there. Still, jingoists speak of the yellow peril as though it were a single thing, elemental and conquerable.

Our relations with Australia are definite. The need of understanding is urgent. Just as Japan is beginning to realize that she must make China her friend, so must we—Australia, New Zealand, Canada and America—form a closer union. There should be an exchange of opinion; there should be a greater supply of news distributed from one country to the other. Not special Sunday sections bought and paid for and in unmistakable garb, but news of personal, educational and geographical value. With these three countries as a nucleus and the same thing going on in China and Japan, the problem of the East understanding the West will become more clear, more simplified.

We have first of all to show the East that our form of democracy is acceptable. We must make ourselves the teachers and exemplars of the East. We must show that unity is possible, and that we appreciate the fine points in Oriental civilizations. Commencing with this idea, the programme will work itself out. We must appeal to the East, not condemn it. Our exclusion must be definitely stated as only temporary, to be removed as soon as possible, the earlier the better—to be removed when Japan eliminates from her own conscience the hatred of the foreigner. America has won the friendship of China in just that way. It can be done. By returning the Boxer indemnity to China for educational purposes more was done toward peace in the Pacific than by all the wars in creation, however ideal their motives. Extend that method and we have our new imperialism.

SYDNEY GREENBIE.

"CONCURRENT POWER"

BY MONROE BUCKLEY

THE adoption of the Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution of the United States raises a number of questions of constitutional law of the utmost importance, not only to the members of the legal profession but to the layman. Not the least interesting of these is that presented by the "concurrent" power of enforcement given to Congress and the several States.

The language of the amendment is as follows:

> Section 1. After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited.
>
> Section 2. The Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.
>
> Section. 3. This article shall be inoperative unless it shall have been ratified as an amendment to the Constitution by the Legislatures of the several States, as provided in the Constitution, within seven years from the date of the submission thereof to the States by the Congress.

While it is still too early to prophesy the manner in which the courts will construe the concurrent power of enforcement given to the Federal Government and the States, it may not be altogether profitless to consider the question in advance of the determination by them.

The Government of the United States is a government of limited powers granted to it by the people of the United States and contained in the Constitution. As was said in *Martin v. Hunter's Lessee,* 1 Wheat. 304, 326 (1816):

> The government, then, of the United States can claim no powers which are not granted to it by the Constitution, and the powers actually granted, must be such as are expressly given, or given by necessary implication.

If there were any doubt of the truth of this proposition, it

would be resolved by a reference to that clause of the instrument itself which provides (Amendments, Article X) that:

> The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

Every act, then, of the Federal Government, every act done under its authority, must find its ultimate justification in the Constitution. Within the limits of the powers so granted, the Government is supreme. By the second section of Article VI it is provided that:

> This Constitution, and the Laws of the United States which shall be made in Pursuance thereof; and all Treaties made, or which shall be made, under the Authority of the United States, shall be the supreme Law of the Land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, any Thing in the Constitution or Laws of any State to the Contrary notwithstanding.

This article will be adverted to later. Here it is quoted merely to demonstrate the supremacy of the Federal Government, *within the bounds placed upon it by the Constitution.* In that landmark of American constitutional law, *Gibbons v. Ogden,* 9 Wheat. 1, 210 (1824), Mr. Chief Justice Marshall said:

> It has been contended, that if a law passed by a State, in the exercise of its acknowledged sovereignty, comes into conflict with a law passed by Congress in pursuance of the Constitution, they affect the subject, and each other, like equal opposing powers. But the framers of our Constitution foresaw this state of things, and provided for it, by declaring the supremacy not only of itself, but of the laws made in pursuance of it.
>
> The nullity of any act, inconsistent with the Constitution, is produced by the declaration, that the Constitution is the supreme law. The appropriate application of that part of the clause which confers the same supremacy on laws and treaties, is to such acts of the State Legislatures as do not transcend their powers, but though enacted in the execution of acknowledged State powers, interfere with, or are contrary to, the laws of Congress, made in pursuance of the Constitution, or some treaty made under the authority of the United States. In every such case, the act of Congress, or the treaty, is supreme; and the law of the State, though enacted in the exercise of powers not controverted, must yield to it.

The powers of the States referred to are the powers reserved to them, or, in other words, not granted to the Federal Government. They have been grouped as the "police power,"—i. e., the power to regulate all purely internal affairs,—and are valid and binding except in so far as they

trespass upon or interfere with the exercise of the powers granted to the Federal Government or are limited by the Constitution.

Up to the time, then, of the adoption of the Prohibition Amendment, we had—and still have, except as affected by that amendment—a Government of delegated powers and a congeries of States or commonwealths to which are reserved all the powers not expressly or by necessary implication granted to the Federal Government or not otherwise restricted by the Constitution. With the foregoing propositions in view we are prepared to consider the effect of that clause of the Prohibition Amendment which gives concurrent power of enforcement to Congress and the several States.

There is no instance in the Constitution, other than that contained in the Eighteenth Amendment, of an express award or reservation of "concurrent power". Congress is authorized to enforce various rights or duties by appropriate legislation (e. g., Amendments XIII to XV), but nowhere except in the Prohibition Amendment is *concurrent* power given in so many words.

"Concurrent power" may be said to have two possible meanings, one implying the necessity for joint or concerted action, and the other, equal power to act, regardless of the action of the other party empowered. Either presents problems of considerable difficulty. Whether the unfortunate wording of the section is due to the stupidity of the opponents of the liquor traffic or to the shrewdness of its proponents, it is exceedingly probable that it will cause the utmost confusion.

If, in the exercise of concurrent power, joint or concerted action by Congress and the several States is necessary, if, in other words, no action by Congress is valid until ratified or concurred in by the particular State in question, —with the "advice and consent", so to speak, of the latter, —it will be many a year before the "bone-dry" condition proclaimed with such vociferation as the universal panacea for a suffering world will be a *fait accompli.* Such an interpretation is certainly possible.

The real contest will come over the word in its signification of "joint" and "equal". The situation in such case has been graphically stated by the Supreme Court in *Houston v. Moore,* 5 Wheat. 1, 23 (1820). The matter

before the Court was the competency of a court martial which derived its asserted jurisdiction from the State of Pennsylvania, to punish militiamen, drafted by the President into the service of the United States, for a refusal to obey the summons. The Court said:

> To subject them [the people] to the operation of two laws upon the same subject, dictated by distinct wills, particularly in a case inflicting pains and penalties, is, to my apprehension, something very much like oppression, if not worse. In short, I am altogether incapable of comprehending how two distinct wills can, at the same time, be exercised in relation to the same subject, to be effectual, and at the same time, compatible with each other. If they correspond in every respect, then the latter is idle and inoperative; if they differ, they must, in the nature of things, oppose each other, so far as they do differ. If the one imposes a certain punishment, for a certain offence, the presumption is, that this was deemed sufficient, and, under all circumstances, the only proper one. If the other legislature impose a different punishment, in kind or degree, I am at a loss to conceive how they can both consist harmoniously together.

We are now confronted by such a situation. One of the States refused to ratify the Prohibition Amendment at the time of its submission to the legislature. Upon its ratification, however, by three-fourths of the States—if indeed it shall be held that the requisite number have so acted—it became effectual throughout the country. Following the refusal of the State mentioned to ratify, that State passed an act legalizing a four per cent. alcoholic content in beverages. On October 28th, 1919, Congress passed the "National Prohibition Act" ("An Act to prohibit intoxicating beverages, and to regulate the manufacture, production, use, and sale of high-proof spirits for other than beverage purposes, and to insure an ample supply of alcohol and promote its use in scientific research and in the development of fuel, dye, and other lawful industries"). This is the act known as the Volstead Act. By its terms it applies to beverages which contain one-half of one percentum or more of alcohol by volume. Part of it became operative upon its passage. The remainder was intended to take effect contemporaneously with the Prohibition Amendment. On January 5th, 1920, the United States Supreme Court in the case of *Ruppert v. Caffey, U. S. Attorney, et al.,* No. 603, October T. 1919, sustained the constitutionality of the Act. This and its companion cases of *Hamilton, Collector, v. Kentucky Distilleries and Warehouse Company,* and *Dryfoos v. Collector,* Nos. 589 and

602, October T. 1919, decided December 15th, 1919, which uphold the constitutionality of the Wartime Prohibition Act approved November 21st, 1918, (ch. 212, 40 Stat. 1045, 1046) throw no light upon the present inquiry. Each involved the question of whether or not a specific piece of legislation was a valid exercise of the "war power" of Congress. In the Ruppert case the Volstead Act was under consideration, but only that part of it which was adopted pursuant to the undoubted right of Congress to pass laws for the national defence. The Prohibition Amendment was not before the Court, except indirectly, and nothing was said as to that portion of the Volstead Act which purports to be an exercise of the power to enforce the Amendment. Now what will be the position of a man who sells three per cent. beer in the State last referred to? He has done an act under the express authority of a law passed by a State under the same power that gives to the Volstead Act its efficacy. Does he become subject to the pains and penalties of the Federal Law? Will the State enactment be superseded and fall into what the late President Cleveland would doubtless have called "innocuous desuetude"? That it may be so held, no one at this stage would be so foolish as to deny. That under the Constitution it should be so held is a different matter. It would seem that we are confronted by the irresistible force and the immovable object.

Unless we give to the word "concurrent" its proper etymological and historical signification of "co-ordinate", "co-equal" (*currere:* to run, and *con:* with) the power becomes totally meaningless and supererogatory. If words have significance, if the English language means anything whatever, a concurrent power ceases to be concurrent the moment that it becomes subject to a stronger power. The thing is a contradiction in terms. It is impossible.

The police power of the States, mentioned above, though it has been called concurrent, is not concurrent at all, for it is subject to the powers granted to the Federal Government and the limitations imposed by the Constitution. It differs from the power granted by the Prohibition Amendment in that the latter is express, unlimited, and of equal force with every other grant of power in the Constitution.

Something may be deduced from the distinction between

the powers of the Federal Government and the powers reserved to the States. The powers of the Federal Government, as shown above, are the powers expressly granted to it and the further powers necessary to carry such powers into execution—these and no more. The powers of the States are such as belong inherently to them as independent sovereignties, except only so far as they have surrendered these powers. The Prohibition Amendment is a grant by the States of power, but—mark this—of concurrent power, to legislate for a certain purpose. Being a *grant* of power, it increases the powers already granted only to the extent expressly given. It is also a *reservation* of power to the several States. They have in effect said to the Federal Government: "In the exercise of our sovereignty we have prohibited the liquor traffic. We give you power to enforce that prohibition. *We reserve to ourselves the same power that we grant you.* You are limited to the terms of our grant and such action as is necessary to carry it out. We, on the other hand, retain the same power that we give you. The power that we grant and the power that we retain are concurrent, mutual and equal."

The clause quoted above from the Constitution as originally adopted, wherein it is provided that "This Constitution and the Laws of the United States which shall be made in Pursuance thereof; and all Treaties made," etc., "shall be the supreme Law of the Land", can have no relevancy in a consideration of the Prohibition Amendment because, in so far as the latter affects the former, the former must give way; just as, for example, a will giving to *A* all of a testator's property and estate, is modified by codicil giving $500 to *B*. The will is valid and binding, but only valid and binding so far as it is not affected by the codicil. So here, the supremacy given to the laws of the United States must give way to the new enactment so far as the latter impinges upon it. The very word "amendment" shows this. To amend is to alter, to enlarge or reduce, to change. Those who would assert the supremacy of a Federal over a State prohibition law can extract no aid from the Federal supremacy clause of the Constitution.

One who is writing, rather than engaging in oral discussion, has this advantage: he can lead his readers along a path in the course of which they inevitably come up against a stone wall, and, since they have no opportunity to reply,

he can leave them there. If the path that the writer has indicated leads to the stone wall of powers too hastily and inconsiderately granted, those by whom the offense cometh must bear the blame. There is little to offer in the way of escape except the long and tedious road of further amendment, or, more logically perhaps, revocation.

It is one of the great features of our Constitution that it has provided, by the creation of the Supreme Court, the machinery for the resolution of difficulties such as those outlined herein. We are fortunate that with that tribunal will rest their ultimate solution.

MONROE BUCKLEY.

TRAGEDIES WITH HAPPY ENDINGS

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

In Mrs. Wharton's acute and often penetrating analysis of *French Ways and Their Meaning,* she dwells upon the innate intellectual honesty of the French, "the special distinction of the race, which makes it the torch-bearer of the world"; and she asserts that Bishop Butler's celebrated declaration, "Things are what they are and will be as they will be," might have been "the motto of the French intellect." She calls it "an axiom that makes dull minds droop, but exalts the brain imaginative enough to be amazed before the marvel of things as they are."

She points out that in Paris the people who go to the moving pictures to gaze at an empty and external panorama are also the people who flock to the state-subventioned theatres, the Français and the Odéon, to behold the searching tragedies of Corneille and Racine, immitagably veracious in the portrayal of life as it is on the lofty plane of poetry. "The people who assist at these grand tragic performances have a strong enough sense of reality to understand the part that grief and calamity play in life and in art; they feel instinctively that no real art can be based on a humbugging attitude toward life, and it is their intellectual honesty which makes them exact and enjoy its fearless representation."

This intellectual honesty Mrs. Wharton fails to find in the audiences of our American theatres,—because it is not a habitual possession of Americans generally. And she ventures to quote a remark which she once heard Mr. Howells make on our theatrical taste. They had been talking about the pressure exerted upon the American playwright by the American playgoing public, compelling

him to wind up his play, whatever its point of departure, with the suggestion that his hero and heroine lived happily ever after, like the prince and princess who are married off at the end of the fairy-tale. Mrs. Wharton declared that this predilection of our playgoers did not imply a preference for comedy, but that on the contrary, "our audience wanted to be harrowed (and even slightly shocked) from eight till ten-thirty, and then consoled and reassured before eleven."

"Yes," said Mr. Howells, "what the American public wants is a tragedy,—with a happy ending."

And Mrs. Wharton adds her own comment that what Mr. Howells said of the American attitude in the theatre "is true of the whole American attitude toward life." In other words we Americans both in the playhouse and out of it, are lacking in the intellectual honesty which the French possess. We are not convinced, and we are not willing to let our plays, and even our novels, convince us that "things are as they are and will be as they will be."

With the praise that Mrs. Wharton bestows upon the French, no one who has profited by the masterpieces of French literature could cavil for a moment. The French are intellectually honest, more so than any other modern nation, and perhaps as much so as the Greeks. There is abundant insincerity in our drama and in our fiction; and no one long familiar with either is justified in denying this. But, none the less, Mr. Howells' characteristically witty remark has not perhaps all the weight which Mrs. Wharton attaches to it. And it instantly evokes the desire to ask questions. Is it really true that we Americans like tragedies with happy endings? And, supposing this to be true, are we the only people who have ever revealed this aberration? Finally, if we have revealed it, are there any special reasons for this manifestation of our deficiency in intellectual honesty?

Having propounded these three queries, I propose to answer them myself as best I can, and as the farseeing reader probably expected me to do; and it appears to me prudent to commence by considering the second of them, leaving the first to be taken up immediately thereafter. Are we Americans the only people who like tragedies with happy endings? Here we have a starting point for a discursive inquiry into the tastes of the playgoing public in

other countries and in other centuries. Nor need we begin this leisurely loitering by too long a voyage, for we have only to go back a hundred years, more or less, and to tarry a little while in France itself.

II

It was in the minor theatres of Paris at the end of the eighteenth century and at the beginning of the nineteenth that there was slowly developed a new type of play, the melodrama. Its masters were Ducange and Pixérécourt, who had profited by the experience of their ruder forerunners and who taught the secrets of their special craft to their more expert followers, the fertile Bouchardy, for one, and for another the only lately departed Dennery, the most adroit and the most inventive of them all.

A melodrama is to be described briefly as a play with a plot and nothing but a plot; it abounds in situations enthralling, intricately combined, and adroitly presented; and it contains characters simplified to types, drawn in profile and violently stencilled with the primary colors. It has a Hero, whom disaster follows fast and follows faster,—until the final situation when the Villain, as black as he is painted, is cast into outer darkness, the entirely white Hero being then rewarded for all his sufferings and for all his struggles with the hand of the Heroine. The melodrama may be devoid of veracity, but it is compelling in its progressive interest. It is dextrously devised to delight audiences which want "to be harrowed (and even slightly shocked) from eight to ten-thirty and then consoled and reassured before eleven." In short, it is "a tragedy with a happy ending."

What could be more tragic than the tale of the *Two Orphans?* In that ultimate masterpiece of melodrama, two lovely sisters, one of them blind, are severally lost in Paris in the wickedest days of the Regency. We are made to follow their appalling misadventures; and we behold them again and again in danger of death and worse than death. The sword of Damocles was suspended over their fair heads from the first rising of the curtain until within five minutes of its final fall. The odds are a hundred to one, nay, a thousand to one, against their escaping unscathed from their manifold and repeated perils. And yet, nevertheless, at the very end, the clouds lift, sunshine floods the

scene; and the two heroines are left at last to live happy, like two princesses with their two princes in the most entrancing of fairy tales. And many thousand Parisian audiences, laying aside their intellectual honesty for the occasion, dilated with the right emotion, sobbed at the sorrows of the sisters, cheered the rescuers and venomously hissed the villains who pursued them.

In its earlier manifestations it was imitated in Great Britain, notably by Edward Fitzball, the first playmaker who perceived the theatrical possibilities of the legend of the *Flying Dutchman.* Fitzball did not disdain to intimate that he considered himself the " Victor Hugo of England "—which tempted Douglas Jerrold to remark that Fitzball was really only the " Victor No Go." In its later manifestations the melodrama of the French supplied a pattern for the *Silver King* of Henry Arthur Jones, one of the most satisfactory specimens of this type of play. The *Silver King* won the high approval of Matthew Arnold, who called it an honest melodrama, relying necessarily " for its main effect on an outer drama of sensational incidents " and none the less attaining the level of literature because the dialogue and the sentiments were natural.

By the side of the British *Silver King* of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones may be set the American *Secret Service* of Mr. William Gillette which also relies for its main effect on an outer drama of sensational incidents; and yet the sensational incidents are so fitly chosen and so artfully interwoven that they serve to set off the very human hero, an accusable character, a Union spy with a divided duty before him. Toward the end of the play it becomes evident that this brave and resourceful man is doomed to death; and to this fatality he is himself resigned, wilfully throwing away a chance to escape and welcoming a speedy exit from his impossible position. Yet, once more, just before the curtain falls, the dramatist intervenes, like a god from the machine, sparing his hero's life, and even permitting the spectators to foresee that hero and heroine will live happily ever after, thus consoling and reassuring the audience before eleven o'clock.

I make bold to say that this happy ending is not inartistic and that it does not outrage our intellectual honesty, for the obvious reason that *Secret Service* is not truly a tragedy; it is a serio-comic story which never uplifts us to the serene

atmosphere of the irresistible and the inevitable in which tragedy lives. It is too brisk in its humor, too lively in its representation of the realities of life, to justify a fatal conclusion. A true tragedy must not only end sadly, it has also to begin sadly; it has to impress us subtly with a sense of impending disaster, essential in itself and inherent in its theme. What Stevenson said of the short-story, when that is as dramatic as it can be, is applicable to the drama itself. "Make another end to it?" he wrote in answer to a suggestion to that effect. "Ah, yes, but that is not the way I write; the whole tale is unified. To make another end, that is to make the beginning all wrong. . . . The body and end of a short-story is bone of the bone and blood of the blood of the beginning." In other words the beginning of a melodrama never demands a tragic ending, and rarely even permits it.

III

Although modern melodrama was developed in the totally unliterary minor playhouses of Paris more than a hundred years ago, the playgoers of France had not had to wait until the early nineteenth century or even until the early eighteenth to be consoled and reassured by a tragedy with a happy ending. It was in the first half of the seventeenth century that Corneille took over from a Spanish original the first of his tragedies, the *Cid*—the story of which leads up to one of the strongest situations in all dramatic literature. The duty is suddenly laid upon a high strung warrior to fight a duel to the death with the father of the woman whom he loves and who loves him. Seemingly the deadly stroke of his sword has severed the lovers forever, for how could a woman wed the redhanded slayer of her father? Yet it is with this prospective wedding, abruptly brought about, that Corneille ends his play; and he was so dextrous a dramatist, so abundant in emotion and so persuasive in eloquence that he was able to carry his audience with him, even at the cost of their intellectual honesty.

Nor did the playgoers of England have to await the importation of French melodrama in the original package before they could enjoy reassurance and consolation after being harrowed and even slightly shocked. Indeed, the Londoners had this pleasure provided for them even earlier

than it had been vouchsafed to the Parisians. All students of the history of our stage are familiar with the type of play known as tragi-comedy;—and its name sufficiently describes it. The name itself was apparently first used in the prologue to a play by Plautus; and it was revived by the Italian theorists of the theater. Dramas of this species sprang up spontaneously in Italy, in Spain and in France; and we find the form flourishing in England in the second half of the sixteenth century—although it cannot be said to have been more popular among the English than it was among the French. Shakespeare's somber *Measure for Measure* is the most immediately obvious example; and at the performance of this play the spectators were harrowed and even more than slightly shocked by a succession of powerful situations only to be at last reassured and consoled by a happy ending, mechanically and unconvincingly brought about.

In the course of time, tragi-comedy modified its methods and became the dramatic-romance, of which Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* may be taken as one characteristic specimen and Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* as another. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that the dramatic-romance is only an insular sub-species of sentimental tragi-comedy. Most of the best known of the dramatic-romances of Beaumont and Fletcher (or of Fletcher and Massinger) conform to the definition of tragi-comedy, as Professor Ristine has skilfully condensed this from a defense of the type made by Guarini, author of the *Pastor Fido:*

> Tragi-comedy, far from being a discordant mixture of tragedy and comedy, is a thorough blend of such parts of each as can stand together with verisimilitude, with the result that the deaths of tragedy are reduced to the danger of deaths, and the whole in every respect a graduated mean between the austerity and the dignity of the one and the pleasantness and ease of the other.

This Italian definition of Renascence tragi-comedy can be transferred to modern melodrama of the more literary kind—the *Silver King,* for example, and *Secret Service,* in which we find the graduated mean between austere dignity and easy pleasantness. After quoting from Guarini, Professor Ristine gives his own analysis of the elements combined in English tragi-comedy:

Love of some sort is the motive force; intrigue is rife; the darkest villainy is contrasted with the noblest and most exalted virtue. In the course of an action . . . . in which the characters are enmeshed in a web of disastrous complications, reverse and surprise succeed each other with lightning rapidity . . . . But final disaster is ingeniously averted . . . . Wrongs are righted, reconciliation sets in, penitent villainy is forgiven, and the happy ending made complete.

IV

After this desultory ramble through the history of the drama in other centuries and in other countries, we are in better case to consider the first of the three questions suggested by Mrs. Wharton's assertion that we Americans are deficient in the intellectual honesty which is a recognized characteristic of the French. Is it really true that we like tragedies with happy endings? If it is true, we are no worse off than the English in the time of Shakespeare, the French in the time of Corneille and in that of Hugo, the Greeks in the time of Euripides. But is it true?

It might be urged in our defence that we do not in the least object to the death of the hero and the heroine (or of both together) in the music-drama; and it must be admitted that at least in serious opera a tragic ending is not only acceptable but is actually expected. It might be pointed out that the final death of the heroine has never in any way interfered with the immense popularity of a host of star plays, *Adrienne Lecouvreur,* the *Dame aux Camélias, Froufrou, Théodora* and *La Tosca.* It might be permissible to record that the death of *Cyrano de Bergerac*—a fatal termination not inherent in the theme of that heroic comedy and in fact rather incongruous—did not dampen the pleasure of the American playgoer.

These things must be taken for what they are worth; and perhaps they are not really pertinent to our immediate inquiry, since opera is a very special form of the dramatic art, making an appeal of its own within arbitrary limits, and since a star-play is relished by the majority largely as a vehicle for the exhibition of the histrionic versatility of the star herself or himself,—a last dying speech and confession affording the performer an excellent opportunity for the display of his or her virtuosity.

We must go behind Mrs. Wharton's rather too sweeping accusation and center attention on a single point.

American playgoers of today enjoy and hugely enjoy seeing on the stage stories which are harrowing, which deal liberally with life and death, and which after all end happily, sending us home consoled and reassured. But this is true of the playgoers of other lands in other times; and the real question is whether we refuse to accept the tragic end when this is ordained by all that has gone before,—when it is a fate not to be escaped. In other words, have we the intellectual honesty which shall compel us to accept George Eliot's stern declaration that "consequences are unpitying"?

Thus put, the question is not easy to answer. For myself I am inclined to think that when we are at liberty to choose between the happy and the unhappy ending, when one or the other is not imposed upon us by the action or by the atmosphere of the story set before us, we tend to prefer a conclusion which dismisses the hero and the heroine to a vague future felicity. But I am inclined also to believe that we do not shrink from the bitterest end if that impresses us as inevitable and inexorable, if this bitter end has been foreordained from the beginning of time, if the author has been skilful enough and sincere enough to make us feel that his tragedy could not possibly have any other than a tragic termination.

In the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* the fatal ending is obligatory; it grows out of the nature of things; and the play has established itself. In *Mid-Channel,* there is no way out of the difficulty in which the heroine has entangled herself, except through the door of death. On the other hand the plot of the *Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* cried aloud for a tragic ending, which the author refused to grant; and perhaps this is one reason why the piece has never taken hold on our playgoing public, despite its indisputable qualities.

As it happens, there have been seen on our stage in the first and second decades of the twentieth century four plays, unequal in sincerity and different in texture, but all of them variants of the same theme. Two are British: *Iris,* by Sir Arthur Pinero, and *The Fugitive,* by Mr. John Galsworthy; and two are American: *The Easiest Way,* by Mr. Eugene Walter, and *Déclassée,* by Miss Zoe Aiken. In each of them we are invited to follow the career of a young woman who loves luxury and who moves through life along

the line of least resistance, until at last the ground gives way beneath her feet. *Iris* was the first of the four; it is the most delicately artistic and the most veracious. *The Easiest Way* is perhaps the most vigorous. *The Fugitive* is pallid and futile. *Déclassée* is the least estimable of them all, as it is the least original; it is crude in matter and clumsy in manner. The two last named pieces are unsatisfactory when we bring them to the bar of our intellectual honesty;—and yet they both end with the death of the heroine, an arbitrary exit out of the moral entanglements in which she has involved herself. The two earlier plays have a more truly tragic ending, since they leave the heroine alive, yet bereft of all that makes life worth living and cast into outer darkness and into black despair. No one of the four sent the spectators home reassured and consoled.

V

There might seem to be no necessity to put the third question now that the second has been discussed. And yet there may be profit in asking ourselves whether there are any special reasons why the American playgoing public might be expected to lapse from intellectual honesty and to compel our playwrights to violate the logic of their stories and to stultify themselves to achieve a puerile fairy tale conclusion. Mrs. Wharton has put forward one such reason when she asserted that our attitude in the theatre is characteristic "of the whole American attitude toward life." Here she is drawing an indictment against the American people and not merely against American playgoers.

To enter upon that broad problem in this brief paper would take us too far afield, too far, that is, from the theater itself, within the walls of which this inquiry must be confined. Are there any conditions in the American theater which make against the sincere and searching portrayal of life? I must confess that I think there is at least one such condition, the possible consequences of which are disquieting. This is the change in the composition of the audiences in our American theaters from what they were half a century ago—which is as far back as my own memories as a playgoer extend. I think that the average age of the spectators is now considerably less than it was when I

was a play-struck boy; and I think also that the proportion of women is distinctly larger than it was in those distant days. If I am right in believing that this change has taken place, and also in anticipating that it is likely to be even more evident in the years that are to come, then there will possibly be brought about a slow but certain modification of those implicit desires and of those explicit prejudices of his expected audience, which the playwright has always taken into account—even if he is often more or less unconscious of that he is so doing.

Water cannot rise higher than its source; and the dramatist cannot soar too loftily above the level of the audience he has to allure. The drama is "a function of the crowd," as Mr. Walkley has declared; and it is always the duty of the dramatist to find the common denominator of the throng. He need not write down to his public, but he must write broad; or otherwise he will fail to arouse and retain the interest of the spectators. The dramatist cannot shut himself up in an ivory tower; he must perforce take his stand in the market-place to be seen of all men. If he shrinks from the toil of so presenting his vision of our common humanity that it shall be immediately attractive to his audiences then he is no dramatist, whatever else he may be; and he had better turn at once to sonneteering and to story-writing, arts wherein he can appeal to a chosen few. The theater is for the many-headed multitude, and the theater-poet cannot but accept the condition that confronts him.

If American audiences are younger than they were, then they are not so rich in knowledge of the world, not so ripe in judgment. If they are also more largely feminine, then they will be different from what they have been in the days when the drama attained to its superbest expression. The tragedies of Sophocles were represented in the theater of Dionysus before the citizens of Athens; and the spectators were all men of more or less maturity. The tragedies and the comedies of Shakespeare were written for the Globe Theater in London, in which the spectators were predominantly male. The comedies of Molière were acted in the Palais Royal Theater in Paris, before audiences which included comparatively few women. It is significant that women were admitted to the orchestra seats of the Théatre Français only about forty years ago; and that Sarcey, a very shrewd observer of things theatrical, was moved,

more than once, to record his regret that this had helped to bring about the more rapid dispersal of the group of old playgoers, experts in playwriting and in acting, who were wont to follow the performances of the Comédie-Français assiduously and devotedly.

And it was almost a hundred years ago that Goethe anticipated Sarcey's complaint. "What business have young girls in the theater?" he asked. "They do not belong to it; . . . the theater is only for men and women, who know something of human affairs."

But "things are what they are, and will be what they will be."

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

A PLEA FOR FIRST-CLASS WOMEN

BY MARY SARGENT POTTER

It is a truism, but one to which it is well constantly to return, that the most important thing in the world is the next generation. The limitations of the present one are defined, its advance already discounted, its future, economically, of little importance. It has only to finish out its task according to its already static abilities. The stage is set for the oncoming young.

Thus the hope of the world very literally rests in these young hands, and the supreme effort should be made to equip them for the problems which they must inevitably confront. No one can foresee what these problems will be nor what turn history will take. But for the race as for the individual the only adequate preparation, which can be used in any emergency and for the solution of any difficulty, whether personal or social, is best expressed by that old-fashioned term, *Character*. It is the only weapon with which this or any generation can successfully solve the difficulties and confusions which are overwhelming the world, and which will again, in some form or other, seek to overwhelm it.

Now character has come to be regarded as a dull and negative force, something to be coupled with the worn-out inanition of the Church, rather than to be allied with her glorious and ideal potentialities. It was a factor in the lives of our grandmothers, but it receives scant emphasis in an age when "constructive work", "intellectual progress", "efficiency of organization", "emancipation of the individual" are the watchwords of the day. In its proper analysis character presupposes and includes these attributes. It would be a flabby personality which failed to cultivate every endowment, physical, mental, and spiritual, to form that fine instrument of civilization—the well-equipped man or woman. Without character, brilliancy

of intellect often runs amuck. Without character, efficiency becomes mechanical and falls short of its rightful fruition. Without character, the instincts of loyalty and service are crowded out by self-interest and greed. Without character, responsibilities which have become burdensome are laid aside with no sense of the high beauty of sacrifice, nor even of ordinary obligation. Character is the great engine which must put in action the complete efficiency of human beings.

Thus the supreme task of this generation becomes the development of the character of the one that is to follow it.

The lives of the children have been and will always remain largely in the hands of the mothers. The function of motherhood is an elementary fact. What women therefore gain today in the way of emancipation, of intellectual advance, of practical knowledge, is not for any individual right or self-gratification, but that they may be better equipped for their eternal vocation. Unless this is the underlying purpose of every feminist movement, it will become devitalized and sterile.

What is the aim of the American woman? And I say "American woman", because she is the leader of the world movement for the political and social emancipation of all women. Without doubt when this movement shall have attained its object and women shall have become economically and politically free, it will enormously strengthen the right relationship of all human beings. Yet the aim, I am frank to say, seems strangely confused. There is immense activity, but little coördination. Every segregated cause is represented by able women, but co-relation is an intellectual feat which they have yet to achieve.

What should be their ultimate aim? It is true that one cannot with advantage look too far into the future. Only one step at a time can be taken. Until that has been done, it is not clear in what direction the next step must be. Yet in periods of readjustment, of fluctuating values, of confused mental outlook, it is sometimes helpful to pause and endeavor to interpret present tendencies in order to clarify future hopes.

It would appear that women in their efforts to free themselves from old limitations, both intellectual and economic, are striving too much in the direction which has been marked out by men, and too little along original and

personal lines. We are rapidly acquiring what seems to be a neutral sex, a body of women who will never rise higher than the grade of second-rate men. They scorn feminine qualities without the possibility of acquiring true masculine ones.

There can be but one logical aim for the feminist movement—the development of the first-class woman, just as the ideal of the man should be the masculine prototype. The abnormal and wholly artificial spirit of sex antagonism which has been roused in many quarters will have no lasting influence. Men and women are going to stick together, and they are going to remain as different as they have been from the beginning of the world. This does not mean that there is a superior and an inferior sex. Women should get it out of their heads that they are inferior, and must prove their equality. They are not inferior, but they are different, a difference which it is of the utmost importance to maintain and to emphasize. Biologically, they are eternally different. Their bodies are different, their minds are different, their functions are different, their work should be of a different character. There can be but one ideal for the inevitable relationship. It should be a partnership —a first-class man and a first-class woman, working together but along different lines, for the common good. Few women can ever be made into semblances of first-class men, just as few men, thank God, have the capacity to simulate first-class women, or if they have, they become undesirable and of no importance. The need is for first-class women and the standard for them has scarcely yet been set. Now in so far as the suffrage and other forms of advancement develop in them qualities of complete womanhood, they are good and desirable. But in so far as they are ends in themselves, they have neither value nor importance.

The most vital task of the world, then, the training of the Spirit of the oncoming generation, is largely in the hands of women. Every inch of progress gained, in whatever direction, should be not for themselves, but in order that, through inheritance and environment, each generation shall become, by a wide margin, the finest which has yet appeared. Though permanent progress must necessarily be gradual, there is no reason why it should not be speeded up, or why each generation should be content with so small an advance—so small that it is sometimes mistaken

for retrogression—over the one which has preceded it. This can be accomplished, not by an even more feverish activity, but by a more widely-spread attention to child-life.

There is the old argument that a small proportion of women only become mothers and homebuilders, that the responsibility rests on the few, and that even for them it is a vocation which occupies a comparatively short period of their lives. This is a narrow view. The advance of the sex with its resulting influence must very largely alter the entire race. In addition, numberless women can have a share in motherhood, its opportunities and responsibilities, though they themselves do not bear children. When Roosevelt said that a woman's love of country could best be shown by the bearing and the rearing of a large family, trained to the service of the community, he uttered a sound principle. It is not an easy task, nor always a safe one, and it entails inevitable suffering, endless sacrifice. So do all forms of patriotism. But in the world as it is today, it is no longer possible, however great the desire, for much of the finest stock of the country, the intellectuals and the professionals, to have families of even moderate size, or any at all. However great the personal and social desire, economic conditions have rendered it impossible. Who is to enable this fine, potential motherhood, these women of refinement and character, to feel they have a right to bear children, because the children's opportunities are safeguarded? If it is not done, the future will be controlled and destroyed by the products of haphazard and disastrous breeding in the slums. Inevitably it must lead to deterioration. This is a subject for advanced legislation in the form of grants, and one with which women should concern themselves. Then who is to see that the men and women to whom the education of the children is delegated are not so poorly paid that hope is very nearly precluded from their lives? Can men and women, themselves struggling against overwhelming odds, with no margin for physical needs, no channel through which nervous energy can be conserved, give to the training of mind and spirit those high qualities which such a task demands? Women should lead in the campaign to remedy the evil to a point far beyond the advance already won.

And the sick children of the world! With their pitiful lives unlived, what more glorious form of motherhood was

ever given than that placed in the hands of the trained nurse? Who but herself, understanding the misery of physical distress, can teach little spirits that physical handicaps may become spiritual opportunities, that if they have been given sharp and difficult tools to work with, they can build with them more beautiful structures than ordinary lives, and that some of the finest of the world's work has been done by the world's invalids?

Today a woman's responsibility toward her individual children is often ended while she is still a young woman, yet she feels her social obligations as never before. She should realize that though one form of work is finished, her opportunities have increased, because she now has experience, judgment, knowledge. She recognizes her mistakes, she understands what principle led to her successes, she can speak with the authority of achievement. This great fund of trained, experienced motherhood should be released for the service of the oncoming generation throughout the world.

There is no end to the great work and destiny of woman, but her aim should be unmistakable and clear. Her vocation, her feminine qualities—not her feminine mid-Victorian weaknesses—should be guarded with jealousy and pride, and no advance deemed impossible in the interest of her cause, the development of that rare and beautiful thing—the First-Class Woman.

MARY SARGENT POTTER.

A LEGEND OF PORCELAIN

BY AMY LOWELL

Old China sits and broods behind her ten-thousand-miles-great wall,
And the rivers of old China crawl—crawl—forever
Toward the distant, ceaselessly waiting seas.

At King-te-chin in China,
At King-te-chin in the far East of the Eighteen Provinces of China,
Where all day long the porcelain factories belch corded smoke,
And all night long the watch-men, striking the hours on their lizard-skin drums,
Follow the shadows thrown before them
From a sky glazed scarlet as it floats over the fires of burning kilns—

At King-te-chin, in the heart of brooding China,
Lives Chou-Kiou,
White as milk in a tazza cup,
Red as a pear-tree just dropping its petals,
Happy as the Spring-faced wind.
Chou-Kiou,
For whom the wild geese break their flight,
And the fishes seek the darkness of the lower waters.
Chou-Kiou,
Apt as a son,
Loved as a son,
More precious to her father than blue earth with stars of silver.
It is Chou-Kiou who paints the fighting crickets
On the egg-shell cups;
Who covers the Wa-wa cups
With little bully boys;
Who sketches Manchu ladies, Tartar ladies,
Chasing crimson butterflies with faint silk fans,
On the slim teapots of young bamboo.
Chou-Kiou,
Bustling all day between the kilns and the warehouses.
A breath of peach-bloom silk
Turning a pathway—
Puff! She is gone,
As a peach-blossom painted on paper
Caught in a corner of the wind.

King-te-chin in the Province of Kiangsi,
Noblest of the manufactories of porcelain,
Where, from sunrise to sundown,
In the narrow streets,
The porters cry "Way! Way!" for the beautiful dishes
They carry to the barges,
The flat barges which nuzzle and nudge the banks of the river Jao T'cheou;
And the strong stevedore coolies grunt
As they lift the clay bricks quarried in the P'ing-li mountains
Out of the sharp-prowed boats moored along the river Ki-muen.
Mêng Tsung, master of a thousand workmen,
Walks under the red eaves of his buildings
In the tea-green shadow of the willow-trees,
Contemplating his bakers, his mixers, his painters,
The men who carry tcha wood,
And those, nicer-fingered, who turn the shaping wheels.
He walks among the beehive furnaces,
And his nostrils smart with the sharp scent of ashes,
And his ears rattle with the crackle of a hundred flames.
Mêng Tsung, finest of the porcelain-makers of King-te-chin.

In China,
Old China,
What other artists do is his work also:
Does Lu Tzu Kang work in jade; the porcelains of Mêng Tsung are ice and rainbows.
What Chu Pi-shan can do in silver,
What Hsiao-hsi in carnelian,
Pao T'ien-ch'êng in rhinoceros horn,
P'u Chung-ch'ien in carved bamboo,
Chang Ch'ien-li in mother-of-pearl,
All this is nothing.
The bowls of Mêng Tsung are like Spring sun on a rippled river,
Like willow leaves seen over late ice,
Like bronze bells one hour before sunset.
They are light as the eggs of the yellow-eyebrowed thrush,
And wonderful in colour as the green grapes of Turkestan.
Mêng Tsung walks under the red eaves of his buildings,
Musing on the beauty of old, old China,
Listening to the dull beating of the fish-drums in the monastery on the hill calling the attention of God to the prayers of his monks.

Beautiful the sun of China,
Beautiful the squares of flooded rice-fields,
The long slopes of tea-plants on the hills of Ning-po,
The grey mulberry-trees of Chuki.
Beautiful the cities between the rivers,
But three, and three, and three times more beautiful
The porcelains fashioned by Chou-Kiou.
See them in the sun,
Swept over by the blowing shade of willows,

Moulded like lotus-leaves,
Yellow as the skins of eels,
Black glaze overlaid with gold.
Tell the story of this porcelain
With veins like arbor-vitæ leaves and bullock's hair,
Mottled as hare's fur,
Bright and various as the wooded walls of mountains.
Here are the dawn-red wine-cups,
And the cups of snow-blue with no glisten;
Little vases, barely taller than a toad,
And great three-part vases shining slowly like tarnished silver.
They stand in rows along the flat board
And she checks them, one by one, on a tablet of fir-flower paper,
And her eyes are little copper bells fallen in the midst of tall grass.
Tell the tale of these great jars,
Cloudy coloured as the crystal grape
With white bloom of rice dust upon them,
Fallen over at the top by pointed bunches
Of the myriad-year wistaria.
Those smaller jars of moonlight enamel, dark and pale,
With undulating lines which seem to change.
Pots green as growing plants are green,
Marked with the hundred-fold crackle of broken ice.
Pallets painted blue with dragons,
And ample dishes, redder than fresh blood,
Spotted with crabs' claws,
Splashed with bluish flames of fire.
Here are bowls faintly tinted as tea-dust
Or the fading leaf of the camphor-tree in Autumn;
Others as bamboo paper for thickness,
Lightly spattered with vermilion fishes;
And white bowls
Surpassing hoar-frost and the pointed tips of icicles.
There are birds painted thinly in dull reds,
Fighting-cocks with rose-pink legs and crests of silver,
Teapots rough as the skin of the Kio orange, or blistered with the little flower-buds of the Tsong-tree.
How tell the carminates,
The greens of pale copper,
The leopard-spotted yellows,
The blues, powdered and indefinite as a Mei plum!
Globular bodies with bulbous mouths;
Slim, long porcelains confused like a weedy sea;
Porcelains, pale as the morning sky
Fluttered with purple wings of finches;
High-footed cups for green wine,
And incense-burners yellow as old Llama books
With cranes upon them.
Blue porcelain for the Altar of Heaven,
Yellow for the Altar of Earth,
Red for the Altar of the Sun,

White for the Altar of the Year-star.
All these Chou-Kiou sets down on her fir-flower tablet,
Then carefully, carefully, selects a cup,
Of so keen a transparence that the sun, passing it, can scarcely mark
a shadow,
And fills it with pale water.
Oh! The purple fishes!
The dark-coloured fishes with scales of silver!
The blue-black fishes swerving in a trail of gold!
They move and flicker,
They swing in procession,
They dart, and hesitate, and float
With flower-waving tails—
The vase is empty again,
Smooth and open and colourless.
The tally is finished,
The sun is sinking in a rose-green sky,
And in the guard-house down the road
The red tallow candles are lighted.

It is the fifth day of the fifth month,
And all the demons of old China
Are chattering down from the mountains of the North.
Little Chou-Kiou,
Where are the spears of the sweet-flag
You should have gathered yesterday
And nailed to the door-lintel at the first flow of morning?
Little Chou-Kiou,
It is too late,
The guards have clanged the Dragon Gate.
Flags do not grow in this trodden city,
Demons laugh at the studded walls of men.
You dream of your betrothed,
As you roll your tablet,
Your lover sailing the sharp seas,
Your lover of the tall junks
Trading up and down the coast
Glad when the two eyes of his ship
Are turned again to China.
Silly Chou-Kiou,
Absorbed by love and dishes,
Forgetting the evil spirits
Descending from the curled blue mountains.

* * *

Open the Gate,
Open the Gate,
His Lordship T'ang Ling
High official to the Emperor
Waits without the walls.
Hurry, Guards,
The sun is red,

The gate already casts a shadow.
T'ang Ling is come
To visit the porcelain factories
Of King-te-chin.
Click! Click!—loud and imperious!
It is the mandarin's outrunners,
And the rods they are carrying and striking on the ground.
Clash,
Clash,
Gongs.
Feet of men in the clouded dust,
Whipping banners scarlet and gold,
Tablet-bearers carrying his scrolls:
All of his titles,
All of his greatness,
All of his honours,
Who were his fathers,
Grim, dim, warriors,
Poems and speeches.
Pass,
Pass,
Golden the heels of the men of T'ang Ling.
Here is one staggering,
Mightily flaunting,
The heavy, flat, superb umbrella!
Spreading crimson as a lotus,
Frozen sun-disk,
Carried high before him.
Clatter! Trip! Clatter! Clatter!
See the caparisoned horses
Glittering and kicking—
How lightly ride the men of T'ang Ling!
They bear the moon fans before his face,
Honourable gentleman.
They raise the golden melon mace.
They have bamboos for the contumacious,
And chains for persons who resist the God-like will.
A space,
Rifting the procession—
Then a bright and massive thing:
His Chair!
Gold thunder carvings,
Mighty lines and fallen spirals,
Dazzling as the sun on cannon,
And he, the Proud One, T'ang Ling,
With his sapphire button,
And the plaques of his coat embroidered with one-eyed peacock's feathers.
Play Ch'ang flutes before him,
Make a loud music of cymbals,
Pluck sharply on the three-stringed guitars,

Prostrate yourselves,
And beat the snake-skin drums.
K'otow, Mêng Tsung,
Walk backwards past the beehive furnaces,
T'ang Ling, servant of the Yellow Emperor,
Has come to inspect the porcelain.

You must stay in the Eastern Pavilion,
Chou-Kiou,
Hiding and peeking behind the amethyst flowers of the peonies.
But do not forget the sweet-flag
Which you did not hang upon the door.

Tea appears red in white Hsing-chou porcelain,
How strange then to offer such to an official.
When T'ang Ling came to visit Mêng Tsung
They sat under a cinnamon-tree
Examining the " Pieces of a Thousand Flowers."
Coiling-dragon tea is best in black cups,
And silver vessels hold the gosling-down wine.
Lychees and finger citrons
Delight the palate of the great man,
And flat-land ginger, soft and tender to the taste;
But candied melon-rind calls for more wine.
One hundred cups is nothing to so high an officer.
Already his fingers stray in vague tappings
Among the samples of porcelain.
A dragon bowl, seven days fired, for the Palace.
What is T'ang Ling doing with the sword—
Does he dream of the campaigns of his youth,
Whirling it voraciously before him?
His sword is tempered to an edge of flame,
It cleaves the dragon bowl without a splinter.
Chou-Kiou,
Chou-Kiou,
Was the river so far that you could not reach it yesterday before the twilight fell?
The flags which you did not pick must spear your heart.

A diamond-marked python scuttles away under the potting-shed,
But every one knows that evil spirits take many forms.

* * *

Drive,
Frosty sea,
Against the high beak of this junk,
Cover the painted eyes with foam.
Kuan-Yin, Goddess of sailors,
Care for this man;
Even in remembering, his betrothed has forgotten him.
It will be long—long—
Before they sit together gazing at the flowery candles.

Pirate junks make bitter waiting.
The moon above the potting-sheds is cold.

* * *

Disaster,
A great plague of disaster,
Fallen upon the factory of Mêng Tsung.
Evil spirits in clay, in water, in fire.
The clay weakens in the potter's grasp
And falls to powder on the wheel.
When the furnaces are opened,
The lovely-shaped vessels
Are run into flakes of cream
At the bottom of the seggars.
The tcha wood,
The strong, horned tcha wood,
Crisp, brittle, dried to the very bite of fire,
Hewn perfectly,
Split to an even thickness,
Piled with meticulous care by the circular pilers—
The tcha wood dies under the touch of the lighters,
It crackles as though each pore seeped water;
And the men who carry it to the ovens
Swear at the splinters buried in their flesh.
Cinnabar vases bake an acrid chrome,
Blue glaze gutters into thorns of yellow,
Fox fingers smear the delicately etched designs.
Have the P'ei-se-kong, the colour-mixers, gone mad?
The pound—pound—of their pestles seems louder than usual.
No—pestles do not strike with such a clang:
Devil gongs beat on the roof-tiles,
Devil bells tinkle at the windows,
A bloody moon casts an ape's shadow
On the open space before the warehouse door.
There is a wailing of gibbons in the willow-trees,
But gibbons do not live in the populous city of King-te-chin.

In twos, in threes, in companies,
The servants of the factory slink away.
Chou-Kiou weeps at her painting,
For the junk with the watching eyes is desperately overdue.

Foxes dance by night in dim, old China,
And the agent of the Emperor demands the delivery of the Palace bowls.

Mêng Tsung is a crazy man,
He nods his head and claps his hands,
He sits and plays a game of chess
In a staring, stuttering idleness.
Swallows build in the eye-holes of his kilns.

See her pick her way up the stony path,
Her little feet, small as the quarters of a sweet orange,
Bear her sadly over the roughness.
The stars hang out of the sky like lotus-seeds,
It is the third watch, and the city gates are shut.
Taoist priests know many things,
And folk bewitched say nothing of difficulties.

The whine of an owl trembles along the darkness.
She runs,
Flinging her heart forward,
Reaching to it,
Floundering.

"We need light," says the Taoist priest,
And he cuts a bit of paper round like the moon
And hangs it on the wall.
And it is the moon,
Smoothly shining,
Silver and lesser silver,
Hanging from a pin.
He steps into the moon to think,
And she sees him drinking rice-wine
And slowly writing on a tablet.
The room is filled with the larkspur scent of ink.

The priest steps down from the paper moon.
He reads from a scroll,
Droning the words,
Teetering back and forth on wide, horny feet:

"The protection of the sweet-flag has been dishonourably neglected.
Chou-Kiou, accursed woman, following the toys of this present life,
has hardened her mind to the teaching of the ages.
She, daughter of Mêng Tsung, greatest of those who work in porcelain,
Has strayed from the path of her most respected ancestors.
Thinking of love, she forgot filial piety;
Snared by beauty, she permitted her august father's house to go
unguarded.
Now a fox has entered the body of her most directly-to-be-com-
miserated father,
While he by whom she was truly begot lies bound in the cave of the
Tiger-peaked mountain.
Weary, weary, the way of an arrogant heart,
Sad, and beyond sadness, the lot of Chou-Kiou.
With her white hands she must labour,
With her 'golden lily' feet she must stumble under terrific burdens.
The breath of her mouth must coax the flame to enter wet wood,
She must sear and burn before the hot furnaces,
And waking many nights and days produce in agony a bowl
'Bright as a mirror, blue as the sky, thin as paper, sweet-sounding to
the touch as camphor-jade.'"

China!
China!
The voice of Chou-Kiou is very small,
Her eyes are pale,
Her limbs stiff as frozen thorns:
"And if I do this thing,
What of him, Wu, my betrothed?"
"The scroll is written," said the Taoist priest.
The Gods are many and confused in old, dim China.

* * *

Morning leaping from the rims of the mountains;
Darkness leaning farther and farther over a descending sun.
Clouds bring rain,
And winds dry the pools of it.
The North-west wind whirls dust over the willow-trees;
Wild duck and teal cross and re-cross King-te-chin
In search of water,
And the hurry of their wings
Is the rush of the Northern monsoon
Sweeping the gulf of Tonkin.
Chou-Kiou pounds the blue clay,
Kneading it with effort to its finest granules.

Days and Days—
The smartweed reddens on the river shoals;
Eye-fruit and pears are dropping in the gardens;
Floating elm-leaves gild running water;
The pinnacles of the Dragon Mountains are clear above red mist.
Chou-Kiou paints a crane and two mandarin ducks
Under a persimmon-tree,
She dips the jar, and poises it,
But her ears are full of the heavy sound of the sea.

Cold winds,
Long Autumn.
"Leaves touched by frost are redder than flowers of the second moon."
How drag the great wood,
How build it into a circle of fire,
Waveringly uncertain on the "golden lily" feet?
Shêng! Shêng! The water-clock marks an hour which has gone.

* * *

The wind is sad, blowing ceaselessly from the clear stars,
The lamp-flower flickers and dies down.
Is her shadow some one?
Is she, perhaps, not alone?

She raises the bamboo blind,
Snow is falling,
The branches of the Winter plum-tree
Glitter like jade hairpins against a white sky.

Brooms brush little snow,
Her fox father laughs and rattles his chess-men.
Chou-Kiou,
Bones under frosty water
Bleach as white as the jade-coloured branches of the plum-tree:
You remember now,
Sweeping from dawn till evening
A pathway to the kilns.

She has blown upon the fire and kindled it,
She has set her fragile bowl in the midst of the flame.
She lifts her eyes from the red fire
For green Spring is like smoke in the willow-trees.
The rivers run flooding over the wharves of King-te-chin.
She hears the porters shouting: "Way! Way!"
In the streets, going up and down from the boats.
But about her is only the harsh sound of fire,
And a crow calling: "Ka! Ka! Ka!"
In a mulberry-tree.

Ashes of fire,
Ashes of the days of the World!
If failure, then another long beginning.
Why hope,
Why think that Spring must bring relenting.
Oh, man of this woman,
Where on all the Spring-flown oceans
Is your junk?
Where your heart that you cannot hear the cuckoos calling from the fir woods of the Golden Yoke Cliff?
China blossoms above her sea-beaches,
Her trees break budding to an early sun,
Foot-boats fly along the blue rivers,
But Chou-Kiou sobs as brick by brick she opens the cooled kiln.

Oh, marvel of lightness!
Oh, colour hidden and all at once emphatically clear!
Like a bright moon carved in ice,
Green as the thousand peaks,
Blue as the sky after rain,
Violet as the skin of an egg-plant fruit,
Then once again white,
White as the "secretly-smiling" magnolia,
And singing a note when struck
Sharp and full as all the hundred and fifty bells
On the Porcelain Tower of Nankin.

This bowl is worth one hundred taels of silver.
Pour in the black dragon tea,
Plucked in April before the Spring rains,
This shall be a libation to Kuan-Yin,

Goddess of Mercy.
Chou-Kiou has no wine.
Fragrant Goddess, despise not the yellow tea.
But the tea bubbles,
It moves like waves in a short bay,
It tumbles with a glitter of rainbows.
Wing-flare widening out of the cup—
The great crane sweeps into the air.
He circles round Chou-Kiou,
Circles, circles—
With him are the mandarin ducks.
The air is dark with wings,
It is bright with the clipping and cutting
Of quickly-flickered wings.
In a whirl of wind,
Something comes twirling and dazzling out of the house,
Flapping in plum-coloured silks,
Confusing with motion,
Blurred,
Without contour.
It is a man—
It is a bit of paper—
It is a bamboo-silk cocoon—
It blows, turning—turning—toward the bowl,
It is blown into the bowl—
The tea is red,
It leaps, water-spouting, into the air.
It soars over the red roof-tiles,
It glitters like a pagoda hot with lamps,
And then descends,
Sucking, into the bowl,
Sucking, out of the bowl,
Disappearing where there is no hole.

It is a beautiful piece,
With white and grey peonies and yellow persimmons.
There are no birds, only flowers,
Starting in a chord of colours out of violet haze.
Chou-Kiou has fainted,
She does not hear Mêng Tsung
Calling to her from the Terrace of the Peach-Trees.

* * *

I read this tale in the "Azure Sky Bookshop," in the ninth month of the sixth year of To Kwong.

When I had reached this point, the shadow of a thirty-two-paper kite fell upon my page, and raising my eyes to the sky the whiteness of the sun dazzled me, and I inadvertently turned over the leaves of the book.

How many I turned, I do not know, but when I could see again after the blindness of the sky I read at once, not daring to go back for the leaf of the story upon which I had fallen—

" Pity, pity me,
For my flesh cries night and morning;
The darkness hears me,
And the tongues of the darkness babble back his name.
I am eager and thwarted.
Daughter I am,
And as a daughter, I have given my brain and my body
To restore my father's house.
Alone, with bleeding feet and frozen hands,
I have lifted the curse fallen upon my people;
I have toiled without sleep
Until the sight of my eyes was broken.
Hungering for days, chattering with cold and sorrow,
I have not suffered my heart to weaken.
My prayers have risen incessantly to the thirty-three Heavens,
All powerful Goddess, you have regarded me,
And taken me under your protection.
I am a worm,
Spurning the mulberry leaf to cry upon the moon.
Holy Kuan-Yin, of the thousand eyes, and the thousand arms, and the merciful heart,
I beseech a farther clemency.
You, who answer the longings of the sterile,
Do not mock me with a half-completed pardon.
Daughter I am, Kuan-Yin,
But I am also a woman.
I love as women here in China must not,
But as you know very well they must and do.
Glory has once more entered into my father's heart,
All day he watches his men.
He weighs the precious blue earth and numbers it.
He oversees the lame men who knead the clay,
He praises and chides the painters,
And rises in the night to superintend the firers.
King-te-chin hums like a hive at swarming time
Between its rivers,
And this is the loudest of all the factories of King-te-chin.
Only I am desolate,
I am as the shadow of a bamboo upon bleached sand,
My eyes are black and colourless seeking the boats on the long canals,
My ears rattle waiting for the sharp sound of a voice at the gate.
Once more I will work, Kuan-Yin,
I will use all my skill to honour you.
I will fashion you in such a manner that your eyes will laugh to see it.
I will make a figure of you in fine silk porcelain
And set it in the temple where all can see,
And, looking, their hearts will be to you as coral beads on a string of white gold
For your hands' stretching,
And for an ornament upon your breast forever."

Then Chou-Kiou tightened her willow-coloured girdle
And sat down to the modelling board.
And on the fifteenth day the figure was completed,
Not entirely to Chou-Kiou's dissatisfaction,
Underneath it she wrote: "Made at the Brilliant Colours Hall."
And again: "Reverentially made by Chou-Kiou, daughter of Mêng Tsung, Captain of the Banner promoted four honorary grades, also Director of a Porcelain Manufactory at King-te-chin in the Province of Kiangsi: and presented by her to the Temple of the Holy God of Heaven to remain through everlasting time as an offering of a grateful heart and as a glory in the eyes of men: on a fortunate day in the Spring of the 6th year of the reign of the Emperor Ch'ien-lung."

For days she paints it,
Rubbing the gold with garlic-bulbs
To fix its lustre.
Laying copper-foil about it to heighten the colour,
Setting it with careful blue:
The blue of little stones,
The blue of the precious stone Mei-Kouei-tse-yeou,
The blue of the head of Buddha.
She dreams of beauty,
And the face of the figure is lovely as her dreams;
But has it not been written: "It is useless to cast a net to catch the image of the moon."

Night over China,
Night over old, distant China,
Dark night over the city of King-te-chin.
Chou-Kiou,
Chou-Kiou,
Your eyes are red watching the flames of a furnace,
And the great shield of wood you hold
Scarcely protects you from the bursting heat of the kiln.
For three days and three nights
You have tended a flowing fire;
For two days and two nights
You have watched before a fierce fire;
Now the seggar is red and passing into a white heat,
It is bright in front and behind.
At cock-crow you will stop the fire,
But to-night you watch,
And your eyes are salt
As though you stood before the sea.
A wind teases the willow-trees,
They rustle,
And fling the moonlight from them like spray.

And then snow fell from the midst of the moon.
The flakes were like willow-flowers,

They drifted down slowly,
And the brilliance of the moon struck upon them as they fell
So that all the air was flowing with silver,
And walking in the arc of it was a woman
Who cast a whip-like shadow before her
From the brightness of the snow and the white, round moon.

All the flowers bend toward her,
The grass by the ring-fence lies horizontally to reach her,
She moves with the movement of wind over water,
And it is no longer the moon which casts her shadow
But she who sets shadows curving outward
From the pebbles at her feet.
Her dress is Ch'ing-green playing into scarlet,
Embroidered with the hundred cheous;
The hem is a slow delight of gold, the faded, beautiful gold of temple carvings;
In her hair is a lotus,
Red as the sun after rain.
She comes softly—softly—
And the tinkle of her ornaments
Jars the smooth falling of the snow
So that it breaks into jagged lightenings
Which form about her the characters of her holy name:
Kuan-Yin, Goddess of Mercy, of Sailors, of all who know sorrow and grieve in bitterness.

Ochre-red sails are dark in moonlight,
But the red heart of man is like a water-clock dripping the hours;
Lost days weigh many ounces of silver,
But green spring is worth blood and gold.

Snow ceases falling,
Moonlight is no longer broken, but a single piece.
Her eyebrows are fine as the edge of distant mountains,
Her eyes are clear as the T'ung-T'ing lake in Autumn,
Her face is sweet as almond-flowers in a wind.
The breath of her passing is cool,
Her gesture is a plum-blossom waving.
She mounts the step
And looks into the eye-hole of the kiln.
One—two—three, the pulse of Chou-Kiou,
Beating to a given time, like music.
The coals of the fire are not fierce now
But gentle,
They lie in the form of roses
And the scent of them is the urgent scent of musk.

A watchman calls the hour
And strikes on his bamboo drum.
The moon fades down a long green sky.
There is no one on the step,

No flight of silks down the pathway,
Chou-Kiou sickens to a weariness which eats her bones.
She rakes the scattered embers.
The firing is done.

Spring day,
How sharp the pheasants' cry,
Like metal!
This year the bamboo flowers,
This year the many-petalled peonies
Are large as rising moons.
The men of the " Brilliant Coloured Factory " stand
In their blue jackets,
In their dark-purple silk jackets,
In a curve like the bow moon,
Watching Chou-Kiou advancing to the furnace.
And Mêng Tsung stands,
Fearfully watching.
No one must touch,
No one must caution,
No one must pray.
It is between Chou-Kiou and the Gods.
How do her ancestors in the thirty-three Heavens?
Do they watch?
Do they listen?
Do they desire and remain silent?
Ten times round her hands
The cloth is wrapped.
Yet will they be blistered—
But it is cool!
Cold!
And the seggar falls apart without a touch.

Fragrant Goddess,
Whose heart is of snow and rubies,
Is this the figure made by Chou-Kiou?
Not so, certainly.
Slimmer,
Lovelier,
More quaintly golden.
This face is clouds and flowers,
These eyes are wind and flame,
This body is jade and silver.
Her dress is the smoky green of autumn lakes
Flashed and tinted to immediate scarlet,
It is embroidered with the hundred cheous.
Poised is this figure,
Balanced like a music
Of flageolets and harps under the Dawn.
Men cover their faces,
Here is a beauty to turn the dart of arrows.

But Chou-Kiou's figure was single,
This is triplicate.
Attendants guard the dazzling Goddess.
One (who dares to see it!) Chou-Kiou,
In her peach-bloom dress with the willow-coloured girdle,
And clasped and cherished in her hands
The sacred peach.
The other is a man,
Blue-dressed as in running waves,
Bronze and crimson with the rake of the sea.
The gate-keepers shout his name,
Swift are his steps,
Like songs for gladness
His footsteps,
He is a straight shaft of sapphire,
He is a peacock feather borne upon a spear.

He and she before the Goddess,
Heads in the dust.
Not alone do the bamboos flower;
Here are blossoms and fruit.
Kuan-Yin, Goddess of Mercy, of Sailors, of Sterile Women,
For what they pray let them have full answer:
Guide them as with a torch,
Scatter snow and heat like the cool of the moon,
Defend them against enemies as a moat or a city,
Save them in danger as a father or mother,
Quicken them as rain and sun,
Bless the seed of this man as corn under a rich sun,
Bless the womb of this woman as fishes are blessed by the sea.

Then the multitude rose up
And proclaimed them mighty.
They placed her in the scarlet palanquin
And brought her before him.
They lit the flower candles;
With painted lanterns in broad daylight they lined the roads.
Drums and musicians played forever,
And fireworks blazed in the heart of the sky.
So the day fell
And the night came,
And the lizard-skin drums struck midnight,
And the marriage was accomplished.
Sweetly the moon slept in the willow-trees,
And the man and the woman slept under the green eyelids of the Dawn.

* * *

When I finished the book, night had come.
I could not part with it, so I bought it for two ounces of silver.
Did I overprize it, do you think?
It is only a tale of old, dead China.

AMY LOWELL.

THE ARISTOCRATIC SPIRIT

BY HANFORD HENDERSON

AT such a critical moment as the present, when turmoil prevails everywhere, and the earth itself seems palpitating with violence, it is a strange situation, and somewhat sinister, that the one thing which would bring tranquillity and an almost passionate return to the beautiful arts of peace, is the very thing which on all sides is now being flouted and defamed—I mean the aristocratic spirit.

Those who were born to this spirit, or who have, by adoption, made it their own, must always marvel that its inspiration and devout rule of life have not been seized upon with greater eagerness and by larger numbers. It must be that in the hurry of every-day life its claims have been overlooked by some, and misunderstood by others. There are, I think, three specific reasons why the aristocratic spirit has not made headway against the more popular currents of the hour. They may properly be called the three antagonisms.

The most obvious and most excusable antagonism is also the most wide-spread. It is, like so many other antagonisms, the direct result of a quite complete misunderstanding. Men have been called aristocrats who were entirely untouched by anything so beneficent as the aristocratic spirit. Societies have been classed as aristocratic when in reality they were doing violence to the very fundamentals of that spirit. The term aristocracy has been made a term of reproach as the imputed possessor of the very qualities which it would itself be the first to repudiate. To answer the first antagonism, one has only to define the aristocratic spirit, but one must do it carefully. In reality, this spirit is subtle, pervasive, penetrating, but it is not complex. It is as delicately simple as a child, and as easily understood, provided, of course, that one has not oneself wandered too far from the kingdom. I should define the aristocratic spirit as the love of excellence for its own sake, or even more

simply as the disinterested, passionate love of excellence. The aristocrat, to deserve the name, must love excellence everywhere and in everything; he must love it in himself, in his own beautiful body, in his own alert mind, in his own illuminated spirit and he must love it in others; must love it in all human relations and occupations and activities, in all things in earth or sea or sky. And this love of his must be so passionate that he strives in all things to attain excellence, and so tireless that in the end he arrives. But not even the hope of Heaven may lure him. He must love and work disinterestedly, without the least thought of reward, enamored only of the transcendent beauty of excellence, and quite unregardful of himself. It is this impersonal requirement which makes salvation at once so simple and so paradoxical, for it is literally true that to save one's soul, one must lose it; one must go back to the kingdom of the child, where subject and object are one, and the unique reality is absorption in a universe.

If one accepts this simple and true definition of the aristocratic spirit, it becomes quite obvious that aristocracy is an attitude of mind, a religion, and not a social group. Aristocrats do not constitute a social class in the concrete sense that laborers, or artisans, or professional men, or capitalists do. At most, aristocrats may be said to make up a party, since they are found in all classes of society. To be an aristocrat one must be the unselfish devotee of excellence, and happily such devotees are found in every walk of life, from the humblest to the most exalted. It is a grave mistake to confound aristocracy with social station, or with any other outer trapping. In the hot crucible of events, tinsel withers, while gold refines. The Great War has been such a crucible and it has put kings as well as commoners to the test. To love excellence, not the appearance of excellence, and to love it disinterestedly, and not for the sake of the loaves and fishes—this is the whole creed of the aristocrat.

When it is urged against the so-called aristocracies of the past that they were the class of privilege and prided themselves upon their exclusiveness, the criticism is perfectly just, but is not a criticism of the aristocratic spirit; it is evidence that this high spirit was sadly lacking. Greed, arrogance, snobbishness, cruelty can never be the qualities of an aristocrat, for the excellence which he seeks in the great outer world, he seeks still more passionately in him-

self. It is a contradiction to say that aristocracy asks privilege or seeks exclusiveness. Such a policy is contrary to the doctrine of perfection. What the aristocrat wants, and wants passionately, is that all the world shall come into that same love of excellence which makes his own life such a profound delight. He may accept nothing which others may not have upon precisely the same terms, and the terms are unremitting, passionate effort. The injunction, *Be ye perfect,* was not addressed to any class or any group—it was addressed to mankind. To strive without thought of reward, to love the good, the true, the beautiful for their own sake—the man who does that is an aristocrat. He may be a day-laborer, an artisan, a shop-keeper, a professional man, a writer, a statesman. It is not a matter of birth, or occupation, or education. It is an attitude of mind carried into daily action, that is to say, a religion. Aristocrats form a world-wide party, a party with wide-open doors, but they do not constitute a social class. And if at times they seem to be exclusive, it is simply because they decline to call excellent the things that are not excellent. They demand of others what they demand of themselves, obedience to a difficult and severe discipline.

The second antagonism to the aristocratic spirit is the antagonism of antithesis. Democracy is set over against aristocracy. They are commonly presented as the opposite poles of the social creed. It is quite natural, therefore, that the current over-praise of democracy should involve, by implication, a corresponding dispraise of aristocracy. At the present moment it does not seem to occur to anyone to defend or even indeed to define democracy. Its merits and its nature are alike taken for granted. For many it sums up all that is most desirable in human affairs. When one wishes to praise a man, whether he be king or commoner, landlord or tenant, one has only to call him democratic and the praise is bestowed. When Mr. Wilson coined his now famous phrase, "To make the world safe for democracy," the poor old world went quite wild with enthusiasm. The phrase has been repeated by such multitudes, and so ceaselessly that even its friends have grown a bit sick of it. It is no longer a phrase to conjure with. Yet the poor old world still insists that democracy is what it believes in, and what it wants, and still takes it for granted that democracy needs neither defense nor definition. There is something

strangely touching in this simple faith in the saving power of democracy, and something equally pitiful in the current ignorance of what democracy really is. It sounds like a passionate, heart-broken cry to the unknown gods, and the pity of it is that the unknown gods do not answer, and the hungry multitudes show signs of bitterness and disillusionment. All human terms are vague, for they must be defined in terms of other terms. Our most precise language is only approximate. This is one of the many reasons why emotion transcends in validity the nicest academic phrase; why our swift intuition eternally outvalues the most labored statement. We can genuinely share another man's feeling, while at best we can only approximate his language. In the matter of vagueness, the term " democratic " is particularly unfortunate. It has two quite different meanings, one social and one political, and to the masses at least it has a third and confusing connotation as the name of an active political party which may in reality be more or less democratic than its several rivals. To the man in the street, all this is certainly confusing, and when he shouts for democracy and to have the world made safe for democracy, he is, for the most part, simply making a noise.

Bearing in mind the unlimited praise of democracy that one hears on all sides from persons important and unimportant, one would naturally expect it to offer some rule of life which would satisfy a universal aspiration of the human heart. But in reality this very natural expectation is never realized. The result of any effort to get at the inner heart of democracy is amazingly disappointing. One finds indeed that strictly speaking it has no inner heart, no genuine content, no sufficient ground on which to build either creed or ideal. It offers no rule of life that the earnest seeker after righteousness can lay hold of and apply. Whether one use the term democracy in its social or its political sense, it offers no discernible goal. The amazing, disquieting thing which such a penetrating scrutiny reveals is that a democratic society is totally without compass. It may face in any direction whatsoever, toward heaven or toward hell. And a democratic state is equally at the mercy of chance tides. One finds in democracy no goal either expressed or implied. What one does find is simply a method. I am not arguing that this method, when applied to suitable goals, is not extremely valuable, but what I am

pointing out is that democracy itself does not supply these goals. It supplies merely a highly generalized method. When, therefore, one offers democracy to a grief-smitten, heart-broken world as a panacea for its mortal pain, and such empty phrases as "to make the world safe for democracy" as the slogan for its effort, one offers a stone instead of life-giving bread.

What then is the method of democracy? I should say in a large way that the method of democracy is the method of the whole. Its major characteristic is that everybody shall be included. This is the wholly admirable element in democracy, and one can hardly overpraise it, for this inclusiveness is at least the beginning of justice. But mischief enters almost as soon as the method begins to be used, for this is commonly done without discrimination, and ends by setting up a quite hopeless confusion of values. Once more I am tempted to quote those wise words of the blessed Bhagavad-Gîtâ, that he who loses discrimination, loses everything. The composite whole for which democracy so resolutely and so loyally stands may be complete and all-inclusive without the false assumption that its component parts are either alike or equal. But democracy makes this false assumption in practically every case, and so vitiates an otherwise admirable method.

It is this curious lack of discrimination which has made the social method of democracy so conspicuous a failure. The method pre-supposes a similarity of taste and an equality in spiritual and intellectual development not borne out by the most rudimentary social experience. As Miss Etchingham remarks, people are only amused by what amuses them. Happily for the world, they are amused by very different things; and it is one step in toleration when I realize that my neighbor has as valid a right to his amusements as I have to mine, provided of course that neither one of us interferes with the other. The democratic ideal of having everybody join in would make for an excessively dull time, for half of the players would not know what the other half were up to, and the game would fall very flat. When I was a small boy I noticed that certain of my relatives always bored me, but having a well developed family conscience I still felt it my duty at stated intervals to go to see them. One day, however, I had an illuminating thought. It was simply this, that if they bored me so persistently, in

all probability I bored them equally or even more, and after that my conscience was quite clear. The same obvious principle applies, I think, to larger groups and more serious affairs.

Even more mischievous than this insistence upon an alikeness which does not exist is the democratic insistence upon an equality which is also unreal. That all men are created free and equal is a sufficiently accurate statement of legal status, but a deplorably inaccurate statement of our actual experience of human quality. It requires very slight reflection to see that large numbers of men are distinctly inferior to one's self, and that goodly numbers are superior. But one need not go outside of one's self for the material of such a comparison. One has only to contrast the man of today with the same man, ten, twenty, thirty years ago to be acutely aware of their inequality. And it would be profoundly discouraging if these long, arduous years of effort brought no result. The doctrine of equality calls in question the whole evolutionary process, the Pauline doctrine of growing in grace, the heroic individual struggle for perfection, all the forces that press men on towards righteousness. If after all is done and said, the man who tried is no better than the man who didn't, the whole process of human life is a ghastly tragedy. One would be quite justified in saying that the game is not worth the candle.

That social democracy makes for a sense of brotherhood, and a friendly, human intercourse among all sorts and conditions of men is its one practical glory, but it is not unique in this. Common sense, mere every-day decency, the most elementary good breeding make for an equally gracious intercourse. Certainly no true aristocrat falls short in this respect, for the idealizing of all human relations forms an integral part of his passionate quest of excellence. As a matter of fact, equality among men is mere eighteenth century theorizing. The observed fact is a profound, inescapable, much-to-be-desired inequality. It is the very condition of progress. It would be a poor world without leadership, and leadership implies a larger vision and a greater power.

In politics, the democratic method is the method of the whole carried to the extreme. Its doctrine of equality, denied social expression by the common sense of all concerned, finds political expression in universal suffrage, and

harms even those whom it is supposed to benefit. To give every man and woman a vote, and to declare these votes equally important and significant is both unsound and mischievous. The man who has no property stake in the community, who assumes no duties for the maintenance and defense of the state, who is ignorant of its history and institutions and literature, who does not perhaps even speak its language fluently, may indeed be a man, but he is certainly not a qualified citizen, and has no moral right to a voice in government. Mr. Lincoln, in spite of his greatness, made the signal mistake of giving the vote to the ignorant freedmen of the South. Subsequent statesmen, less great, have made an equal or even larger mistake in extending it to still less desirable aliens. Universal suffrage is a characteristic example of the democratic failure in discrimination. Desiring all men to be equal, the democratic spirit asserts that they *are* equal, and *if* equal, are entitled to identical privileges. Universal suffrage may properly be the goal of every civilized and progressive state, but it is a political and social crime to bestow the suffrage before it is honestly won. An electorate not properly qualified is an ever-present public danger. An ignorant democracy soon ceases to be a democracy, soon finds it inconvenient to represent and include the whole, and becomes that obnoxious form of tyranny, a dictatorship of the proletariat.

But passing over these grave objections to the democratic insistence upon equality, and accepting for the moment the accomplished fact of universal suffrage, we moderns stand face to face with a new danger, or perhaps an old danger now immensely augmented, which is a direct and inevitable outcome of the method of the whole when carried politically to the extreme. I mean the substitution of impulsive mob rule for a more judicial and temperate representative government. It is entirely possible, even in the complete democracy resulting from an unrestrained suffrage to have such a government, but it pre-supposes an intelligent electorate which recognizes that government is both an art and a science, and requires for its proper administration a preparation quite as thorough and complete as is required by law or medicine or theology. In this view of things, government, to be successful, requires expert service, is overwhelmingly a matter for experts, and may not be left to the casual whims of the man in the street. But the demo-

cratic doctrine of equality, with its method of the whole, has recently shown a disposition, in the referendum and recall, and still more radical measures of popular appeal, to withdraw the government function from the hands of its own chosen representatives and experts, and to place it, in spite of its delicacy and complexity, directly in the hands of the mob. It is not a method which promises wise counsels. This same disposition to ignore the chosen representatives of government, and to appeal over their heads directly to the people is discernible in certain popular leaders in both America and England. It is a tendency much to be regretted, and is largely responsible for the growing disregard of law and order, and the too great readiness of both individuals and groups to take the law into their own hands. The President himself has set the world an unfortunate example. In appealing to the Italian people over the heads of their chosen spokesmen, he committed not only a grave international impropriety, but he gave countenance to a procedure which in his more judicial moments he would presumably be among the first to deprecate.

I have spoken at such length about democracy because I have wanted to make it abundantly clear that there is no possible antithesis between aristocracy and democracy since they do not belong in the same category. Aristocracy is a flaming ideal, a defensible goal, a devout rule of life; while democracy has nothing to offer in the way of ends, and in the way of means, offers a method which in spite of a certain bigness, is quite as likely to land one in a morass as on the mountain.

The third antagonism to the aristocratic spirit is the least creditable of all since it shows humanity at something like its worst. It is the antagonism of resentment. There are few indeed who have not noticed this resentment,—the sneering, ill-tempered resentment which a self-conscious, uncomfortable inferiority feels in the presence of every superiority. Many men and women, in all walks of life, have the intelligence to recognize the beauty of righteousness, but have not the character to make that beauty their own. They are the people "who see the right and yet the wrong pursue." In the last analysis, of course, they do not really see the right—they only half see it—for no mortal, I honestly believe, can have the full vision of righteousness and not ever afterwards be constrained to follow

it. He may go haltingly; he may stumble and fall; he may be blinded and seduced by false lights and siren voices, but always in his heart of hearts, the great loyalty persists, and here or elsewhere, he will arrive. The aristocrat is not disposed of by calling him, however derisively, a very superior person, for that is precisely what he sets out to be, under the belief that a world of very superior persons is much more worth while than a world of rowdies and toughs. If he is sometimes irritating, it must be remembered that any self-complacency represents a failure to carry out his own ideal, and is not a part of the ideal itself. No one is more conscious of failure than the aristocrat himself,—he is his own most severe critic—but he has the courage to risk this failure, for he knows that we only learn to walk by falling down. And often he is constrained to say with Rabbi Ben Ezra, "What I would be, and am not, comforts me."

The strength of this third antagonism must not be underestimated. Like the conscience, the aristocratic spirit calls much in question, and does it so silently, so persistently, so accusingly that meaner spirits chafe under the condemnation, and feel a resentment which rapidly mounts to the pitch of antagonism. The defensive attitude which we all put up when we are tempted to do a second-rate thing and to brave it out is an all too common illustration. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse.*

As I said in the beginning, the artistocratic spirit is the one thing in these very troubled times which would bring tranquillity and an almost passionate return to the beautiful arts of peace. It would do this great thing because it is not an empty phrase, but a flaming ideal, a devout rule of life, a religion, and as such is the inevitable producer of results. The aristocrat is a devotee, a seeker after perfection, a knight-errant bent upon a tireless quest. Let us inquire, then, very briefly, how the aristocratic spirit meets some of the hot questions of the hour. We shall find that contrary to popular impression this spirit stands aloof from no human issue, but concerns itself with all, from the smallest to the greatest. On none of these issues does it speak with hesitation or equivocation. There is no empty beating of the air, no phrase making. Its verdicts are simple, direct, understandable; and each verdict may be turned at once into practical action.

Let us begin with the most profound of all human concerns, with religion. The status of religion at the present moment is in dispute. The tragic bereavement brought about by the War, the untimely death of such a goodly number of young men, has turned the attention of millions of persons to spiritual matters and to the consolations offered by religion. Rachel, mourning for her children, yearns to be comforted, and spiritualism has come into its own. Whether this is a passing phase, or the herald of a more genuine religious revival, remains to be seen. But meanwhile it is regrettably true that other multitudes have openly thrown aside the decencies imposed by religion, and that wave after wave of crime sweeps over communities once orderly and law-abiding. One could easily believe, after reading the morning's paper, that the world stands face to face with a recurrent Dark Age brought about, as always, by our many sins. In the midst of all this chaos, on the one side excessively personal demands and on the other contemptuous indifference and denial, the aristocratic spirit stands serene, and in a very deep sense, untroubled. It is itself a religion, but while it joins with all those forms of religion which seek the perfect way, it differs from many of them in seeking it with utter disinterestedness. The aristocrat is content to worship and adore, asking nothing of the gods that they have not already given him in the resplendent moral fabric of the world. He is not concerned with personal salvation any more than he is concerned with the impression which he makes upon other persons. He does not keep one eye upon the gods any more than he does upon his fellows. His one passion is the artist passion for perfection. So far as his prayer is articulate, he prays with Plato: "O Jove, give us that which is good for us, whether we pray for it or not; and withhold that which is evil, even though we pray for it." The aristocrat has, of course, nothing in common with those commercial schemes of salvation which offer large rewards for the exercise of small virtues. Righteousness is to him an end in itself, its own reward. Like any faithful knight of old, his whole heart is filled with the glorious vision which represents his chosen service. It is so great a thing to stand face to face with God, to live constantly day by day, in the divine presence, that one can be occupied with no thought of the self.

Next in importance to religion, to one's general attitude towards life, stands a man's family. The domestic relations are not only the most beautiful of our human relations, but they are also the most delicate. To be a member of a family group is an immense privilege and it should be handled as an integral part of a man's religion. But it is also a severe test of his breeding and on all sides one sees innumerable shipwrecks, shipwrecks brought about for the most part by the vulgar pressing of personal demands. In the face of these daily assaults, the aristocratic spirit may waver and grow faint, but so long as it persists, no permanent disaster is possible. An aristocrat loves his wife, not for the comfort and pleasure she can give him, but for the glory of her perfection as a woman and a wife and a mother. There is about his love a large element of worship, and worship is always unselfish. And the aristocrat loves his children, not because they add to the sense of reality and the importance of his own life, but for the finer and less personal reason that wholesome, well-bred children are adorable for their own sakes, and worthy of all the love the grown-up world can give them. And the aristocrat loves his other relatives and his neighbors and associates, not for the service they can render him, but simply for their own manifold excellence. In these delicate human relations, as in his more formal religion, he has no thought of reward. But quite inevitably the reward is his. It is the large reward of all disinterestedness,—when one asks nothing, one receives everything.

In the domain of politics, the aristocratic spirit occupies a position which is equally characteristic. It is opposed to all forms of mob rule, under whatever name they may be put forward, and to that application of the democratic method of the whole which assumes that every man is qualified to be a legislator, and to solve, off-hand, the delicate and intricate problems of government. On the contrary, the aristocrat is a believer in trained and competent experts, that is to say, in a carefully chosen representative government. He believes in a restricted suffrage, a suffrage limited to qualified voters, to men and women who can pass the test of intelligent and participating citizenship. He does not for one moment believe that every chance adventurer who finds himself in our midst, and who goes through certain slender formalities, or who comes here

perhaps with the express purpose of stirring up trouble, should have a hand in our American political life. It is not enough that a man has reached twenty-one years; he must have reached a number of other attributes as well before he may properly be classified as a qualified voter. America, in the view of the aristocrat belongs to Americans, to the men and women who have made the country what it is, and who desire passionately to make it more admirable, not less admirable. It seems to him a grave political and social crime to hand over such a heritage to any rabble to desecrate and disintegrate, whether it be done in the name of democracy or socialism or communism or syndicalism or organized labor. The aristocrat, in a word, believes in nationalism as against internationalism, in a representative government conducted by the best experts, as against a mob rule conducted, on principle, by the incompetent. As a lover of excellence, he wishes to be represented by men wiser than himself, better trained in law and politics and history, and gifted by Nature with the quality of leadership. It is only through such men that excellence in government can be attained. One does not wish to have one's portrait painted by a sign-painter, or one's life put in danger by a quack, or one's business affairs mismanaged by an ignoramus. I do not see why one should be less wise in one's choice of the instruments of government. The aristocratic scheme, let me repeat, is not, as commonly stated, a government of the many by the few,—that is an autocracy—but it is a government of all by representative experts chosen by a qualified electorate. The aristocrat firmly believes that the grave affairs of life should be entrusted to trained experts, and not to novices and experimenters. And government, as the Great War has once more shown, is one of the very gravest of all human affairs.

In education and in industry, the aristocratic spirit has an immense theatre for its application. One might say in a broad way that the quest of excellence is the goal of both the school and the factory. But unfortunately one may not add, save in exceptional cases, that the quest is disinterested. It is the absence of disinterestedness which in both cases vitiates the goal and ends by making it more specious than real. When excellence is sought, not for its own sake, but for the sake of the loaves and fishes, it soon ceases to be

sought at all, and a cheaper substitute takes its place,—the appearance of excellence. This is true, even in education. In few secondary schools is knowledge sought for its own fair sake, but in nearly every case from some ulterior motive. Boys go to school for the sports, for the companionship, to make a better living, to get into college. These are worthy ends,—the fault lies wholly in the emphasis. They should be taken casually and ought not to obscure the major end of education,—the unfolding and perfecting of the human spirit. And among collegians, themselves, an impartial observer finds little culture and much insincerity. Even in education, the democratic fallacy of alikeness and equality finds frequent and vociferous expression. But the aristocratic spirit seeks excellence in variety. Instead of asking all children to attend the same school and engage in the same studies, it would encourage a wholesome competition among schools, and would help each child to select the one best suited to its own individual needs. In spite of all that has been written about sex, its supreme significance has not, I think, been sufficiently remarked and sufficiently acted upon. And that significance is simply this, that Nature, in providing that each child must have two parents, a father and a mother, bestowed two distinct lines of heredity, and with them the possibility of beneficent variation, and the appearance of a new and more desirable type. Yet education, in spite of this obvious and vital lesson, is forever seeking uniformity and all the drab monotony of democratic sameness. The aristocratic spirit resists this tendency to the death, and seeks, instead, a multiform and varied excellence. The aristocratic world is not one of dead levels, but a world of varied interests and constant promise and unfaltering progress. It is, in a word, the world of evolution.

In his industrial life, the aristocrat may occupy any post from the very lowest to the very highest. But whatever the job, he must do it well and he must love it for its own sake. He may not, then, engage in any work where the conditions make excellence impossible, nor may he take part in meaningless toil. It will be easy to define his position towards organized labor and syndicalism and all similar movements that are ready to do evil in order that good may come of it. These modern forms of Jesuit teaching, that the end justifies the means, are not in harmony with

the aristocratic spirit,—the whole event must be excellent, the means, as well as the end. And equally at variance with that spirit is the tendency of organized labor to lessen individual responsibility and initiative, to kill the passionate love of excellence, and to substitute for it the smaller efficiency and lower standards of the average worker. Being disinterested and having something excellent to offer, the aristocratic worker stands on his own feet and does not seek to be bolstered up by union or organization. He realizes that salvation is an individual adventure and not a mass movement. In industry as in government, he asks the largest possible individual freedom and the least amount of prescription. He repudiates with vigor all class consciousness, all class distinctions, all class warfare, as wholly inconsistent with that common effort towards righteousness which he conceives all high-minded persons to have entered upon. Perhaps I sum it all up in saying that the aristocratic worker is an uncompromising individualist, and so opposes the major currents of the hour. It is only in the disinterested quest of excellence that anything notable can be accomplished in industry. The case is precisely similar to the case of religion, of family life, of politics, of education, of art. It is not enough to go through the motions,—the work in hand must engage the individual spirit or it cannot possibly be well done. The fatal defect in the present excessive desire to organize the world is that it does not appeal to this love of excellence, but to a narrow and disabling self-interest. It may seem over-optimistic, but the aristocrat, both from his own personal experience, his own experiments in selfishness, and from the tragic lessons of the Great War, is bound to believe that this specialized self-interest always leads to failure, while disinterestedness is the essential condition of success.

One cannot in a series of brief paragraphs say anything much worth saying upon such tremendous themes as religion, family life, politics, education, industry, but what I have tried to indicate is that the aristocratic spirit, being an habitual attitude of mind, a religion, is competent to meet and solve these typical problems of our modern, complicated daily life, and to do it without hesitation or equivocation. The aristocrat sees life in a definite, clear-cut way; he knows what to do both in the ordinary day's work and

in the multiform emergencies of life, and as he is true to form, he does it simply, honestly and well. The immense practical value of such an inclusive formula is that it leads to prompt decision and equally prompt action. It does away with all evasion and subterfuge. When a man speaks the truth, it is easy to speak; when he intends to do right, it is easy to act. *Noblesse oblige.*

I am presenting, I know, an unpopular view of life, since it recognizes human inequality, and is in effect a doctrine of perfection. It will meet with little sympathy from those extreme modernists who scorn our feeble individual efforts towards righteousness, and who profess to find in the masses, virtues and qualities not discoverable in the component units. But it is a view which stands the test of application and has stood it for centuries. The aristocratic spirit has led to the achievement of worthy tasks, and consequently to individual satisfaction and happiness. The aristocrat is one of the few men who can stand alone. He does not have to wait for others to act, or for the coming of favorable circumstance. His own task is always at hand, his own quest is always on. It may be tragic, but it is nevertheless true that in the serious affairs of life, a man must be able, thus resolutely, to stand alone and in the final great adventure of death. Destiny brings curious gifts, but in the face of the most difficult of them, the true aristocrat is unafraid and victorious.

HANFORD HENDERSON.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

II—W. B. YEATS

I SAW Yeats many times after that first visit. He told me that he was always at home to his friends on Monday evening, and he invited me to dine with him on the Monday immediately following after that Sunday on which I first met him. No one came on that evening. He talked about acting and the theatre, and I said something that pleased him, and he complimented me in his grave, courteous manner. "That was well said," he exclaimed, and I flushed with pleasure. The praise of one distinguished man is more than the applause of a multitude of common men. Yeats's talk about the theatre, though interesting, was often remote from reality. He was then much interested in the more esoteric forms of drama, and was eager to put masks on the actors' faces. He wished to eliminate the personality of the player from the play, and had borrowed some foolish notions from Mr. Gordon Craig about lighting and scenery and dehumanised actors. He had a model of the Abbey Theatre in his rooms and was fond of experimenting with it. There was some inconsistency in his talk about acting: at one moment he was anxious for anonymous, masked players, "freed" from personality, and at the next moment, he was demanding that players should act with their entire bodies, not merely with their voices and faces. Hazlitt, in one of his essays, advocates anonymity on the stage, and when one considers how excessive is the regard paid today to the actor in comparison with that paid to the play, one is tempted to support Hazlitt's demand; but I have never understood why one should decline to exploit a personality that is rare.

There is a school of thinkers which holds that the best theatre is that one in which a player may be the hero of the piece tonight and the "voice off" tomorrow night. This is a ridiculous theory. Even if it were practicable, which it is

not, it would be a disgraceful waste of material. The manager who consented to a proposal that Madame Sarah Bernhardt should play the part of the servant with one line to say would be an ass and a wastrel. It is, perhaps, unfair to treat a man's "table-talk" as if it were a serious proposal, and I once got into trouble with Mr. Gordon Craig for doing this; but so much of Yeats's talk and writing is related to this matter of disembodiment and passionless action, that it is difficult not to treat it seriously. For my part, I have always been unable to understand how it is possible for a human being to behave as if he were not a human being.

Most of the talking was done by Yeats, and he talked extraordinarily well. He is one of the best talkers I have ever listened to, in spite of the fact that his conversation tends to become a monologue. But if you cannot talk well yourself, you are wise to listen to a man who can. He spoke at length about the men who had been his friends when he was a young man: of Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley and Arthur Symons and Lionel Johnson and Ernest Dowson; of Henley and Whistler and Bernard Shaw and of a host of others. He had a puzzled, bewildered admiration for " that strange man of genius, Bernard Shaw ", but I never felt that he understood Shaw or was happy with Shaw's mind. He could not make head or tail of "John Bull's Other Island" when he read it in MS. (Shaw submitted the play to the Abbey Theatre when he wrote it: it was not produced there on the ground that the players were inadequate for it). G. B. S., in a debate with G. K. Chesterton, had said " I am a servant ", and this phrase pleased Yeats very much. He was moved by Shaw's humility. Shaw, however, hardly entered into Yeats's early life, and most of the talk that evening was about Beardsley and Wilde and Lionel Johnson and Ernest Dowson and the members of the Rhymers' Club. "Most of them," said Yeats, "died of drink or went out of their minds!"

It was late when I prepared to leave him. He had been saying that a man should always associate with his equals and superiors and never with his inferiors, when I recollected that the hour was late and that I might miss the last tram from the Embankment and so have to walk several miles. I was tired, too, and a little depressed, for Yeats seemed to be a lonely man and an uneasy man. He had survived all his friends, but had not succeeded in making

any intimacy with their successors. I sometimes feel about him that he is a lost man wandering around looking for his period. When I had announced that I was going home, he astonished me by saying that he would walk part of the way with me. He had not had any exercise all day and felt that he needed some air and movement. (He hates open windows and always keeps his tightly closed.) We walked to the Embankment together, saying little, for silence had fallen on him. We walked along the Embankment for a little while, and I said some banal thing about Waterloo Bridge, but he did not make any answer; and I did not say any more, but contented myself with observing the difference between his walk when he is moving slowly and his walk when he is moving quickly. He is very dignified in his movements when he walks slowly: he holds his head erect and carries his hands tightly clenched behind his back; but when he begins to move quickly, the dignity disappears and his walk becomes a tumbling shuffle. That, I suppose, is because of his poor sight.

My tram came along, and I said " Good-night " to him, and he answered "Good-night" in a vague fashion. I think he had completely forgotten me.

II

He had told me that he was going on the following day to Manchester to lecture to some society there, and I was sufficiently interested in his opinions to get a copy of the *Manchester Guardian* containing a report of what he had said. I was amused to find that his lecture was a repetition of all that he had said to me on the Monday before the day on which he lectured. He had "tried it on the dog", and I was the dog. All of Yeats's speeches are carefully rehearsed before they are publicly delivered. He told me once that Oscar Wilde rehearsed all his conversation in the morning and then, being word-perfect, went forth in the evening to speak it. I imagine that Yeats does that, too, on occasions. It is a laudable thing to do in many respects, although it tends to make talk somewhat formal and liable to be scattered by an interruption. When Yeats rehearses a speech before making it in public, he is paying a great tribute to his audience by declining to offer them scamped or hastily-contrived opinions. Those who listen to him may be deceived into believing that he is speaking spontaneously,

but they may be certain that what he says has been carefully considered, that he is speaking of things over which he has pondered and not just "saying the first thing that comes into his head".

Most men of letters do something of this sort. I have listened to George Moore saying things which I subsequently read in the preface to the revised version of one of his novels; and I remember meeting "A. E." in Nassau Street, Dublin, one evening and being told a great deal about co-operation which I read in his paper, *The Irish Homestead* on the following morning.

I saw Yeats many times after that. I completed the MS. of *Mixed Marriage* and, very much embarrassed, read it to him in his rooms. I read it very badly, too, and I am sure I bored him a great deal; but he was kind and patient and he made some useful suggestions to me which I did not accept. I had too much conceit, as all young writers have, to be guided by a better man than myself. I know now that I would have done well to do as he advised me to do. He warned me against topical things and against politics and urged me to flee journalism as I would flee the devil; and he advised me to read Balzac. He was always advising me to read Balzac, but I never did. . . .

III

My memories of those days when I first knew Yeats begin to be disconnected, and I find myself putting down things which happened after other things which I have still to relate; but I have never found a consecutive narrative very interesting, which, perhaps, is why I cannot read Pepys' Diary or Evelyn's Diary. I like to take things out of their turn, to go forward to one thing and then go back to an earlier thing. One can only connect one incident or memory with another by taking them out of their order and doing violence to the natural sequence of things. Life is not so interesting when all the factors between 1 and 100 are in sequence as it is when 26 and 60 are taken out of their place and put into coherence, temporary or permanent, with each other.

Yeats said to me one evening that a man does not make firm friendships after the age of twenty-five. There is a good deal of truth in that statement, but I doubt whether it is generally true. It is true of Yeats, for his mind turns

back continually to the men who were his contemporaries twenty-five years ago, but it was not true of Dr. Johnson, who shed his friends as he grew in stature of mind, and perhaps what Johnson said to Sir Joshua Reynolds is more generally true than what Yeats said to me. "If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself alone. A man, Sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair." I do not think that anything is so remarkable about Yeats as his aloofness from the life of these times. He has very little knowledge of contemporary writing. I doubt whether he has read much or even anything by H. G. Wells or Arnold Bennett or John Galsworthy or Joseph Conrad. He said to me one night that after thirty a man ought to read only a few books and read them continually. Someone had said this to him . . . I have forgotten who said it . . . and he passed on the advice to me; but he added, after a while, that "perhaps the age of thirty was too young and suggested that the age should be raised to forty." It seemed to me to be very wrong advice.

An active mind will surely keep itself acquainted with new books and familiar with old books. I have heard many men, particularly schoolmasters and classical scholars, say with pride that they never read modern books. Such people boast that when a new book is published, they read an old one. They are, in my experience, dull people, sluggardly in mind, and pompous and set in manner. In many cases, particularly if they are schoolmasters, they neither read new books nor old ones. Dr. Johnson and his friends, however, appear to have been familiar with all the current literature of their time: history, fiction, poetry, drama, philosophy and theology; as well as with the ancient writings. They would not have *boasted* of their ignorance of the work of their contemporaries. In Yeats's case, however, this unfamiliarity with the work of men writing today is explainable when one remembers that he cannot read easily because of his sight. When I first knew him, a friend of his came several times a week to read to him out of a copy of the Klemscott Press edition of William Morris's *Earthly Paradise.*

He had, like most young men of his time, been much influenced by William Morris, the only man for whom I ever heard him profess anything like affection, but I

remember hearing him say once that he no longer got pleasure from reading or listening to Morris's poetry.

IV

One night, I was at his rooms when G. M. Trevelyan, the historian and biographer of Garibaldi and John Bright, was present with his wife, a daughter of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Yeats talked much and well, and I remember his story of a dream he had had. He often told stories of his dreams, but some of them smelt of the midnight oil. A friend of his, he said, was contemplating submission to the Catholic Church. He had tried to dissuade her from this, but she went away to another country in a state of irresolution. One night, he dreamt that he saw her entering a room full of beautiful people. She walked around the room, looking at these beautiful people who all smiled and smiled and smiled, but said nothing. "And suddenly, in my dream," he said, "I realised that they were all dead!" "I woke up," he proceeded, "and I said to myself, 'She has joined the Catholic Church' and she had." Trevelyan thought that the description of the Catholic Church as a room full of beautiful people, all smiling and all dead, was the most apt he had ever heard.

Another Irish dramatist, Mr. Norreys Connel, when I told him of that dream, told me of a dream he had had. He said that he found himself in a room where there were many cardinals and bishops in splendid robes, and for a while he was impressed by their magnificence. Then he said to them, "Yes, your robes are very beautiful, but underneath them there is simple flesh like mine!" The moment he said that, the robes fell off the cardinals and the bishops, and he saw that they were all skeletons!

V

Another night, when I was in his rooms, Ellen Terry's son, Gordon Craig, came to see Yeats; and Yeats brought the model of the Abbey Theatre down from his bedroom to the candle-lit sitting room, and Craig experimented with lighting effects. Gordon Craig is a man of genius, but he is a very difficult and childish person, whose view of the theatre is as damnable as the view of the most vain of the lost tribe of actor-managers or their successors, the shopkeeper syndicates. Scenery and lighting effects were of

greater consequence to Gordon Craig than the play itself! His designs for scenery were very beautiful, indeed, but they were suitable only to romantic and poetical plays. Craig designed the scenery for Sir Herbert Tree's production of *Macbeth,* but there was a quarrel between Sir Herbert and him before the play was performed, and Craig withdrew and betook himself to Florence in a mighty temper. Yeats told me that Craig was very anxious to let everyone know that he had returned the money he had received for designing the scenery and that Sir Herbert had used Craig's ideas for the scenery in his own production. Reinhardt, the German producer, had also used some of Craig's inventions. I saw Reinhardt's production of *Oedipus Rex* at Covent Garden and thought that it was a bloody and messy business. The Chorus had the appearance, not of expressing emotion, but of doing physical exercises! It was said that Craig, as a condition of his production of *Macbeth,* had insisted that Sir Herbert should keep out of his own theatre for a fortnight! Whether this story be true or not, I do not know, but I can believe that it is, for it is consonant with a great deal of the sheer silliness that is mingled with the genius of Gordon Craig.

I remember that Craig, when he had manipulated Yeats's model theatre to his liking, stood back from the scene he had made, and said, "What a good thing it would be if we could take all the seats out of the theatre so that the audience could move about and see my shadows!" Yeats dryly replied that this was hardly a practical proposal. I was irritated by this stupid remark of Craig's which was in keeping with his general theory of the theatre. It seemed to me that he would, were he less difficult to work with, be as great a nuisance and danger to drama as any actor-manager in London. Sir Henry Irving and Sir Herbert Tree, turning the attention of the audience away from the play to the player and to the scenery, were not any worse than Gordon Craig, anxious to turn the attention of the audience to his shadows. I was glad when that remarkable man was carried off by Mr. Albert Rothenstein and Mr. Ernest Rhys to exhibit himself somewhere else.

Yeats was bitten with Craig's theories about lighting and scenery, and a large sum of money for so poor a theatre as the Abbey, was spent on some of Craig's "screens" for use in plays like *Deirdre.* They were never used for anything

else. When I went to Dublin to manage the Abbey, I was very anxious that we should employ a competent scene-builder to make some good "sets" for us, but Yeats said that scenery was of no consequence: the dirty hovel which we always employed to represent an Irish cottage or farm house would do well enough. I thought there was some oddness in this opinion when I remembered that the theatre had been almost bankrupted in order to purchase "screens" from Craig for occasional performances of Yeats's one-act plays. He would spend hours in rehearsing the lighting of a scene for his play: this "lime" was too strong and that "lime" was too weak or there was too much colour or there was not enough or the mingling of colours was not sufficiently delicate. One day, when he had worn out the patience of every one in the theatre, with his fussing over the lighting of the scene, he suddenly called out to the stage-manager, "That's it! That's it! You've got it right now!" "Ah, sure the damned thing's on fire," the stage-manager answered.

VI

I have written already that Yeats is not happy with an individual: he must have an audience; and I remember now something that he said to me which supports my belief. We had been talking about Synge and his habit of listening at key-holes and cracks in the floor in order to hear scraps of conversation that he might put into his plays. I said I had been told that Synge, though excessively shy and silent in company, was a very companionable person with an individual. He was an excellent comrade on a country road, talking easily and naturally, and had the gift of friendliness with plain and simple people. Laborers and countrymen would talk to him as easily as they talked to one another, and would confide in him. I wondered whether there were as many entertaining tales to be heard from working-people in England as were to be heard from working-people in Ireland. Yeats thought that perhaps there were. He told me that the woman who cooked his meals and cleaned his rooms had begun to tell some story of a love affair to him, but that he had been too diffident to encourage her to go on with it. He thought that if he had talked to her more than he had, she would have told him many stories of her youth in the country; but all his talk to her had been of food and household things. He is not a man in whom poor men and

women confide. His civility to them is magnificent, but it overawes them and makes them as uneasy in one way as it pleases them in another. He is an excellent entertainer in a crowded room, but he is a poor companion on a road. He can talk well to a company of educated men and women, but he is tongue-tied in the presence of those who have little learning.

VII

When I survey my acquaintance with Yeats, I find strangely diverse thoughts rising in my mind. I am drawn to him and repelled by him. He stimulates me and depresses me. I am moved by the beauty of his work and distracted by its vagueness. I find in his writing and in his speech, great spiritual loveliness but curiously little humanity, and I have often wondered why it is that while Irishmen, even such as I am, are deeply moved by his little play, *Kathleen ni Houlihan,* men of other countries . . . not only Englishmen . . . are left unmoved by it, unable, without a note in the programme, to understand it. I have seen this play performed very many times. I never missed seeing it, when it was done at the Abbey during the time that I was manager there. It moved me as much when I last saw it as it did when I first saw it; and I do not doubt that if I live to be an old man, it will move me as much in my old age as it has moved me in my youth. But it does not move men of other races. That is a singular thing. It denotes, I suppose, that while there is much that is national in Yeats's work, there is little that is universal.

One rises from his work, as one comes from his company, with a feeling of chilled respect that may settle into disappointment. It is as if one had been taken into a richly-decorated drawing-room when one had hoped to be taken into a green field. I have read Blake's poems and then I have read Yeats's poems and sought to see the resemblance that I am told is between them; but have not found it. Blake wrote about things that he felt, but Yeats writes about things that he thinks; and thought changes and perishes, but feeling is permanent and unchangeable; thought separates and divides men, but feeling brings them together; and it may be that Yeats's aloofness from men is due to the fact that he thinks too much and feels too little.

St. John Ervine.

THE WING OF DEATH—III

BY ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

Pax in Bello

November 11*th. American Hospital of Paris.*

Stillness. Intense stillness. Try as I will to throw it off, it muffles my bed like a heavy blanket. Or like one of those mosquito bars that smother you in Italian hotel bedrooms. I lie underneath, on my back. Always on my back. Immovable and straight. Holding my ears rigidly clear of the pillows—listening. No sound. No faintest echo of this glowing gala night. Only stillness, soft, spongy, clinging. Stifling me in its pale web.

The garden, all I can see of it by turning my head very gently to the right—I must not stir by a hair's breadth that distant part of my bed where my aching feet abide—is full of white moon light. The black trees that frame the clustered tents are spattered and silvered with it. Hoary old trees. Safe Red Cross tents, with eyes of yellow light that twinkle boldly to the lady who floats aloft. Two months ago the moon gathered bombers as an arc-lamp gathers moths. A thing of dread. And now how large, and round, and clear she sails. And what soft security she floods upon our garden. This is the fifteen hundred and sixty-first day of the war. After fifteen hundred and sixty-one days the women of the world may go to bed with quiet hearts.

My heart isn't quiet. It is pounding and throbbing under the bedclothes like one of those air-plane motors that are always disturbing the air of Neuilly when I most long for peace. I wish I could hear an air-plane now. It is desperately still. If the doughboy who twangs the wretched banjo that daily jars through my pain were only marooned in the garden. I would give any three soldiers five francs each to start a row. . . . Not a sound.

Every patient who can hitch himself along on crutches has got into Paris somehow. Armistice night. The culmination of the most terrible four years in the history of the world. The only wounded left, out there in the tents, are like me, tied to a bed. Too ill to do anything but listen. Listen and strain for a celebration we can't hear—and perhaps can't feel. Our war isn't over,—as the *femme de ménage* put it this morning.

Strange somebody isn't travelling over the Neuilly boulevards. There should be at least one belated taxi with a horn, carrying a smart French colonel just arrived from the front towards Paris. At least one cab, drawn by a tired horse, pounding back with a family of *petits bourgeois* who kept early hours because of the *gosses*. . . . Utter silence. All day the hospital walls have trembled with the reverberation of great trucks from the munition factories along the Seine. Trucks carrying the French work-people to Paris. Through the double door of my room, which usually deadens hospital movements, I have caught a murmur of suppressed excitement. Nurses' voices raised above the usual careful level. White shoes pattering at the double quick. The surgeon, urging the young ladies, in his warm Southern manner, to hurry along and *fêter la victoire*. When he came to do my dressing he was very impatient to be gone himself. (His face looked worn above his white gown. He isn't altogether glad the war is over, I surmise. More surgeon than humanitarian. And not very keen to leave his bone grafts at "Number One" and his Paris nights for private practise in a sleepy, stolid Southern city.) Hours since I've heard the least twitter in the corridor. As deserted as the garden and the street. If I thought it would make a sharp, strident sound I would lift my left hand and squeeze the bell that is pinned to the bed near my left ear. But it only lights a small, red, silent electric flame, they tell me. What's the use?

Dr. M. promised me a bottle of champagne to drink to victory. It didn't come. Miss O., my Red Cross nurse, was more disappointed than I. She "had never tasted champagne," and glowed at the wicked prospect. Rather dismally, at last, she tucked in the extra pillows, my only substitute for a change of position through the night, and wondered whether the trams had stopped running. She, too, wanted to get away from wounds and pain. To see

and touch this Paris gaiety of which she had heard so much in North Dakota, and scarcely dared open her eyes to when she arrived. Poor boulevard sights. No, I couldn't have drunk to victory with someone who did not know what Paris was like last June, when the Germans were only forty miles away. And champagne is a mild stimulant by comparison with this pain of mine. A black, misty mounting flood which sweeps me off, tosses me back and forth like a cork on its tide.

The tossing and swirling do not muddle my head. Somehow they clarify. Never did my senses feel so acute. If one of the wounded men should get up and dress (eluding his night-nurse) and drag himself over to the iron fence that shuts in our garden, and whisper to a little French girl through the bars I should surely hear her answering: "I loove you." Yes. But there isn't even a lover's whisper in the clear, crisp, empty air that comes through the window. The little French girls have forgotten the wounded doughboys. They are in the "centre," dancing around laughing, drunken, vociferous, rich American officers—general's aides and quartermaster captains—on the once more lighted boulevards.

What pictures swim before me. If I can't hear I can at least see. . . .

Rainy French ports. Mellow old French cities. Barren French villages—all full of olive-drab, brown-faced Americans, celebrating the Armistice. Dazed they must feel tonight in the mud of our camps, the manufactured cheer of our canteens, the high efficiency of our railway centres. Just so much stage scenery now. But the hospitals are not stage scenery. Base 15. Savenay. Evacuation Hospital Number One—bitter reality. I see a wounded soldier with hollow Lincoln eyes, and a lantern jaw. He has a hole in his abdomen. He is crying for water. . . . *What is it like at Mont-Notre-Dame to-night?*

The *petit chasseur* breaks in on my visions: it is only at this evening hour, when my nurse is gone that he dare thrust his clipped, Boutet de Monvel head, with its impishly demure round face, inside my door. A big envelope with the Embassy stamp. Out of it this huge proclamation, which was placarded over all the walls of Paris this morning:

"RÉPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE
CONSEIL MUNICIPAL DE PARIS
HABITANTS de PARIS

C'est la Victoire, la Victoire triumphale; sur tous les fronts l'ennemi vaincu a déposé les armes, le sang va cesser de couler.

Que Paris sorte de la fière reserve qui lui a valu l' admiration du monde.

Let us give full course to our joy and our enthusiasm, and force back our tears.

To bear witness of our infinite gratitude to our great Soldiers and their unconquerable leaders let us decorate all our houses with the French colors and those of our dear Allies.

Our dead may sleep in peace: the sublime sacrifice that they have made of their lives to the future of the race, and the safety of the Patrie will not be sterile.

For them, as for us, "the day of glory has come."

LONG LIVE THE REPUBLIC!

LONG LIVE IMMORTAL FRANCE!"

To it Pink, the thoughtful sender, has appended a P. S.:

'Long live immortal France.' But don't regret your remoteness from the 'day of glory.' Paris is not nearly as grand as during those epic days and nights of endurance just before Château-Thierry. I cannot see the end of the greatest war in the history of the world, and the greatest ordeal that France ever withstood, in the light of a football rally. I should like to talk to César Franck tonight and hear him play stately, towering symphonies. Or to stand on the height, with Sainte Geneviève, very late, after the turmoil has subsided. Looking down, under a chill, unemotional, watchful moon, over Paris, city of cities, asleep.

All very well for Pink to talk in this magnificent vein. He is there, in the midst of the turmoil. If he really hates it so much, why did he not come out instead of sending a messenger? This is the first day since I reached the hospital, more than three weeks ago, that I have had no visitors. Natural. But depressing to be alone and detached on a day of collective emotion. . . . Pink is right, all the same, about the grandeur of the days of trial. They come back to me, concrete in memory as my recent days in the French Evacuation hospital.

The Portuguese night-nurse is bending over me with her shy smile. Thank heaven for a hypodermic. This effort to reconstruct the past keeps my heart going too fast. My American friends—will not Sainte Geneviève include them in her protective meditation tonight, up there on the blue height of Montmartre? Americans who have become bone of the bone of Europe, through sharing so intimately in her agony. Men and women both, they have a stake here now. Few of them will be able to go back to their old lives on the old terms.

Queer. I can't remember their names. I can't see their faces. A food expert—and an aviator—and a Y. M. C. A. girl—and a nurse—and an intelligence officer. I am floating out into a region where only symbols exist. Misty and dark.

Sounds. I hear something at last. A horn. A taxi horn. And louder, vaguer, denser echoes—like the roar of New York. The celebration is reaching Neuilly. No. It must be the universe, roaring in my ears. A universe freed from the bonds of war. Whirling madly in the dark. But there was the moon, distilling peace and security in our garden. Stiffly I turn my head. She is gone. In the garden, too, only the whirling dark.

November 12th.

A wonderful sunny morning. Miss O. wears a white uniform by way of celebration,—instead of the ugly grey one the Red Cross invented for its foreign service—and fresh, and pink, and happy it makes her look. (There must have been a letter from North Dakota last night.) She opens the French window wide upon the garden while I eat my breakfast, and lets "St. Martin's summer" in. Just outside a very pretty tableau: some of the wounded boys stole a captured trench-mortar from the Place de la Concorde and dragged it all the way to "Nooly" in the small hours. Now they are painting it, with a grandly possessive air, while French and American flags are collected for a procession.

Morning is the easiest and most normal time in a hospital bed. Because the busiest. The number of commonplace duties to be got through gives an illusion of useful living. Everything is an event: having one's temperature taken, having one's wounds irrigated; sponge-bath, fresh

linen (luxuries I fully appreciate after the French tent) two minutes with Miss G., the assistant head nurse, whose skin is always creamy, whose blue eyes are always jolly, however early she makes her rounds. Even the *femme de ménage* is an event.

When the whistles and bells began to announce the signing, at eleven o'clock yesterday morning, the *femme de ménage* was on her knees scrubbing my floor. Sharply she lifted her broad, brown, peasant face. Pushed back her straggling gray hair with two dripping red hands. Then leaned her great bare arms on the rim of her pail. Rested there, looking towards my pillow, an expression of slow and poignant beatitude spreading over her seamed cheeks, till even the deep-set corners of her eyes and lips were trembling with it.

"C'est la paix Madame . . . mon garçon . . . sauvé."

Two tears rolled down into the pail.

"C'est la joie. Depuis si longtemps qu'on a été fermé." . . .

It is so long that we have been *closed.* Yes. . . . Suddenly our hearts are wide open. Full of something bright to incandescence—the flame of all the lives that will no longer be snuffed out. Mont-Notre-Dame. . . . Sid. . . . Lang. . . . It must be that those boys are safe. It *must* be.

. . . . . .

Still the robust old woman leaned her arms and her heavy breast against the pail, looking at the American propped on her pillows.

"But the war isn't ended for Madame. Nor for all those poor soldiers who, like Madame, were wounded towards the last. (They won't get the same care that the others did. In the tramways already people don't get up to give the *mutilés* their seats.) Nor for me, the war isn't over. No. . . . I lost my other son at the Chemin des Dames. The twin of this one. Cleverer, he was. And the cost of living going up. Hm. . . . *oui.* . . . *oui.* . . . *C'est comme ça, leur maudite guerre."*

The last phrase rolled up from the voluminous depths of her skirts in the rich, lusty voice that adds Voltairien commentary to her morning's scrubbings. She had found her normal self again. And her normal quarrel with

society. *Leur maudite guerre.* "Theirs," not "ours." Theirs, the Government, the bourgeois, the rich. We fought it, her tone implied, because we must, and because indeed we couldn't have the Boches marching in. But we are realists. We demand now, why you, you the rich and powerful and intelligent did not find some less disastrous method of saving us and yourselves?

Against me Madame Mangin (no relation of the general, she wishes me to know) bears no grudge. I have suffered. And Miss O. and I do not treat her just as an obstruction to the floor.

"Mademoiselle is good," she says to me every day of my nurse, and would teach her French in return for this human decency, if Miss O. were not too shy to venture a word. Madame Mangin is Miss O.'s first experience of class distinction and class degradation. On her self-respecting North Dakota farm to scrub was part of the day's work. She is profoundly shocked by the subjection of this generic French army in patched blue gingham, which steals into the hospital at 7 a. m. and glides over every inch of the floor space on meek knees before noon—pushing its pails out of the way of the scornful white shoes of the nurses, and the cursing military boots of the medical staff.

Madame Mangin is very conversational this morning. Recounts how she and her daughter—an old maid, more's the pity—celebrated the Armistice with cousins near the Bastille. Whispers that the Monsieur in the next room is "more rich than poor. He has a rug. And an open fire!" Laments that butter is getting scarce. Fears that her son will have difficulty in finding a job. Her son has, nevertheless, had advantages. For lack of them she has had to do hard manual work all her life. An orphan, she was. Brought up on a farm by public charity. Placed in service. Married to a day laborer, who became paralyzed and was fifteen years in dying. A year after his death her two sons are taken by the army. One returns. . . .

"What does Victory mean to me, Madame?"

"Monsieur and Madame André Spire," announces Miss O. The *femme de ménage* reverts to type, slops her way humbly out of the door, as the visitors come in. They are delighted with the childish tableau of the doughboys and their trench-mortar. Madame has brought fruit and jelly for the invalid. And it is characteristic of the poet's

sympathetic kindness to be the first—before any American friend, as it happens—to cheer me with a description of Armistice Day. His gray-gold pointed beard is pulled out in handfuls in the process. His blue eyes are like a summer river, reflecting one delicious image after another. This complicated writer of nearly fifty, loves to brush elbows with his humblest fellows, to smell their dirt and sweat, savour their racy jokes. "*Je suis très très populaire, vous savez, très democrate,* very much of the people." And yesterday! All his disillusions about the war were swamped by the great wave of joy that overwhelmed the Paris streets.

What a sense he gave me of the beloved city suddenly translated from its drab war-sadness; suddenly all brilliant flags, white armistice streamers, embracing people, variegated soldiers and processions—especially processions which formed in one kaleidoscopic pattern, dissolved, formed in another pattern. From every grey street and square, they emerged, spontaneously generated: French school boys in long singing columns, dragging enormous guns after them. American and British soldiers in huge motor trucks, workmen in blouses, employees of the "Samaritaine" or the "Bon Marché," with banners; housewives, refugee children in uniform guarded by Sisters of Charity. Spire used an expression similar to Madame Mangin's—something about a closed vessel suddenly opened to sun and air and happiness. Absolutely natural and right, he thinks, the demonstration, and adequate because it gushed up from the tired and sad old town like a fountain of new life.

His great interest, after processions, was in individuals. He and Madame Spire, who was sustaining his enthusiasm, like the good French wife she is, kept interrupting each other to describe this or that person:

"Do you remember the old concierge" . . .

"Who had certainly never emerged from her lodge since 1870 as she wrote, mademoiselle, exactly the clothes of the period. . . ."

"She was leading a group of school children—that was the queer part—hobbling ahead of them, beating her crooked old arms to make them sing La Marseillaise: '*Allez, chantez la République!*'"

"And the washerwoman, with a basket on her arm, who

said to André on a street corner: 'Everybody is happy—I, too, am happy for the *patrie*. Yet I remain all alone.'"

"And the one-legged *mutilé* who stumped ahead of three or four rows of wheeled chairs pushed by Red Cross nurses calling: 'Make way for the *embusqués*!'"

"Yes, mademoiselle. And they were singing, those poor fellows, in chorus:

"*Mourir pour la patrie,*"
"*C'est le sort le plus beau.*"

"The crowd was absolutely silent as they passed. Suddenly a woman in black rushed forward holding out both arms—but before she reached the first *mutilé,* she stopped with a gesture I shall never forget and *took off her hat.* Then, holding it clasped to her breast, she walked down the line kissing each man on both cheeks."

"Beautiful," said the poet, wiping his eyes.

. . . . . .

Later: A string of callers. As I lie here alone I wait impatiently for their coming. But as soon as my grey room and my quiet are invaded I long to be again remote. Remote and immobile on my high bed. Not obliged to move even a muscle—or a lip. Like a mediaeval lady carved on a stone tomb. Such a lady—with her hair in two braids over her ears—must have fretted when she heard the French Revolution raging outside her dusky cathedral nave. Yet when the stained glass was shattered, and voices poured in on rifts of light she, too, would have cringed.

. . .

For instance: at the sound of the peace bells the American Red Cross thronged to the Place de la Concorde. There—while French mothers, how many thousands of them, were praying—it executed a snake-dance, under the leadership of some of its most famous "majors." This was reported by Mary, with no *arrière-pensée* as to the suitability of serpentining, as she removed laundry and jam for my comfort from her flowered bag. I don't know what I should do without this gently cheerful little visitor who came, as usual, in her lunch-hour, with her blue veil and cape over her aid's uniform. Then hurried back to her ward: heavy convoys of American wounded have been arriving since last night at the Ambulance. Terrible, inconceivable as it seems, one of our divisions in the Argonne *attacked yesterday morning.* . . .

The psychology of these gentle, passionate, well-bred brown-haired American spinsters who, after two or three years of nursing—nursing gas and wounds, in hospitals sometimes bombed and shelled—yet take pleasure in the street celebration, amazes me. Elizabeth, my second visitor of the species, was glorying besides in the harshness of the Armistice terms. It is odd, as I think it over,—she, who nursed largely in Belgium, is the only hater—not excepting the French pupil nurses—I have seen. The only person feeling intensely about Germany's humiliation as the reverse of our triumph. Spire's joy in the streets was not that: it was joy in the world's—especially the French common people's—liberation.

Pink, who appeared next with V. K. had felt no joy at all, but was bent on amusing. As by the story of the French soldier who was tearing along so full of enthusiasm that he inadvertently collided with a horse. And, nothing daunted, clasped the animal fervently, shouting: "*Vivent les chevaux.*"

I suppose I laughed now and then. Though what I was chiefly aware of was the niceness of these two busy Hooverites journeying out here to provide eyes for the *blessée.* Pink looking distracted—the Food Administration plus the C. R. B. drive him hard. Pale, too. When I first knew him, last year, in the Red Cross, he lived up to his college nickname. And had a childlike and disarming smile. The bureaucrats of French food are doing their best to make him look like a worried old man. As for V. K.—who also belongs to the Napoleon-race, for stature, and is surely something of a genius—he, too, is also flogging his energies with his nerves.

Well—interesting to note that every nation reports its own people—the Americans made the town hot. Seized taxi-cabs, put *abri* signs on them, piled inside and on the roof, and drove down the boulevards blowing horns and shooting off revolvers, to the amazement, if not the disgust, of the natives. Took complete possession of the Café de Paris, threw out first the waiters, then the *gendarmes,* rifled the *cave,* kept on the lights and guzzled till 2 a. m. Pink had an encounter with one drunken captain who asked him to buy for him (as he "didn't speak the d—— frog-language") an American flag from a passing taxi-driver. The French chauffeur refused to sell. The captain offered

fifty francs. No, not at any price. The captain insisted, with fury that an "American officer" must naturally have a prior right to "his own flag." And when Pink said he certainly couldn't buy this one, roared out: "I believe you're nothing but a d—— frog yourself"!

Of course our compatriots went in strong for midinettes. Pink said one of his finest impressions was in a side-street off the Boulevard des Capucines, where a triumphant voice issued from the dark: "I got a girl, 'Erb, come on!" And a friend of his achieved success by addressing every good-looking lady in best American-French: *"Mademoiselle, la guerre n'est pas encore finie." "Comment, pas encore finie?" "Non, il faut donner un dernier coup"*—whereupon an embrace!

The celebration, they explained, was very limited in area, limited almost to the boulevards. To drive down the Champs Elysées and the Rue de Rivoli was to feel on the outward fringe,—close enough to get the throb and thrill, yet apart. The centre of the thrill was the Place de l'Opéra which, viewed from a tall building nearby "was like a great swarm of far-off people engaged in some gigantic demonstration" which attained dignity and even mystic grandeur in the blue afternoon mist.

V. K. reports that his wife has started for Lille and Belgium. (That stabs. To think that I might have been with her.) He is off to Poland. Will this professor of biology ever go back to his laboratory? Far afield he has wandered. And Pink—who hopes Hoover will soon liberate him from Paris for something more adventurous—what is to become of him? If he had not gone to Belgium from his college sociology he might take his place as a "young Radical" in the office of some New York journal. But now—how can he use his thoroughly aroused will-to-power, and his first-hand knowledge of the inner springs and devious routes of European economics?

. . . . . .

All the visitors gone, at last. Queer to call up the reflection of the Armistice celebration in their varying temperaments, as the grey dusk thickens, and the black fog of my pain. Take Pink's reaction. He hated the festivities. They offended his artistic sense. Tarnished the greatness of the hour. Only perfect silence could have satisfied him. But, humanly speaking, he thought it entirely decent for the

A. E. F. to yell and get drunk, and indulge its appetites. While Major E., of the American Red Cross, suffered the most intense shame to see American officers chinning themselves on the gold chandeliers of the Café de Paris, swilling champagne, running so much more amuck than the other Allied officers "who had suffered so much more in the war." Major E. saw I was sailing into a dusky region. Set down his big basket of hot-house fruit with quiet sympathy. If not so aroused would have liked to tell me pretty stories—one about a sailor boy in the Rue de la Paix who fell out of his procession and "shinnied" up a fluted column to Paquin's balcony, to get a kiss in return for a rose. Midinettes? There this very unmilitary major faltered, almost blushed. New experience in his sober life to kiss his way out of a circle of laughing, painted girls. "Garden of Eden conditions," he apologised—"not at all what it would seem at home. . . ."

. . . . . .

The pain. It hurls me out into feverish space with a queer sense of home-coming. I seem to belong in this vague sphere. Subconsciously I wait for it, long for it. That is why I am so impatient when I have to fix my attention on daylight commonplaces. Why I find it so difficult to talk—and listen. In this dimmer region is truth, glimmering. Always eluding me. But glimmering ahead.

Tonight I see faces. Sid's face. Long and thin and black under the eyes—as it gets when he is thinking instead of flying. He believes the great crisis of his life is behind him. Believes he has drawn a blank. Is amazed to contemplate the fact of mere existence. Poor boy. I wish he would send me a telegram. But he won't. An intuition will be all I have to go on till some day he saunters in. . .

Ernest: he will have been drinking to victory in some tapestry-hung salon of the noblesse of Dijon. And when he gets back to his humble billet he will pause, as he begins to remove his huge military boots—wrinkling his nose characteristically—to wonder what he is to do, and what Katharine and Nancy are to do with the series of aesthetic and leisurely reactions on life, the taste for old wines and rare etchings, the love of the French humanities, the French tongue, and the French race that he has suddenly substituted for the hard drive of a law office in a rather barren middle-western city.

And L. Her delicate, dark face and great brown eyes—so much more lovely and tender than when I first knew her a year ago—are bending over her wounded privates at Dr. B.'s. Convoy after convoy pouring in. . . (When will she come to see me?) She has discovered her heart and her energy for the first time, in nursing. Can she go back to a conventional New York life?

Gertrude: in a Y. M. C. A. hut crammed to the roof with the First Division, making a tremendous speech about peace. Eager listening soldiers who drink up her vitality and her unselfish ardor. The sort of understanding of variously average American men that she has acquired—what will she do with it now? And how will she do without their enormous reliance upon her, their need of her ultimate power of giving?

What is to become of all of us? We might have been in a closed sack for four years. A giant hand has unloosed the string that binds it. Tossed us free into space where we sprawl, and kick and choke, because we have so much air to breathe. Surprised, aghast. Michelangelo should be here to paint us in these catastrophic attitudes.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE PLACE OF SCIENCE IN MODERN CIVILIZATION, and other Essays. By Thorstein Veblen. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

No other thinker, perhaps, has succeeded in being so consistently impersonal as Mr. Veblen; and this quality, so conspicuous in him, seems the more remarkable when one considers the kind of subjects with which he deals, especially in his latest set of essays. He is, to be sure, a scientist, and scientists are currently supposed to be as impersonal as it is possible for human beings to be; but the impersonality of Mr. Veblen is greater than the impersonality of the scientists. As compared with his copious frankness, his liveliness of appreciation of human problems and human motives, and his arid reserve as to human values, the detachment of the average scientist seems little more than a kind of professional pose. Not for Mr. Veblen so stale a theme as the anthropomorphism of religion! Rather, he will show the lingering animism in science, the quasi-theological assumptions of political economy, the connection of Karl Marx with the Romantic Philosophers. And when he has done all this he will simply remark that there is no means of determining whether these things are in themselves good or bad.

In the sense of being idly destructive, Mr. Veblen is, of course, no mere iconoclast: he is not out to abolish or even to bring into disrepute any of the systems that he criticises. But he is a great smasher of idols—idols of the cave, idols of the tribe, idols of the market place. It is at the *pretensions* of various systems of thought—pretensions to superior *value* of some kind, to being "indefeasably right and good"—that his criticism is really directed. Of modern thinkers, he alone, examines even science in a perfectly dry light; and this he is able to do by shedding upon it a light dryer than its own.

Ostensibly the author in his essay upon the place of science—the first of a series of more or less related discourses contained in his latest book—is concerned in explaining the dominance of scientific thought in the modern world and the restiveness of the modern man under this dominance. He arrives at the conclusion that the peculiar reverence for the scientific mode of thinking is largely the outgrowth of a mental attitude produced by respect for machine technology, as mediaeval Christianity got part of its strength from the general respect felt for monarchial institutions, and later Puritanism perhaps reflects the ethics of the market place. He reaches the further conclusion that since the scientific discipline has been of relatively short duration, while the period of savagery has been indefinitely long, it

is only natural that mankind should find the process of adjustment to the scientific point of view somewhat painful.

These are the formal results. The most interesting remarks, however, both for the scientist and for the layman, are found by the way. For the scientist, there is the criticism that nearly all science retains in its talk of causation relics of a primitive animism; for the common reader there is the somewhat refreshing suggestion that scientific standards may not be in all respects final. "While the scientist's spirit and achievements stir an unqualified admiration in modern men, and while his discoveries carry conviction as nothing else does, it does not follow that the manner of man which this quest of knowledge produces or requires comes near answering to the current ideal of manhood, or that his conclusions are felt to be as good and beautiful as they are true. The ideal man, and the ideal of human life, even in the apprehension of those who most rejoice in the advance of science, is neither the finikin skeptic in the laboratory nor the animated slide rule." Moreover, "there is room for much more than a vague doubt that this cult of science is not altogether a wholesome growth—that the unmitigated quest of knowledge of this matter-of-fact kind, makes for race deterioration and discomfort on the whole, both in its immediate effects upon the spiritual life of mankind, and in the material consequences that follow from a great advance in matter-of-fact knowledge." Surely there is something inspiring in this assertion from a philosophical, though not a religious, point of view, that man may possibly be greater than his science.

The greater number of the essays contained in this volume deal with political economy, and by the same token they have less significance for the common reader than have Mr. Veblen's disquisitions on less conventionalized subjects. For one thing, Mr. Veblen has rather less of what is new to offer in this field; or better, perhaps, it requires a trained economist to discern and value the novelty. Others, before the author, have detected and pointed out, though not with equal thoroughness, the fact that even modern schools have tended to make political economy not so much a science as a sort of compensatory philosophy—a code embodying the common sense conception of what *ought* to be and of what therefore always *will* be in the absence of "disturbing causes." It is scarcely news that even the celebrated "historical school" did not succeed in making political economy truly scientific. For another factor, one may mention that to the average reader, questions concerning the relation of Karl Marx to Hegel on the one hand and to Darwin on the other, seem comparatively academic. The essays on the *Blond Race* and upon *Aryan Culture* are, of course, purely scientific.

There is, too, in these later essays, less concerned as they are with human life as a whole, a certain falling off in the stimulating effect of Mr. Veblen's style. When the author speaks the language of protest, he manages, while maintaining a strictly correct philosophical and scientific attitude to be as enlivening as the late Elbert Hubbard. Economic discussion, however, notoriously tends to be prolix and parenthetical, and even Veblen does not wholly escape the tendency. Perhaps it was a certain tedium which made him write a sentence so egregious as the following: "If we are getting restless under the

taxonomy of a monocotyledonous wage doctrine and a cryptogamic theory of interest, with involute, loculicidal, tomentous, and moniliform variants, what is the cytoplasm, centrosome, or karyokinetic process to which we may turn, and in which we may find surcease from the metaphysics of normality and controlling principles?" Certainly Mr. Veblen is secure from parody! But this momentary outbreak is not a fair sample of his style. Nor is it due to pedantry: one would call it rather a flash of Teufelsdröckhian affectation. One would rather quote as an instance of what may be expected of Mr. Veblen now and then, a shrewd piece of literary criticism contained in his essay on *Science:* "Even the romancers who ostensibly rehearse the phenomena of chivalry, unavoidably make their knights and ladies speak the language and the sentiments of the slums of that time, tempered with certain schematised modern reflections and speculations. The gallantries, the genteel inanities and devout imbecilities of medieval high-life would be insufferable even to the meanest and most romantic modern intelligence."

One cannot help wondering whether Mr. Veblen himself knows what an excellent literary quality his writings have, and what a boon to the jaded reader is the absence in his work of certain conventional literary virtues—solemnity, geniality, sonority, and the like. Since he writes in large part for technical journals, it is probable that many readers who would find him a kindred spirit have never made his acquaintance. Technical, to some extent, many of his writings of course are, and none of them are offered as "popular science." But even when he is most technical, his *obiter dicta* are often of more interest than another man's whole theory, and there is always a chance that any book of Veblen's may prove to be a wonderful "find" for some particular reader of the kind classed as "average."

Irish Impressions. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company.

Mr. Chesterton is hardly at his best in this book—not because the brilliancy of his style or the acuteness of his thought has suffered any diminution, but rather because the subject does not really suit his manner of exposition. In the first place, a traveller's impressions are usually rather futile; in the second place, impressions about a situation—a problem—are apt to seem peculiarly unsatisfactory; and in the third place, special conditions do not lend themselves to paradox.

There are some exceedingly fine impressions in this volume—after the fashion of impressions. These are not so much visual impressions —of the sort that Mr. Chesterton does as well as any one else when he really tries—as anecdotes, points of view, flashes of intuition. The trouble is that the view conveyed in this way rather confirms the reader in the conventional view that Ireland is a place of mysteries, contradictions, humors and tragedies, which the ordinary man of another race might as well give up trying to understand. Yes, even the lucid and sympathetic Mr. Chesterton seems, obviously against his will, to give color to this more or less absurd and unscientific notion. This is the vice of impressions generally. To it we owe the myth, as Mr. Zangwill calls it, of "Rosy Russia"; to it we owe our lively, our appreciative,

our very much worth while, but inexact conception of Scotch character and society. Literary interpretation has large uses; it may be of more value than a scientific survey; but neither Science (statistics, for example), nor literary interpretation can appreciably advance understanding of the Irish problem: what is needed is a philosophy.

This Mr. Chesterton feels, and he has striven hard to make his own philosophy adequate for the need. Thus he escapes the imputation of being superficial. As a matter of fact, in none of his writings is Mr. Chesterton superficial. On the contrary, he is profound, in the sense that he draws his most complex conclusions from a few premises so simple that they are insufficiently noticed by most people. The defect in Mr. Chesterton's consideration of the Irish problem is not that he is superficial, but that he is in a certain sense too profound. He sees certain simple, but profound, truths so clearly and so exclusively that he ignores other truths that may possibly be as deeply rooted, and pays too little attention to superficial facts lying outside the categories that he thinks in.

In plain terms, Mr. Chesterton's philosophy, wholesome and stimulating as it is, in so many connections, does not here seem to be sufficient. Every one knows, for example, that the Irish are, for better or worse (and there is a good deal to be said on the "better" side of the proposition) somewhat clannish; that they are in a peculiar way attached to home and family and church. No one has ever said this in a more ingenious way than has Mr. Chesterton. But is our knowledge advanced in any material way by reading Mr. Chesterton's wonderfully acute demonstration of the fact that a Christian or a family name means in Ireland something ever so much more important and more emotionally real than it can ever mean in England? It is a striking fact that a Belfast newspaper could admit into a leading article such a sentence as, "There never was treason yet but a Campbell was at the bottom of it." Mr. Chesterton enables us sympathetically to understand the animus which thus "suddenly transforms the scene and covers the robes of one lawyer with the ten thousand tartans of a whole clan." Yet he does not thereby much advance the theory of the case. In a way we knew all this before, though not so well; and there are perhaps better reasons for Home Rule.

Similarly, Mr. Chesterton's well-known attachment to individualism enables him to see with a clearness denied to many English thinkers the real depth of the Irish attachment to the homestead as property as well as home. "In Ireland even the industrialism is not industrial. That is what I mean by saying that Irish labor is the exception that proves the rule. . . . The Irish agricultural laborers can become guildsmen because they would like to become peasants. They think of rich and poor in the manner that is as old as the world; the manner of Ahab and Naboth. It matters little in a peasant society whether Ahab takes the vineyard privately as Ahab or officially as King of Israel. It will matter as little in the long run, even in the other kind of society, whether Naboth has a wage to work in the vineyard, or a vote that is supposed in some way to affect the vineyard. What he desires to have is the vineyard." This is the "paradox of labor" in Ireland, and it is intended presumably to indicate the essential reposefulness of Irish agricultural life, if it is only properly let alone. It may, however, be

doubted, on the one hand whether the Irish are really so primitive as they are made to appear by Mr. Chesterton, and on the other hand whether primitive instincts are on the whole so valuable and trustworthy as Mr. Chesterton makes them, according to his wont, appear.

In point of fact, the author depicts the Irish as an essentially primitive people, a people preferring (as to some extent we all do) the modes of thought inculcated by ancient savagery to the discipline of modern science, a people who have shrewdly and successfully adapted themselves to the exigencies of modern civilization, but who desire, who strongly and emotionally desire, to remain in many ways primitive. To Mr. Chesterton this seems not only a very natural desire, a perfectly justifiable aspiration, but an inherently good tendency. Those who entertain different theories of life, including some Irishmen, may have good grounds for differing with him.

It may be that the author's chief aim in writing this book was to sting certain English conservatives into a real consciousness of Irish feeling. If so, many faults may be forgiven him. One feels inclined to protest, nevertheless, at certain irrelevancies and humorous asides. Mr. Chesterton's dragging in of his happy pun about " the wearing of the greens " is about as little in keeping with his subject as anything in a book put together by a man of genius could well be. True, the joke was on England; but there is a certain want of taste in doing anything, even indirectly, to increase the atmosphere of cheap comedy through which the " most distressful country " is too often viewed.

THE NARCOTIC DRUG PROBLEM. By Ernest S. Bishop, M. D., F. A. C. P. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Occasionally, very occasionally, one finds a book upon a somewhat technical subject which is not merely readable and informative, but actually liberating. Such a book is Dr. Bishop's discourse on the narcotic drug problem. If the author's conclusions are as sound as there appears every reason to believe they are, they are of importance not only to the drug addict, not only to the man of medicine, not only to the legislator, but to every man and woman.

Consider how fearfully some of the horrible things in life—poverty, prostitution, political corruption, weigh upon our spirits. Among all the evils that we scarcely dare to think of has not narcotic addiction seemed to be one of the worst? And ought we not to be immensely grateful to a man who gives us sound reason for thinking this gorgon evil not half so bad, in the moral sense, as we had supposed it to be. To rid us of the fears that are due to superstition and of the prejudices that are due to ignorance, is precisely the work of enlightenment, and so we may call Dr. Bishop's book an enlightening work, always supposing it to be a true work, which there seems no reason for the layman to doubt.

Briefly, Dr. Bishop's thesis, well supported by facts, is that narcotic addiction is a disease. The mistake in the treatment of this condition has always been the failure to realize that there is a distinct addiction disease, quite separable from any habit or desire for unlawful pleasure, or from any weakness of will. The proper mode of treatment is first to cure the disease and then to break the habit.

The mechanism of narcotic tolerance as described by the author is highly interesting. The cardinal fact would seem to be that the disease is not due, directly, to the narcotic but to something very much of the nature of auto-intoxication. If you take away the narcotic injudiciously, on the theory that you are dealing with a habit, you may kill or very seriously weaken the patient, by depriving him of the one medicine which is, for the time at least, a specific against addiction disease—a disease which has only a remote causal connection with his habit of taking a narcotic. On the other hand, if only the patient knows how to keep himself in "narcotic balance," to avoid over dosage, he may live for years without experiencing any very grave physical or mental disturbance. The fact is that the *immediate* cause of his disease is not the narcotic, but an anti-body manufactured in the system for the purpose of counteracting the narcotic. This anti-body, a strong poison, continues to be produced in unduly large quantities after withdrawal of the drug has begun, and the patient suffers not from the discomfort of denied desire, but from poisoning simply. In many cases, if the patient persisted in refraining from the drug, he would die, in much the same way in which he would die of strychnine poisoning: no strength of will could keep him alive.

The importance of this theory, from the medical point of view, is easy to see. A statement of Dr. Bishop's regarding addiction as a factor in surgical cases will best serve to emphasize this importance. "As a surgeon once stated, 'These addicts have no resistance, and they go right out.' Swayed by the old conception of addiction, this more than ordinarily humane and generous-hearted man had not the slightest suspicion as to why the addicts that he had operated upon had displayed no resistance, and had tended to go right out. He had in his mind the then prevailing and practically unquestioned conception of the narcotic addict, and he had not the slightest suspicion that a definite physical disease whose mechanism should have received intelligent clinical handling and control was complicating the surgical cases of the addicts who went right out. He had based, as all of us once did, his opiate medication on his materia-medica conception of therapeutic dosage instead of on the demands of the addiction disease mechanism. It is rumored that more than one illustrious life, full of past accomplishment and potential future benefit to humanity and society, has ended in this way."

No one, of course, should hastily assume from what has been said that Dr. Bishop regards the use of narcotic drugs as in itself comparatively harmless. He does not. No one, indeed, is more actively concerned in checking this menace to national health. Moreover, it is right strongly to emphasize the fact that Dr. Bishop does not consider users of other drugs (such as cocaine and chloral) as in the same class with narcotic addicts. The case of the former is unhappily worse, both morally and physically. The whole truth is not so bright as we might wish it to be; but when Dr. Bishop writes: "It is ignorance that has stamped the honest and innocent, worthy and intelligent, and often illustrious sufferer from narcotic addiction-disease with the attributes and characteristics of the inherently irresponsible, or otherwise incapable of self-guidance and self-restraint," does it not seem that he has thrown a ray of sunlight upon the darkest of dark places?

THE UNSOLVED RIDDLE OF SOCIAL JUSTICE. By Stephen Leacock, B. A., Ph. D., Professor of Political Economy at McGill University, Montreal. New York: John Lane Company.

Professor Leacock is both an able economist and a writer of entertaining essays; or perhaps it would be better to say, in view of the vogue in this country of his books in lighter vein, that he is not only an essayist and humorist, but a thorough student of economics. If one excepts Mr. Thorstein Veblen, whose genius prompts him to unsparing criticism of a singularly inhuman type, giving his writings the literary effect of Swiftian satire, hardly any one else of like literary gifts has written about the "dismal science" in recent years. The Right Honorable J. M. Robertson comes in for comparison, certainly; but in proportion as he is more controversial, he is less human than Professor Leacock.

It is worth remarking that Mr. Veblen and Professor Leacock make essentially the same criticism upon classical (and to some extent, current) economic theory. "The fundamental equation of the economist," says the latter, "is that the value of everything is proportionate to its cost. It requires no little hardihood to say that this proposition is a fallacy. It lays one open, most illogically, to the charge of being a socialist. In sober truth it might as well lay one open to the charge of being an ornithologist. I will not, therefore, say that the proposition . . . is false. I will say that it is *true;* in fact, that it is just as true as that two and two make four: exactly as true as that, but let it be noted most profoundly, *only as true as that.* In other words, it is a truism, a mere equation in terms, telling nothing whatever." Thus in a manner reminiscent of Mark Twain in his expository moods, and with great lucidity, Professor Leacock expresses just what Mr. Veblen means by saying that the formula is "tautological."

Again, these two writers are alike in both accepting a considerable part of the socialist *criticism* of society, and in both discounting the socialist *theory.* Mr. Leacock is, of course, the more human of the two, the more intent upon "the instant need of things." In our common, "all too human" fashion, he sees pitfalls and precipices ahead—dangers of the sort that dissuade ordinary men from adopting possibly rash courses; whereas Mr. Veblen (that "angelic doctor") is content to remark: "Under such a social order, where common labor would no longer be a mark of peculiar economic necessity and consequent low economic rank on the part of the laborer, it is even conceivable that labor might practically come to assume that character of nobility in the eyes of society which it now sometimes assumes in the speculations of the well-to-do in their complacent moods. Much has been made of this possibility by socialist speculators, but the inference has something of a utopian look, and no one, certainly, is entitled to build institutions for the coming social order on that ground."

Thus far there is a similarity worth noting. When two men so different in temperament and in point of view are found in substantial agreement about matters hitherto not well understood, may it not be that a general *eclaircissement* is not far off? But here the coincidence ends. Mr. Leacock goes on to make constructive suggestions—a thing that is not in Mr. Veblen's line at all. After stating with the utmost

clearness and fairness the weaknesses of the present social order, after criticising the commoner economic theory, and after rejecting the socialist remedy, the author urges the need of certain ameliorations of social injustice. These include such things as income taxes, a minimum wage law, social insurance, and child-welfare laws. It is interesting to observe that the program of the eminently fair-minded and not at all radical Professor Leacock is not very different from that of Mr. John Spargo's proposed "National" Party; and that in at least one passage about labor unions the author seems to voice essentially the sentiments of Mr. Samuel Gompers. The Professor, however, is by no means on the side of the "masses" against the classes, or of one class against any other class. Rather, he seeks to be "on the side of the angels." He has no axe to grind, no pet theory to defend.

As a book for the general reader this little treatise can scarcely be too much commended. It is eminently humane in spirit, sensible, serious without being "dead serious," and thorough on the essential points. The author seems to know how average, educated people think and feel about the present state of society, and to have an unusually good idea of how to write for persons who do not know much about political economy.

AVERAGE AMERICANS. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"From the time when we were very little boys we were always interested in military preparedness." This, the opening sentence of Colonel Roosevelt's book, gives the key to the whole. The book is the expression of a family tradition no less than of a personal conviction. Nor is simple insistence upon public duty as an active faith the only characteristically Rooseveltian quality of this account of war service. The soul of the thing is expressed in the title, "Average Americans." The capacity to exalt duty and at the same time to take things as they come, to be indignant and yet not to lose the human touch, to speak out forcibly against abuses and then to turn instantly, without loss of temper, to the next incident of the day's work, all this is part and parcel of the Roosevelt version of Americanism. Its appeal is mightily effective. The thought and feeling of the common man are intensified in this book. It is because Colonel Roosevelt expresses so unaffectedly the point of view of the average American, of unspoiled common sense, of untainted morality, of undiscouraged idealism, that his pointed comments are so convincing.

At the time of the first Business Men's Plattsburg Camp, "the average man did not know what military service and training meant. . . . We took it all very seriously. At one end of the company street you would see two prominent middle-aged business men trying to do the manual of arms properly, rain dripping off them, their faces set like the day of judgment, crowned with grizzled hair. At the other would be Arthur Woods, the Police Commissioner of New York, 'boning' the infantry drill regulations. George Wharton Pepper was promoted to sergeant, and was as proud of it as of any of his achievements in civil life. Bishop Perry of Rhode Island was named as color sergeant."

Somehow, after passages like this, one gets an intensified effect from such a stinging bit of honest criticism as the following: "While we were personally working at Plattsburg, the national Administration, after a meandering course, in which much of the motion was retrograde, had finally decided that to fight a war in France, it was necessary to send troops to that part of the world."

There is plenty of candid and outspoken criticism in this narrative —criticism offered not with a backward snarl, but in a spirit of progressiveness and hope. When our troops, shortly after their arrival in France, paraded with the French, our "splendidly trained little army" did not dare trust itself to take up platoon front. At this time, "there was no one with the command who had ever shot an automatic rifle, thrown a hand grenade, shot a rifle grenade, used a trench mortar or a .37-millimeter gun." At length troops began to go across in large numbers, but munitions and weapons of war did not come. The Browning automatic rifle, invented in America, and called by Colonel Roosevelt "one of the greatest weapons developed by the war," had just been placed in the hands of a limited number of divisions when the war ended. From guns to footwear, there was inefficiency. Colonel Roosevelt mentions a number of facts "that no amount of words can cover, no speeches explain away."

But having had his say about such things, the author passes on, perhaps to tell of fighting, perhaps to relate a bit of comic or pathetic byplay. The significance of it all lies not so much in the condemnatory facts, or even in the strong plea for universal military service, as in the spirit of the whole book. It is the spirit of common American manhood, neither hard to understand, nor requiring special genius to put into practice. This spirit of morality, common sense, and energy is really all around us. It is strong enough to overcome greed, class hatred, moral slackness, and all other evils that attack democracy.

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WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH WASHINGTON?

THE question has arisen of late in a multitude of observant and reflective minds, with increasing frequency and earnestness: What is the matter with Washington? It is impossible to ignore the impression—perhaps we might say, to escape the conviction—that there is something radically wrong with or at the Capital of the Nation. There is a lack of leadership. There is a lack of administrative efficiency. Public affairs are not conducted in a manner satisfactory or creditable to a people who pride themselves upon being supremely businesslike, upon having a Government that is distinctively practical, and upon having a Capital that is preeminently an official headquarters. We must remember that our Government was never designed to perpetuate a dynasty or to exploit a caste, but solely to do the work and to transact the business of the people. We must remember, too, that Washington stands unique among the great capitals of the world in that it was specially created and has been consistently maintained for the purposes of a seat of government and no other. Other capitals are great centres of population, of industry, of commerce, of learning, or what not. In none of these respects does Washington rank above third rate among the cities of America. As the political capital it is supreme. From every other point of view, it is inconsiderable.

In such circumstances we should naturally expect Washington to be an epitome of the political life and governmental genius of the nation. It should display the highest possible national spirit and the most intense and unwaver-

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ing patriotism. Moreover, the Government which was conceived and designed purely for business purposes and which is thus happily situated in an atmosphere and environment of its own creation and control, should exhibit and exercise the highest possible degree of efficiency. Yet that such is the case with either the city or the Government, probably nobody would venture to assert. That something much like the contrary is true, is a belief which has become strongly though reluctantly rooted in the public mind.

The actual condition of affairs is described by the late Secretary of the Interior in his valedictory address. His diagnosis of the ailment of Washington is of peculiar interest and authority, because it is made after many years of residence and governmental service in that city, the last seven of which have been spent at the head of that vast and multiform establishment which is, as he himself truly says, " the most distinctively American of all the Departments," and also, it is pleasant to add, because Mr. Lane, though foreign-born, is of all men in public life one of the most keenly and vitally American, and most discriminatingly aware of the faults as well as of the virtues of our system of government and of the manner in which it is actually practiced.

To the character of the city he pays a tribute which we are glad to believe is well deserved. He is, of course, speaking of official Washington, which is all that it is pertinent to consider; the great community composed of administrative office-holders—the President and his myriadfold executive staff. That is the real, the permanent, Washington. It, says Mr. Lane, is " rich in brains and character. It is honest beyond any commercial standard. It wishes to do everything that will promote the public good." That is an engaging description. It is a supreme tribute, not alone to official Washington but equally to the Nation whose Capital that city is. If the political metropolis is thus wise and pure, the people at large must be of corresponding merit.

Amid such prevailing virtues of mind and heart, however, the Government is inefficient, almost beyond credence or description. This Mr. Lane himself practically concedes. Certainly innumerable recent experiences have strongly confirmed it. The Railroad Administration during the war was certainly not a shining example of success. The Coal Administration was at its very inception marked

with a ghastly blunder. The Shipping Board and the Aviation Board doubtless had difficult work to do, but the difficulties afford no adequate excuse for the crass incompetency that was displayed, or for the disregard of sound business principles. The control of the sugar supply was inept beyond all pardonable limits. The maladministration of the sacred work of the Vocational Education Board is an unspeakable scandal. The postal service has for years been wallowing in a slough of insolent incapacity. These are a few of the salient points. There are a thousand minor details which mark our Government as one of the least efficient and businesslike and at the same time most costly in the world.

Mr. Lane tells us why it is so. A machine made of the best materials in the world would be useless if its parts were not properly put together. The Government machine at Washington is not properly put together. It is marked with faulty organization, with misdirected energy, and above all with a lack of the spirit of loyal cooperation and confidence which is essential to success. For the rank and file, for the great mass of civil servants, there is need, says Mr. Lane, of "quicker promotion or discharge, and a sure insurance when disability comes." Because of this need, or of its nonsatisfaction, there is on the part of this multitude of employes "an unwillingness to take responsibility," even the responsibility which naturally and logically pertains to their places. That in turn pushes the responsibility higher up, and places it upon officials among whom "ability is not lacking, but it is pressed to the point of paralysis because of an infinitude of details." The heads of bureaus and departments, and the higher administrative officials, are overburdened with details of decision which should be borne and disposed of by their subordinates. That leaves to the higher officials too little time and strength for studying the problems of the time and for creative and constructive statesmanship.

Thus far, all who know Washington well will agree with Mr. Lane. There will be general agreement, too, that these unfortunate and unprofitable conditions are susceptible of abatement, largely by a proper application of the principles of the Civil Service system and by more judicious organization of the departments. The greater evil, however, lies further back, and is much more formidable though not,

of course, invincible. Mr. Lane could not, in the very nature of the case, expose it, save by indirection; perhaps by unconscious or unintended indirection. But his words make it quite evident. "Everyone," he says, "seems to be afraid of everyone. The self-protective sense is developed abnormally, the creative sense atrophies. Trust, confidence, enthusiasm—these simple virtues of all great business—are the ones most lacking in government organization."

It would be difficult to describe or to imagine a more pernicious state of affairs, or one more certainly fatal to administrative efficiency; or, we may add, one more foreign to the genius of republican government or more inexcusable and discreditable. Under a monarchical despotism such things are natural. Under the Borgias, the Stuarts or the Bourbons, the very breath of life was saturated with suspicion. Spies were on every hand; Star Chamber methods determined the issues not merely of official preferment but of actual life and death. But such things have no place in a republican government, which is a government of laws, not of men, and in which the very head of the State is as much the servant of the people and as much amenable to their will as is the humblest clerk or doorkeeper in the departments. That such conditions prevail at Washington, Mr. Lane frankly declares. In that declaration he tells us what is the matter with Washington. The reason why such conditions exist, he leaves us to divine, save as he himself suggests it with an epigram.

"Statesmen who are politicians, and politicians who are not statesmen." That is the gist of the whole matter. The pregnant phrases point unerringly to the responsible source of this lamentable and all but disastrous state of affairs—or of administrative organization, but of personality. There is no triter truism of physics than that a stream cannot rise above its source. It is equally true that no organization, commercial or governmental, can rise above its head. It must, it inevitably will, take its spirit from its head. We shall not impute to Mr. Lane the intention of saying so, but the fact is, as the American Nation feels and sees and knows, that for the last seven years the head of the Washington governmental organization has been a statesman who is a politician, and who has surrounded himself—with a few exceptions, Mr. Lane himself being one of the most conspicuous—with the politicians who are not statesmen.

It is true under this Administration, to an extent never before known in the history of America, that every man, even to Cabinet Secretaries, is, as Mr. Lane says, "held to details, to the narrower view, which comes too often to be the department view or some sort of parochial view." "We need," continues this clear-sighted critic, "more opportunity for planning, engineering, statesmanship."

But that is precisely what the President denies to his associates and subordinates, and is resolutely determined that they shall not have if he can prevent it. To his autocratic and arrogant mind, for others to take responsibility is assumption; for them to take initiative is usurpation; for them to differ from him is treason. With the narrow, martinet spirit of a high-school principal, he has himself insisted on taking every initiative and making every decision. He has brooked no "chief executive officers," as the Constitution calls them, no "Constitutional advisers" as they have come to be popularly called, whose minds would not obediently and unquestioningly follow along with his own. When a President violently resents and denounces as unwarranted and illegal and as usurpation of his prerogatives the coming together of department heads for mutual counsel in his absence, and berates as disloyalty the expression of an opinion at variance with his own, it is inevitable that trust, confidence, enthusiasm, shall be lacking. There can be no incentive to, even if there were opportunity for, planning, engineering, statesmanship. It is an unescapable result that "the creative sense atrophies." If the President thus ostentatiously discloses his lack of confidence in his Cabinet Secretaries, nothing is more natural than for them to lack confidence in their bureau chiefs, for the bureau chiefs to lack confidence in their chief clerks, and so on down the grades, until the humblest doorkeeper lacks confidence in his assistant.

We repeat that we would not do Mr. Lane the possible injustice of suggesting that he for a moment meant to indict the President of responsibility for the deplorable conditions which he so accurately portrays. His loyalty to the President and his Administration, in circumstances of almost intolerable discouragement and humiliation, has been generous and chivalric above all characterization. But he has told the truth about affairs at Washington, and truth is inexorable and unsparing. Had he gone further afield, had he recalled his earlier memories of official Washing-

ton, he might have added another chapter to his story. He might have testified that it was not always as it now is. The minor evils, such as we have described as corrigible by legislation or administrative order, may have existed, though not in so great degree as now. The major evils, the one predominant evil, from which all others proceed, did not then prevail. The spirit of fear and of cringing was not then abroad. There was trust, there was confidence, there was enthusiasm. The " simple virtues of all great business " were not of all most lacking from the Government, for the reason that there was a man at the head of the Government who himself possessed them in a high degree, and who had the fine and precious faculty of imparting them to others.

In some respects, the minor ones, official Washington remains the same year after year, or changes slowly, by almost imperceptible degrees. In the major respects, of spirit, temperament, genius, it changes radically and even suddenly, with each change of Administration, according to the head of the Administration. Mr. Lane's diagnosis of the ailment which afflicts the National Capital and the National Government is not that of a chronic infirmity, nor of a lesion which is essentially inherent in our form of Government. It is rather that of an acute disorder, which has prevailed for about seven years,—a short period in the life of a nation,—but which is morally certain to pass away after another twelve months.

STATE RIGHTS TODAY

THE popular phrase describing the reaction against prohibition " swinging towards the Wets," is expressive, though inaccurate. Indeed the terms " Wet " and " Dry " are quite misrepresentative. The suggestion that everyone who disapproves the monstrosities of the Volstead bill or challenges the legitimacy of the Eighteenth Amendment is in favor of unlimited indulgence in strong drink is simply an impudent falsehood; as false as the counter-pretence that every advocate of those measures is a sincere believer in and practiser of temperance. It is perfectly notorious that many of the strongest and most efficient advocates of temperance in drink as well as in other things are opposed to the Amendment and its enforcement act, and that many men of gross intemperance of habit have

supported those measures for the sake of political or other advantage. The fact is that the original question of drink, of what a man may drink and how and where he may drink it has been completely overshadowed by other questions of far greater importance, involving the fundamental principles of republican government and of human rights.

It is because of these questions, and not through a mere desire to drink, that there is so tremendous a reaction against prohibition and, in the phrase of the day, so marked a "swing toward the wets." That movement manifests itself in various ways. We may pass by the action of the individuals and corporations formerly engaged in the manufacture or sale of alcoholic liquors, as taken primarily in self-interest. It may be, and we believe it largely is, that gross injustice is being done to them, in the practical confiscation of their property and the certain destruction of their business without compensation. Such wrong to them is the more flagrant because their business, thus destroyed, had been not merely recognized by the Government as legitimate but actually encouraged and promoted by it as praiseworthy and desirable. There is thus an important question of equity involved in their case. Yet even in that view their action is not the most significant part of the present movement.

Much more impressive is the course of several of the State Governments, which have instituted suits before the Supreme Court of the United States to determine not only the legality of the methods by which the Eighteenth Amendment was alleged to have been adopted but also the legitimacy of the making of any such amendment to the Constitution. The view taken by these States is earnestly held by millions of thoughtful citizens of other States, who see in the amendment what they believe to be an unwarrantable infringement upon the rights which the Constitution guarantees to the States or to the people. They hold that police powers and the regulation of intra-state industry and trade are among the powers reserved to the States or to the people; that the Federal Government is entitled to intervene in them only in the respects and to the extent specifically authorized by the Constitution; and that the Constitution does not give it any authorization in this case. If by Constitutional Amendment the authority of the State over the manufacture and sale of beverages can be transferred to the

Federal Government, then the State authority over anything else can be similarly transferred, and all State rights are at an end.

There is, we believe, a widespread and intense conviction to this effect. Men see that State authority over State affairs is at issue. There is nothing intrinsically in the trade in beverages that sets it apart, as subject to separate treatment by the law. If the Federal Government can interfere with a State's authority over it, it can similarly interfere with its authority over candy shops, or grocery stores, or shoe factories, or cotton mills. There is no function of State or local control with which the Federal Government may not interfere. That is a state of affairs which certainly was never contemplated by the makers of the Constitution. They took pains to forbid the States to do certain specific things, among which regulation of the traffic in beverages was not included. They also took pains to authorize the Federal Government to do certain specific things affecting the States, among which regulation of the traffic in beverages was not included. And then they finally took pains to add that "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." It is firmly believed by a large proportion of thoughtful men, probably by a considerable majority, that as the power to regulate the liquor traffic is not, even by implication, delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, it is reserved to the States respectively, or to the people. That conviction is the cause of a very large part of the present revolt against the Eighteenth Amendment. It is felt that this amendment is a violation of Article X of the Constitution, which we have just quoted; that if the amendment stands, valid, then Article X must be abrogated; and that if Article X is thus abrogated, every one of the powers reserved to the States or to the people is abolished. That is something to which not even the most resolute opponent of the old theory of State Rights is willing to subscribe. The threat of it transforms the opponents of that old theory into champions of the new theory—which is in fact the oldest of all, being the theory of the Constitution.

The State Rights theory of Calhoun involved the right to nullify those acts of the Federal Government which were

specifically authorized by the Constitution, and to withdraw from the Union. That theory has long been dead and can never be revived. The State Rights theory of to-day is not aggressive, but defensive. It is simply an insistence upon the right of the States to the powers specifically granted to them or specifically reserved to them by the Constitution. Upon that, the strongest advocates of National Sovereignty may and do consistently stand. Upon that ground, men are turning by millions against an assault upon the Constitutional rights of the States as inimical and, in case of its success, as fatal, as was the assault of the South Carolina Nullifiers upon the Constitutional rights of the Federal Government.

The other great issue which has arisen, and which is causing the so-called "swing to the wets," is that of the rights of the individual. Nothing could be more significant than the votes of hundreds of rural communities in numerous States, on the subject of licensing the liquor traffic. They have turned wholesale from the "dry" side to the "wet." In States where, by virtue of local option, prohibition has virtually prevailed for many years, towns and villages by hundreds have voted strongly for license, perhaps for the first time in a generation. Thousands of men who have hitherto consistently voted against licensing the liquor traffic, have this year voted for it. Why? It is not because they are interested in the manufacture or sale of liquors, for they are not. It is not because they want to get drunk, or even to drink intoxicating liquors, for they do not; a large part of them being total abstainers by practice and from choice. It is not because they are students of the Constitution, and perceive in the prohibition act an assault upon its guarantee to the States. It is for a simpler and a stronger reason than any of these.

It is, in brief, because they are believers in personal liberty, and they see in the present measures one of the most insidious and lethal attacks thereon which history records. They see that if the Government can dictate to them what they shall drink and where they shall drink it, it may with equal right dictate what they shall eat and what they shall wear. They see that if it can interfere with their ordinary property rights in a beverage, it can similarly interfere with their property rights in any other article. If it can forbid a man to take a bottle of wine from his own cellar to

a picnic in his neighbor's woods and drink it there, it can forbid him to take a hamper of sandwiches to eat on the same occasion. If it can make it a penal offense for him to give a spoonful of brandy to someone who has fainted by the roadside, it can forbid him to give a cup of coffee and a slice of bread to a hungry wayfarer. If it can forbid him to crush out the juice of apples and grapes from his own trees and vines, to serve as a beverage on his own table during the winter, it can forbid him to can peas and tomatoes to serve as food. In brief, if the guarantee of personal liberty, made in the Bill of Rights, is abrogated, the Rights of Man become a mockery.

The sentiment of Home Rule is also strong. It has been powerful, ever since those primitive "town meetings" which were the germ of republican institutions in America. It remains as potent today as ever it was. There are uncounted multitudes of men who have voted and would continue to vote against licensing the public sale of intoxicants in their own communities, who resent an attempt to take that right away from them and to vest dictatorial power in the general government. That is one of the prime reasons why hundreds of communities which have for many years consistently voted "No License," because option in the matter was vested in them, have this year voted "License," as a protest against the denial of that option.

It was repeatedly pointed out, as soon as the Eighteenth Amendment was declared to have been adopted, that it was supremely desirable for the enforcement of it to be undertaken with all possible discretion and consideration, so as to cause a minimum of friction and to interfere to the least degree with the personal liberty and domestic habits of the people. Those admonitions have been flagrantly and aggressively disregarded. The Andersons and Dalrymples and Ropers and others have seemed deliberately and defiantly to try to make the enforcement of the law as irritating, as offensive and as oppressive as possible. Their attitude has been that of Goths and Huns or Tartars, subjecting a conquered country to the yoke. They have acted upon the principle that those who disagree with them have no rights which they are bound to respect, and that anyone whom they suspect of breaking the law is to be considered and treated as guilty unless and until he can prove his innocence. If they had wished and intended to make the prohibition

regime odious, they could not have gone about it more effectively.

In these circumstances, the " swing to the wets " is to be regarded with sincere thanksgiving. It is not a movement toward drunkenness, but toward temperance. It is not a movement toward license, but toward ordered and lawful liberty.

It is a swing toward maintaining the Constitutional rights of the States and of the people.

It is a campaign for the vindication of the Rights of Man.

THE LEAGUE AT WORK

BY X.

[*The following article embodies the first detailed and authoritative information concerning the organization and functioning of the League of Nations. This information is the first account permitted to appear in any American magazine.*—THE EDITOR.]

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS came officially into being when the ratifications of the Treaty of Peace had been exchanged between Germany and the Allied and Associated Powers. Within six days of that exchange the Council of the League, created under the Covenant, met in Paris and on the 16th of January began its deliberations. The first meeting was to a large extent formal, but it was properly made the occasion of certain speeches on the aim and purpose of the League and it fulfilled the first duty entrusted to the Council by the Peace Treaty, which was to appoint commissioners as part of the body which was to draw up the exact boundary line of the Saar Valley area.

The second meeting, which took place in London on the 11th of February, had a much wider agenda and dealt with each item in it by a series of resolutions prefaced by explanatory speeches by different members of the Council, according to what is known Continentally as the "rapporteur" method. The Council also on this occasion assumed the responsibility for calling a conference of the representatives of different nations to consider the problems of exchange which are now vexing the civilized world.

At neither of these meetings was the administrative machinery of the League formally considered. Under the Covenant by which the League was established, a Permanent Secretariat is provided for (Article 6) which is to

comprise a Secretary General and "such secretaries and staff as may be required." The first Secretary-General is named in the Annex to the Covenant, and it is provided that he shall appoint the secretaries and staff with the Council's approval, the expenses of the Secretariat to be borne by the Members of the League in accordance with the method of apportionment hitherto followed by the International Bureau of the Universal Postal Union.

The Secretary-General named in the Annex, is, as is generally known, the Honorable Sir James Eric Drummond, K. C. M. G., C. B., who has acted as the chief Private Secretary to two British Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs and has also been one of the principal Private Secretaries of the British Prime Minister.

During the past few months it has been the duty of the Secretary-General, in anticipation of the Council discussion (which, as already stated, has not as yet taken place) to prepare a provisional organization. This, when fully completed, will enable the League of Nations to avoid the danger from which previous international institutions have so seriously suffered, that of failing to fulfil expectations through lack of efficient administrative machinery.

The permanent staff of the Secretariat consists of some sections about which there can be no difference of opinion. The Secretary-General himself must be provided with efficient subordinates; there must be a Finance Director to control and regulate the Financial Administration of the Secretariat; there must be a Registry, a Library, a section for the issue of documents and information, and other similar departments. These are matters which cannot be in dispute, and the setting up of a provisional organization of this kind has naturally been undertaken by the Secretary-General as a matter arising out of the business of his office.

The permanent Secretariat of the League, however, has a wider aspect than this. It must create an organization which will be the means of expression for the international activities, many and various, which will make up its work. And, though only two public meetings of the Council have taken place, this enterprise has already been begun. The League in fact is evolving a method of business which is simple, which will provide a permanent organization from which further developments in each direction of international action can proceed, and which will fit itself into the

provisional scheme already sketched out in its elements by the Secretary-General. The essence of this scheme is the establishment of permanent bodies of expert advisers in the various spheres of international action, whether they be political, economic, medical, judicial, or of any other kind. By a series of resolutions, the Council of the League will appoint, and has to a certain degree already appointed, committees of experts each of which will become the nucleus of a permanent body under the League for the study and organization of some one or other of its activities.

Take for example the question of Public Health. The ultimate object is to set up a permanent international body to deal with this most important subject.

To bring such a body into being there is sought the advice and assistance of a number of eminent experts. These will be drawn from various nations and will doubtless include, among others, representatives of the Central Red Cross organization whose headquarters are in Geneva, and which at the time of writing is holding its first general world-wide Council in that city. These experts will be charged with the duty of drawing up and submitting definite proposals for the consideration of an international conference held under the auspices of the League. The conference may consist of either the Council of the League itself, or, it may be, some other body with authority delegated to it by the League Council. When the resolutions have been approved by this conference they will finally, in the form of draft conventions, be submitted for approval to the various Governments that are Members of the League, and when sanctioned by these Governments the proposals become to all intents and purposes international laws.

It is clear that the permanent body which shall conduct enquiries, frame resolutions, remit these proposals to the Council or the Conference, transmit them in the form of conventions to the Powers, supervise the putting into execution of the laws proceeding from international action and stimulate further development and progress, must be a section of the Secretariat.

Whatever provisional organization there is, therefore, in the case of Public Health under the scheme of the Secretary-General must be regarded as a nucleus around which will grow an institution formed under the inspiration of the Council and through the Council of the Members of the

League, that is to say, of the free nations of the world. It is, therefore, important to note that in so far as the provisional organization of the Secretariat has been attempted, it has meant no more than a series of strings round which organizations which draw their vitality from the nations themselves should crystallize.

Assuming the duties of his position in May last, Sir Eric Drummond set about securing, one by one,—hand-picking so to speak,—the men whom he desired to have associated with him. The public services of the civilized world were at his command. Next in importance to himself come his Under-Secretaries-General, four in number. Their association with him is of such an intimate character as to enable each one of them to keep in constant touch with the work of the Secretariat as a whole. Each is competent, on occasion, to act as his Deputy on important missions or during the Secretary-General's absence from the Seat of the League. In so far as ranking is concerned, the Under-Secretaries-General are on an equal footing; any one of them may be called upon in the absence of the Secretary-General to act in his place.

At all meetings of the Assembly, and of the Council, the Secretary-General acts as Secretary.

He presents in printed form, in French and English, a memorandum upon each subject that comes up for consideration. In the preparation of this material he is assisted by a number of Directors of Section each of whom is at the head of a group of experts specially qualified to prepare reasoned statements upon given subjects.

Up to the present, ten such Sections have been created, and further departments to deal with questions such as regulation of armaments will undoubtedly be added as the work of the League develops. These sections are:

1. Political.
2. Legal.
3. Economic and Financial.
4. Administrative Commissions and Minority Questions.
5. Transit and Communications.
6. Information.
7. Mandates.
8. International Bureau.
9. Registration of Treaties.
10. Social Questions and Health.

A brief review of the work, for the performance of

which each of these sections has been organized, may not be without public interest.

1. THE POLITICAL SECTION

This department serves primarily as the means of communication between the Secretariat and the several national Governments. It is expected to secure through the national appointees all information of political importance.

In so far as may be deemed advisable, the information so gathered will be communicated, in whole or in part, to the States that are members of the League.

It is specified in the pact that "any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threatens to disturb either the peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends" is a matter of proper League enquiry, and it is in the furtherance of this service also that the Political Section will occupy itself.

A distinguished Frenchman, closely associated with the preparation of the Peace Treaty, has been invited to act as Director for the Political Section. He will probably divide his department upon geographical lines, selecting as the head for each group of states a national from the region in question. Thus the Political Section of the Secretariat is likely to become a department of considerable dimensions, containing eight or ten geographical groups. Investigation through travel and enquiry may be found to be one of the best methods to secure first-hand information for presentation by this section.

2. LEGAL SECTION

The primary duty of the Legal Section is to advise all other departments of the Secretariat with reference to the juridical aspect of their work.

The drafting of Treaties and conventions for submission to the Assembly, and the reconsideration of Treaties as provided for under Article 19 of the Covenant, will also fall within the scope of this department.

A Permanent Court of International Justice is about to be set up by the League of Nations. When it has been established it will be through the Legal Section that the Court will be kept in contact with the Council of the League.

As the Director of this most important department, an international lawyer and writer of world-wide repute, a Hollander, has been selected.

3. ECONOMIC AND FINANCIAL SECTION

Through the instrumentality of this section, it is expected that extensive information will be collected, summarized, and compiled, with regard to economic conditions throughout the world. A conference of International Statisticians has already been held under its auspices and plans considered for the development of statistical information. The use of the economic boycott, as described in Article XVI. of the Covenant, will form the subject of careful study by the expert economists of this section and a report on the subject will be presented to the Council.

Closely associated with this section will be the organization, now being created as the result of a Council resolution, to bring together in conference the financial experts of the world with a view to considering what public and private action may be taken to alleviate the present exchange crisis. Out of this conference a permanent body may come into being, but at this writing no definite anticipations can be announced.

4. ADMINISTRATIVE COMMISSIONS SECTION

Under the Treaty of Peace, provision is made for the naming of a number of Commissions to administer certain reserved areas and to perform other special duties mentioned in the Treaty.

Upon the League is laid the responsibility of seeing that these directions are carried out in the spirit in which they were framed. A number of permanent commissions will be set up, the Administrative Section acting as the liaison office between them and the League. This Section *inter alia* will deal with the Commissions for the Government of the Saar Basin and for the control of Danzig, and possibly with similar authorities in areas on the Adriatic and the Dardanelles.

Through this section also, the League will be kept informed as to the carrying-out of the provisions inserted in the several treaties for the purpose of protecting the rights of Minorities.

As Director of the Section dealing with Administrative Commissions a Norwegian lawyer, with wide experience as adviser on questions of commercial policy, has been chosen.

The Council of the League of Nations at its first meeting afforded this section ample opportunity for rendering immediate service.

5. TRANSIT SECTION

A permanent organization will eventually have charge of questions concerning communication and transit which may arise between nations. A plan for the creation of this body is to be worked out on lines laid down in a Resolution of the Council passed at its second meeting. When this is accomplished the Transit Section of the League will serve as the connecting link between a Permanent Transit Commission and the League of Nations.

It is expected that a well-known Italian authority on such subjects will become director of this section.

6. INFORMATION SECTION

This department is designed to provide information on all aspects of League activities, to superintend the issue of official communiqués, and to organize the press arrangements at the meetings of the League Assembly.

7. MANDATES SECTION

Under the Covenant it is provided that certain areas, peopled by the less advanced races, shall be entrusted for administrative purposes to the care of Members of the League. The nations upon whom such responsibilities are laid will exercise authority as " mandatories " on behalf of the League. The character of the mandates will differ according to the degree of development of the people whose tutelage is thus assumed. For the supervision of these administrations a permanent body will need to be created.

It will be the duty of such an organization to receive and examine reports from the various states holding mandates, and to report to the League of Nations whether the stipulations laid down in the mandates are being observed.

Probably the Secretary of the Mandates Commission will be at the same time Director of the Mandates Section of the Secretariat, thus serving as a channel of communication and a bond of union between the two bodies.

Sub-sections may be formed in this department to deal with such matters as the traffic in arms, the trade in opium and other harmful drugs, and with native questions generally. In fact, any matter which concerns the proper protection of the less advanced races may properly be included among the activities of this section.

8. INTERNATIONAL BUREAUX

When the question of international co-operation was under consideration at the Peace Conference, it was felt that many international bodies, each working for a specific object, might profitably be brought under central control; hence provision was made in Article XXIV. of the Covenant that all International Bureaux already established by general treaties might be placed under the direction of the League, if the parties—that is to say, the contracting states to such treaties—should consent.

It is estimated that there are no less than 60 public and nearly 500 private international bureaux, commissions, and other similar organizations. There will probably be long continued negotiations as to the exact relationship of these bodies to the League. Whether they come under the direction of the League or not, it is clearly desirable that close contact between them and the Secretariat should be established and maintained. It is probable that the Japanese Under-Secretary-General will be chosen as Director of this section. When the schism of war, which has rent most of these organizations in twain, shall have become in a measure healed, it is probable that many of these presently independent international bodies will either come under the direction of the League or permit their work to be brought into full harmony with its operations.

9. REGISTRATION OF TREATIES

"Every convention or international engagement entered into henceforward by any member of the League shall be forthwith registered with the Secretariat and shall as soon as possible be published by it." So runs the Covenant, and a special department for carrying this out is to be set up within the Secretariat in the near future.

10. INTERNATIONAL HEALTH OFFICE

It is in contemplation to bring into early existence an International Health Office organized upon lines somewhat similar to those already referred to in the matter of Labor, and a resolution was adopted by the second Council to this effect. Meantime, provisionally, a section of the League has been formed to keep in touch with this body under the direction of a lady who was attached to the British National Health Society as Lecturer and Demonstrator before

the war. This section may be subsequently extended so as to become a department of a larger Social Questions section that will cover a wider field.

THE QUESTION OF ARMAMENTS

According to Article IX of the Covenant, a Permanent Commission is to be constituted to advise the Council on the execution of the provisions in the Treaty relating to the reduction of armaments and upon military, naval and air questions generally. A liaison section will almost certainly be necessary between this Permanent Commission and the League Council. It has not yet been found practical to make any appointment to this section.

INTERNATIONAL LABOR OFFICE

The Peace Treaty provides for the establishment of a permanent organization for dealing with questions relating to Labor upon a footing similar to that of the Secretariat itself. The First General Labor Conference under the Treaty was held in Washington in November last, and, in conformity with its decisions, there has since been set up an International Labor Office, with M. Albert Thomas as Director. This body will be closely linked with the League of Nations Secretariat, and all the expenses of the Office and of the meetings of the Conference or Governing Body are paid for out of advances made from the consolidated funds of the League. As far as possible the League organizations which are appropriate—for example, the Finance Section, the Information Section and others—will be common services, acting for the Labor Office as well as for the League.

ESTABLISHMENT

In order to provide the Secretary-General and the Sections that have just been described with the clerical assistance required to enable them to carry on their work, a department known under the military term of the "Establishment" has been created. This comprises a pool of bi-lingual stenographers, a duplicating staff, a distribution office, and other services. The League will probably in due course own and operate its own printing plant, whence the "Official Bulletin" and other publications will issue.

The library of the League is being developed upon modern lines, and for purposes of reference upon political,

social and economic questions will probably not be excelled by any in Europe. It is at present in charge of an American library specialist, Miss Florence Wilson, formerly of Columbia University, who also organized the library of the American Peace Commission in Paris.

It is as yet too early to prophesy regarding the location or character of the buildings which it is expected will be ultimately erected at the permanent seat of the League. Suffice it to say that they will be no doubt in keeping with the International character of the organization, and with the importance and magnitude of the undertaking for which they will provide a home.

Not only is it expected that the Assembly of the League of Nations will meet annually as an International Parliament, but there will be many conferences on special subjects attended by delegates from all parts of the world, carried on under the auspices of the League. To enable the representatives of the various countries to exchange ideas and to communicate freely with one another, a staff of skilled and experienced Interpreters and Translators will be required. This has already been organized in connection with the Secretariat, and the difficulty of language will be overcome for all such international gatherings.

FINANCIAL ADMINISTRATION

Naturally the question will be asked, How and by whom will the cost of this large and varied organization be defrayed? Article VI. of the Covenant states that:

> The expenses of the Secretariat shall be borne by the members of the League, in accordance with the apportionment of the expenses of the International Bureau of the Universal Postal Union.

The " Bureau International de l'union Postale Universelle " was created in accordance with the Convention of Rome passed on the 26th of May, 1906, and, since then, several times amended. With headquarters at Berne, this bureau undertakes to act as a clearing-house for the international postal problems of the world. Almost without exception the civilized nations of the world are members of this Union, participate in its congresses, abide by its rulings, and contribute towards the cost of the common service. The proportion payable by the members to the common fund is determined with due reference to the size, importance and wealth of each Power. The states are rated accordingly.

There are seven categories. The larger Powers, such as Great Britain, the United States of America, and France, are in the first class. Each of these is reckoned as liable for 25 units. The second class is rated at 20 units, the third class at 15 units, the fourth class at 10 units, the fifth class at 5 units, the sixth class at 3 units, and the seventh class at 1 unit. The total number of units represented by all the members of the Union is computed and each state is liable according to the ratio between the total number of units and the number of units represented by that state. Thus if, as was the case with the U. P. U. in 1918, the total number of units was 798, and the United States, as a first-class Power, was liable for 25 units, then the share of the expenses of the U. P. U. which the United States is called upon to provide is 25/798 of the total sum required.

Now, applying this method with strict exactness to the Powers that have signed the treaty, on the assumption that all will become members of the League, and reckoning for sake of argument the first budget of expenditure of the League of Nations at £250,000 (or, at present rate of exchange, $1,000,000) we arrive at the following result:

	Class	*Units*	*Amount*
United States of America	1st	25	£16,234
Belgium	3rd	15	9,740
Bolivia	6th	3	1,948
Brazil	3rd	15	9,740
Great Britain	1st	25	16,234
Canada	1st	25	16,234
Australia	1st	25	16,234
South Africa	1st	25	16,234
New Zealand	6th	3	1,948
British India	1st	25	16,234
China	1st	25	16,234
Cuba	6th	3	1,948
Czecho-Slovakia	4th	10	6,494
Ecuador	6th	3	1,948
France	1st	25	16,234
Greece	5th	5	3,247
Guatemala	6th	3	1,948
Haiti	6th	3	1,948
Hedjaz	7th	1	648
Honduras	6th	3	1,948
Italy	1st	25	16,234
Japan	1st	25	16,234
Liberia	7th	1	648
Nicaragua	6th	3	1,948
Panama	6th	3	1,948

	Class	*Units*	*Amount*
Peru	5th	5	3,247
Poland	1st	25	16,234
Portugal	4th	10	6,494
Roumania	3rd	15	9,740
Serb-Croat-Slovene State	4th	10	6,494
Siam	6th	3	1,948
Uruguay	6th	3	1,948
Total		395	£256,494

Should the thirteen other Powers that, provided they adhere to the Covenant without reserves within 60 days of the coming into force of the Treaty of Peace, are entitled to be regarded as original members, also contribute towards the first period's expenses of the League, their payments, if the same method is adopted, would be as follows:

	Class	*Units*	*Amount*
Argentine Republic	5th	5	£3,247
Chile	5th	5	3,247
Colombia	5th	5	3,247
Denmark	4th	10	6,494
Netherlands	3rd	15	9,740
Norway	4th	10	6,494
Paraguay	6th	3	1,948
Persia	6th	3	1,948
Salvador	6th	3	1,948
Spain	2nd	20	12,988
Sweden	3rd	15	9,740
Switzerland	3rd	15	9,740
Venezuela	6th	3	1,948
Total		112	£72,729

It is quite probable that further Powers, not mentioned in the Covenant, may be later on admitted to the League by the Assembly, in which case the same method of apportionment will also be applied to them. It is also to be hoped that in due course the ex-enemy Powers may be admitted to the League, when they too will doubtless contribute their share.

As the place occupied by the League of Nations in international relationships grows more important, the duties and responsibilities of the Secretariat and of the Commissions working under its guidance will increase. The sums of money requred to perform these tasks will also grow proportionately.

The Financial Administration of the League is under

the control of a Canadian, Sir Herbert Ames, assisted by a competent accounting staff, and it is expected that a governmental audit of the accounts of the League will be arranged for at the termination of each fiscal period.

Thus there is being brought together from many lands an aggregation of capable men and women, actuated by the realization of what it will mean to a war-weary world if the League of Nations fulfils expectation, and determined that, in so far as the work of each can make it so, the League shall accomplish its mission.

It is to be hoped that, for the future preservation of civilization and for the bringing in of an era of peace and good-will, their hopes may be realized and their efforts richly rewarded.

X.

AUTOCRACY BY PLEBISCITE

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

THE founders of our Republic well expressed their purpose in declaring that they wished it to be a " government of laws and not of men."

We have, however, abundant historical illustration of the method by which a government of laws may be transformed into a government of men. It consists in appealing to the confidence of the electors in the superior wisdom and authority of the Executive, and the displacement of representative legislative action by confiding the decision of public questions to one person and a few personally appointed agents who are the creatures of his will.

It seldom happens that this transformation occurs by a single sudden *coup d'état*. It is usually progressive rather than immediate, proceeding by easy stages. Thus, previous to the French revolution of 1848, Louis Bonaparte was the most advanced advocate of democratic ideas in France. He wrote and spoke most ardently of the neglected rights of the working classes and the extinction of pauperism by political reforms. The State, according to his programme, was to be completely reorganized in the interest of the oppressed. On December 10th of that year, Louis Bonaparte was chosen by a large popular vote President of the new French Republic. In a short time he asked to be entrusted with remodelling the constitution of France, in order to embody in it the conception of the people's rule. The Assembly opposed. He then demanded that the people of France be the arbiter between the Assembly and himself, " by invoking the solemn judgment of the only sovereign I recognize in France, the people." So great was the confidence in him that a plébiscite was taken which registered 7,439,216 yeas and only 640,737 noes. Four years later, after the constitution had been changed at the pleasure of the popular President, the people were invited to reestablish

the imperial office with Louis Bonaparte as sole candidate. The answer was,—or at least was officially announced to be,—that 7,824,189 Frenchmen recorded an affirmative vote, and only 253,145 ventured to oppose. Personality had completely triumphed over principles, and the work of the revolution was thus undone by the establishment of the Second Empire, with Napoleon III in the place of Napoleon I.

Under cover of an appeal to the "will of the people" an irresponsible power was evoked, stimulated by private interests, and guided by personal control. The people knew nothing of the effect of the constitution that would be framed for them. Wholly without knowledge, they were called upon to build upon faith. No doubt the faith was genuine, but it proved to be ill founded. They surrendered blindly to a leader only to discover that they had created a master. It cannot be held that a vote in such a case is an expression of public opinion. An opinion requires elements of judgment, and a sound opinion implies complete enlightenment. Without deliberate and free discussion, public opinion, in a proper sense, cannot exist. Mere social unrest and vague aspirations do not constitute opinion, they only furnish motive power for promoting the schemes of a demagogue who promises to secure what the most vocal of the people say they desire. To leave the decision of any great public question to the volition or control of a single individual is the abdication of public opinon.

The disposition to resort to such abdication is strongest when the subject under consideration is too intricate for the ordinary mind; but the complexity of the question to be determined presents the best possible reason for referring it to many experts rather than to any single person, for it is thus more certain to be considered from all points of view both of public interest and of private judgment. The American people, possessing from the beginning a larger experience in self-government than the French possessed in 1851, would never have thought for a moment of confiding to one person, however trusted, so grave a task as framing a constitution; and it is improbable that any American statesman at any past period of our history as a nation would ever have been willing to take the responsibility of such an attempt, even if he were empowered to undertake it. Guided by a sound instinct, the founders of the nation were unwilling to entrust so important an undertaking even to their

ordinary legislative bodies; and, to crown their system of representative government, they called into being for the first time the constitutional convention, a body composed of carefully selected men fitted to perform this specific task.

In like manner, in framing the Constitution of the United States, the founders had the wisdom to provide that in the responsible work of making treaties with foreign nations,—which they dignified by including treaties in "the supreme law of the land,"—power should not be entrusted to a single person, even though he might have been chosen as head of the nation. On the contrary, express provision was made for the "advice and consent" of a body of men possessing knowledge and experience in such matters. Not only this, but even in this body a great preponderance of opinion was made necessary before such consent could be given.

For this caution there was a double reason. It was necessary to guard against misadventure, not only in the interest of the country as a whole, but to secure by an equal representation of the States the rights and the interests of each one of them. When it is considered how possible it would be for a single person, if the power were exclusively in his own hands, to impose upon the nation contractual relations with foreign Powers which, though advantageous to one or several portions of the nation, might be extremely detrimental to others, it is evident that this division of power was not not only wise and just, regarded as a principle, but certain to be insisted upon by statesmen far-seeing enough to realize the immense consequences involved in the exercise of the treaty-making power.

It is, therefore, not a little disconcerting that a Chief Executive of the United States, sworn to obey the Constitution in which such foresight is expressed, should for a moment be tempted to disregard so important a provision, and it is much more surprising that he should attempt in any manner or degree to thwart its operation. Having conscientiously performed the part assigned to him by the only authority on the subject, he might reasonably be expected to leave his co-partners in the process of treaty-making to the free and untrammelled performance of their part.

Although the participants in the treaty-making process have often in the course of our history as a nation differed widely in their views of the expediency of proposed treaty

engagements, the constitutionally authorized procedure has never until recently been departed from. The Senate has modified treaties to a point at which it was necessary to abandon them or negotiate the acceptance of changes, and the President has not only yielded to such changes but undertaken fresh negotiations; but never has a treaty been submitted to the direct action of the electorate as a means of forcing either the Senate or the President to yield to the other. For such direct action the Constitution, which is clear and specific in delegating final authority in the treaty-making process, has made no provision, nor does it appear even to have been contemplated as a possibility.

When, therefore, President Wilson, having personally negotiated a treaty involving a reversal of the traditional policies of the United States, extending far beyond the usual conditions of making peace, and even setting up a mechanism of super-government capable of acting with and upon sovereign States in a manner which subordinates the constitutional powers of Congress, and having failed to obtain the consent of the Senate to its ratification, appeals to the electorate as a means of enforcing acceptance of the treaty, he is proposing a course of action which is extra-constitutional, anti-constitutional, and legally futile. It is extra-constitutional, because the "great and solemn referendum" to which he makes appeal is nowhere provided for in the Constitution of the United States; it is anti-constitutional, because it is a resort to a procedure which sets aside the explicit and final constitutional authority for making treaties; and it is futile, because a popular vote on the subject, if favorable to the ratification of the Covenant of the League of Nations would have no binding legal force without a formal amendment to the Constitution. Until that is accomplished the Senate cannot be legally compelled to ratify the treaty; and a majority of the members, believing as they do that the unmodified Covenant of the League of Nations is in conflict with the Constitution, could not conscientiously yield to a constitutionally unauthorized procedure and give their advice and consent to ratify the treaty so long as the Constitution they have sworn to support remains unchanged.

The proposal of a plébiscite, therefore, raises two interesting questions: (1) What would be the legal or moral value of a majority popular vote on the subject? and (2) What would be the effect upon the system of constitutional

and representative government of resorting to such a method?

The President proposes to force the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles, including the Covenant of the League of Nations, without a change, by a plébiscite in connection with a presidential election. Having publicly declined to accept the action of the Senate, he demands a popular vote supporting his defiance of the Senate's constitutional prerogative.

His position on this point is unmistakable. He is willing to have the treaty ratified only in the form in which, "in his own name and by his own proper authority," he signed it at Paris. In his letter of November 19th, 1919, addressed to Senator Hitchcock, the leader of his party, he said: "I sincerely hope that the friends and supporters of the treaty will vote against the Lodge,—that is the Senate majority,—resolution of ratification." On January 8th, 1920, in a letter addressed to the Chairman of his party's National Committee, he made his attitude still more explicit in the following words:

"Personally, I do not accept the action of the Senate of the United States as the decision of the Nation.

"I have asserted from the first that the overwhelming majority of the people of this country desire the ratification of the treaty, and my impression to that effect has recently been confirmed by the unmistakable evidences of public opinion given during my visit to seventeen of the States.

"I have endeavored to make it plain that if the Senate wishes to say what the undoubted meaning of the league is, I shall have no objection. There can be no reasonable objection to interpretations accompanying the act of ratification itself. But when the treaty is acted upon, I must know whether it means that we have ratified or rejected it.

"We can not rewrite this treaty. We must take it without changes which alter its meaning, or leave it, and then, after the rest of the world has signed it, we must face the unthinkable task of making another and separate treaty with Germany.

"But no mere assertions with regard to the wish and opinion of the country are credited. If there is any doubt as to what the people of the country think on this vital matter, the clear and single way out is to submit it for determination at the next election to the voters of the Nation, to give the

next election the form of a great and solemn referendum as to the part the United States is to play in completing the settlements of the war and in the prevention in the future of such outrages as Germany attempted to perpetrate."

The President refuses to accept the advice, and he demands that the treaty be ratified without the consent, of the Senate of the United States. Unable to dominate its action or to obtain its assent by argument, he declares that the Senate must take the treaty as it was written, or leave it. The Senate's advice and consent are then to be ignored. It may, if it pleases, offer its "interpretations," but these are to have no authority. In no case are they to be inserted in the act of ratification. They may "accompany" it as casual comments, but there must be no alteration in its meaning. He understands perfectly that if such comments coincide with the plain meaning of the text, they are superfluous; and if they do not coincide, they would be ridiculous.

Even after the plain intimations already given that the accession of the United States to the League of Nations with the Senate's reservations would be gladly accepted by the Allied Powers, the President attempts to warn against even the slightest reservation regarding the Covenant by declaring that "we must face the unthinkable task of making another and separate peace with Germany"; when he knows that, as Germany is not a member of the League, and has had nothing to do with the formation of it, she would have nothing to say regarding it. There is not in the entire Treaty of Versailles a single line that prevents the League, which possesses the explicit right of self-amendment, from making any changes its members may think it expedient to make in its powers or its conditions of membership.

Seeing clearly that, without a means of escape, responsibility for preventing the ratification of any treaty must fall upon himself, unless he recognizes the constitutional rights of the Senate, President Wilson is now looking for an avenue of retreat. He finds it as Louis Bonaparte found it in the form of a plébiscite; and, to serve a double purpose, he affirms that "the clear and single way out is to submit it [the treaty] for determination at the next election to the voters of the Nation, to give the next election the form of a great and solemn referendum."

On his part, this is an ingenious proposal. On the one hand, it is a desperate attempt to test the continuation of

the personal leadership of his party; on the other, whatever the outcome, the result could be utilized as a means of escape from the responsibility which the Allies and the history of his administration will place upon him, if now that he has created the present international situation, he cannot make good the promises made in Paris, but by his own act prevents the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles.

Secluded from contact with the present condition of the public mind, as Mr. Wilson is, having so long disregarded his electoral slogan of "common counsel," as he indisputably has, and recalling the triumphal journeys in which he was once the object of so much popular adulation, it was not unnatural that he should cherish the belief that he could greatly embarrass his opponents by confronting them in an electoral campaign. In 1918 he stood almost alone in believing that the majority of his countrymen would gladly make him their "unembarrassed spokesman in affairs at home and abroad." They had made him a dictator during the war; would they not follow him also in peace, and even renounce, as they had so long held in abeyance, their party affiliations in order to do so?

After the support the President has had from prominent Republican leaders in his international adventures, why should he not entertain the hope, being of an inspirational type of intelligence, that the multitudes who have sent telegrams and resolutions to the Senate urging the prompt acceptance of the League of Nations, and especially those who have paid for them and for the apostleship that inspired them, although hitherto attached to the Republican party, would gladly continue the same high and holy mission in an electoral campaign?

I do not doubt that Mr. Wilson understands, however,—and this is greatly disturbing to the knowing among his followers,—that there would be a large defection from his own party columns, in the event of his candidacy in order to obtain a victory for an unmodified League of Nations by his triumphant reelection to the presidency. By adding promises of another sort, he not improbably thinks that he could still carry an election; and he knows that no other candidate would be anxious to stand on a platform peremptorily committed to the unmodified League.

But more is involved than a final test of leadership. The projected reorganization of the world is languishing. To

stand once more before the world as an "unembarrassed spokesman" would be an unprecedented victory, but at present Mr. Wilson finds himself in an extremely embarrassing position. He has demanded a "great and solemn referendum" to force upon the Senate a treaty which it will not accept; and yet he has himself threatened to withdraw the treaty, and to cancel all his efforts for peace, if the action of the Supreme Council does not please him.

History will ask, Who is responsible for the refusal to make peace? Mr. Wilson would put the responsibility, if he could, on the Senate; but the Senate is anxious to make peace, and is ready to ratify a treaty of peace that will leave the institutions and the liberties of America unimpaired. It is, in truth, very anxious about it. If the President refuses to accept the advice and consent of the Senate as to the terms of peace, will he not be responsible for a failure? He thinks, however, that he sees a way to place the responsibility elsewhere.

The situation reminds one of the advice Kaiser William II gave to the late Czar of Russia after he had lost the war with Japan. Let others, he advised, bear the odium of the disappointment caused by the failure of the war through letting them take the responsibility of making peace! Hide behind your people by letting them have their way! A plébiscite is a double resource for an autocrat. If it sustains him, he becomes a hero. If it decides against him, he receives applause for yielding to the will of the people. It is a great game, in which every loss is a gain, because even defeat affords a new opportunity of escaping the odium of having broken pledges too adventurously made.

Apart from the President, the only persons who want "a great and solemn referendum" are the so-called "Irreconcilables," who wish nothing so much as to defeat the treaty. Do they not see that they are playing into the President's hands? Without a plébiscite either he himself must defeat his own treaty or accept a modification of it that would make it safe for the country and its institutions. The "Battalion of Death" honestly believes, and its judgment is no doubt correct, that a referendum would result in disapproval of the unmodified treaty. But would that disapproval include a disapproval of the reservations also? Would that be a victory of American nationalism, for which the "Irreconcilables" profess to stand? Do they really wish that there

shall be no treaty, or that there shall be henceforth no international association? They might by raising this issue divide the country, but they would lose on that platform. There must be some kind of a treaty. There must be some kind of better international organization. The people may not know precisely what either should be, but it is certain that they will demand both a peace with Germany which other nations will help to sustain, and a world ruled by law.

If there is to be a plébiscite, it must be upon alternative propositions. What are they to be? If the President could force a vote on the simple questions, this treaty, or no treaty; this League, or no international organization; and could make it a party issue, that would be in itself a victory for him. Even if he were defeated, he could say, "I did the best I could. I am now relieved of further responsibility. I bow to the will of the people."

But the issue cannot fairly be thus stated. The real issue is, This League, or a better international organization in which the United States can heartily cooperate.

If the subject is to be forced into party politics, this is the only form it can justly take. The political parties in the United States cannot be aligned on any other ground. They may by violent procedure be divided, but the opponents of President Wilson's attitude can never be united on the alternative of this treaty or no treaty. An attempt to force this would be an alliance with the President's unwavering supporters.

Events have made it evident that the President's devotion to the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League of Nations is by no means steadfast. He has clearly intimated to his former colleagues in the Supreme Council at Paris that, unless his authority is recognized and his decisions are complied with, he will withdraw the treaty from the Senate. He has not hesitated to say this, even though he would have to "face the unthinkable task of making another and separate peace with Germany"! A treaty with reservations, the President professes, he will not have; but the policy of those acting under his orders is not clear. While Mr. Wilson is making his protest against reservations, his principal spokesman in the Senate,—not altogether "unembarrassed", it is true,—while contending that an amendment would kill the treaty, has not hesitated to offer one under the cover of a reservation. Whatever the motive, the

fact is indisputable. On February 26th, Senator Hitchcock introduced the following as a substitute for a proposed revision of the reservation on domestic questions:

"That no member nation is required to submit to the league, its council, or its assembly for decision, report, or recommendation any matter which it considers to be a domestic question, such as immigration, labor, tariff, or other matters relating to its internal or coastwise affairs."

Senator Brandegee inquired if the Senator did not consider this really an amendment to the treaty, "in that it changes the treaty provision as to all the other signatory Powers as well as ourselves." "All we are trying to do in the reservation," he continued, "is to fix our duty under the treaty; but the Senator's reservation—if that is the proper designation of it—changes the treaty provision as to the duty of all the signatory Powers as well as ourselves." Senator Hitchcock admitted that his reservation "changes the treaty," but he thought the change would be "pleasing to the other nations"! Senator Lenroot then observed: "There is no Senator upon this floor who has declaimed louder against amending the treaty and sending it back to the different nations than has the Senator from Nebraska, and yet the Senator from Nebraska now offers to the Senate a clear amendment of the treaty that affects the rights not only of the United States, but attempts to change the rights and privileges of every member of the League as fixed by the treaty, and after they have ratified the treaty." He then asked, "Does not the treaty provide that the League itself shall determine what are domestic questions?"

To this Senator Hitchcock answered, "That is a dubious question. I doubt whether it does." Whereupon Senator Reed inquired if the Senator from Nebraska would sign a treaty of whose meaning he was doubtful; and Senator Smith of Georgia affirmed, that the formula proposed by the Senator from Nebraska was "a clear amendment of the treaty." But he did not stop with that. Having so far deserted the President's representatives in the Senate as to wish the treaty ratified with reservations, Senator Smith said, speaking of Senator Hitchcock's amendment: "I do not think it wise now for us to undertake to amend the original document. We have all conceded that reservations are the only mode by which the Senate will vote for such an amendment now, and to present it as a substitute for a reservation

is to offer something that the Senator from Nebraska knows will be killed, and almost amounts to joining the irreconcilables in hindering action."

If the Senate should now, as the Senator from Georgia suggests, burden the treaty with amendments altering for other nations the engagements already agreed to and ratified by them, and they should decline to reopen formal negotiations for revision, the President would no doubt insist that the Senate had not only made reservations limiting the obligations of the United States,—which under the established procedure of diplomatic practice it may do without rejecting the treaty,—but had refused to accept the treaty with any modification that can be made, and had therefore rejected it altogether. If, as appears, the President already has ground for being distrustful of the result of the "great and solemn referendum," he might welcome such a reason for declaring that it was the Senate that had made ratification impossible. He would then feel relieved of the responsibility of himself withdrawing the treaty, as he threatened to do if his will did not prevail in the Serbo-Italian settlement.

The reaction of the President's political party to his idea of a plébiscite has not met his expectations. It is on this, as well as on other matters, undoubtedly divided. Perhaps he would, after all, prefer another way out of the situation he has created for himself. If the responsibility for a failure to make peace could be thrown upon the Senate, that would, in appearance at least, save him from the reproach of having made to the Allies pledges which he now so easily threatens to withdraw.

The President's attitude on the Adriatic question is almost a declaration that he believes his associates in forming the League of Nations cannot be depended upon to do what he considers should be done unless his authority is continually brought to bear upon them. Does even the President believe that any league could long endure on this condition? Can what the European Powers think expedient always be thwarted by the intervention of a non-European Power? Would not reciprocity require that American questions should be subject to the decisions of non-American Powers? Do the American people desire either to exercise and take the consequences of exercising controlling authority in European affairs, or to submit to have a foreign authority

exercised upon themselves, as reciprocity would require? Can Mr. Wilson really believe that the American people are going to give him by plébiscite a right to use this power over European nations with the implied right of European nations to exercise the same control over American affairs?

Seeing the futility of any such expectation, reliance upon a plébiscite to accord him such power is likely to be, if it is not already, a vanished hope even in the mind of the President himself.

One thing is, however, clear. The President cannot be permitted to urge the importance of a "great and solemn referendum" on the acceptance of the Treaty of Versailles, and especially the League of Nations, when he himself contemplates throwing overboard the whole work accomplished at Paris, simply because his colleagues in the Supreme Council will not accept his personal dictum as final. He may be right, or he may be wrong, in his Adriatic doctrine. That is not the question. The essential point is that what Mr. Wilson asks by this proposed plébiscite is that his personal will shall dominate, not only over the Senate of the United States, but over the Supreme Council and the Council of the League of Nations also. With what consistency can he urge that our sacred honor as a nation is pledged to ratify this unmodified treaty, or that it is our duty in any sense to do so, when he can so lightly threaten, and may at any future time decide, if he has the power, to throw to the winds everything that was done at Paris, because he does not personally approve of some particular European arrangement?

But there are other considerations regarding the consequences of a "great and solemn referendum." Supposing it to be carried into a general election, what would be its legal effect?

Whatever the result of the election might be, it would not affect either the personal convictions of the President or of the Senate. Either might legally refuse to act otherwise than they were ready to act before, and might properly hold that the decision affected only their successors. When the President was last elected, the chief slogan of his party was, "He kept us out of war"; but did that eventually control his action? In the election won with this watchword there was nothing that compelled him to act otherwise than he might deem it expedient to act. The constitutional powers

of the Government in all its branches remained unchanged by the result of the election.

As to the moral effect of a plébiscite upon this question, we know from experience what it would be. All the forces that have already been utilized either to secure the ratification of the treaty or to defeat it would continue to be employed in the political campaign, but upon a more extensive scale. What are some of those forces?

There could hardly be imagined a better illustration of the distracting character of direct popular action in the management of foreign affairs than that afforded by the controversy over the League of Nations in the United States. For several months Senators were besieged with letters, telegrams, and the resolutions of various associations, —from sewing circles to labor unions and church organizations,—inspired to this action, to a great extent, by an expensive public propaganda, demanding that the Senate should immediately ratify a treaty which few of the importunists had ever read and the real purport of which still fewer understood. A critical examination of these communications would show that, almost without exception, they represented no accurate knowledge, no deliberate consideration, and no responsible authority. They were, no doubt, in most instances prompted by good motives, among them a sincere desire for peace and the organization of means for the preservation of it in the future, but without any adequate appreciation of the liabilities to be assumed under the form of covenant proposed or the consequences involved to the lives and fortunes of the American people.

In the communications sent to the Senate intended to influence its action, serious argument based on the interests of the American people was conspicuously absent. Appeals to the emotions were abundant, but there were few attempts to convince the intelligence by an impartial analysis of a document which at first frankly called itself a "constitution," thus avowedly setting up a new political entity for the control of international relations. Most of the statements made were merely declaratory of the personal views and desires of those who made them, unsupported by reasoning connected with the world of facts. Whole societies were grouped as being in favor of a treaty which few of the members had studiously examined, often represented by the vote of a small number presuming to act for the whole member-

ship, and cases were not wanting where the resolution actually adopted was denatured and distorted in the published report in a manner that misrepresented the action actually taken.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars were expended in the manufacture and expression of opinions that were utterly valueless from a scientific point of view. It was admitted that the success of this effort to influence by the weight of numbers the decision of a responsible legislative body was exactly in proportion to the amount of money available for this purpose; and this was explicitly asserted in a frantic appeal for more funds to "save" the Treaty of Versailles from being modified, as the independent judgment of a constitutional partner in the process of treaty-making might, in the national interest, consider necessary.

The greatest danger now menacing this Republic is the control of the Government by well-organized, persistent, and vociferous private groups of men and women aiming to acquire the power to influence the action of public officers; yet the whole fabric of justice rests on the responsibility of those entrusted with authority. Having been freely chosen by the ordered procedure legally provided, a public officer in the United States is not properly subject to the orders or the intimidation of any group of citizens, however powerful; and he cannot better display his fitness for discharging a public trust than by ignoring, or if necessary resisting, any attempt by any group, for any purpose, to deflect him from the resolute and conscientious performance of his duty as a public officer in matters confided to his action, however numerous and respectable that group may be.

If a few thousand theorists could deflect the action of a public officer by a vigorous propaganda of their private views on a question of foreign policy, and cause him to abandon his convictions through fear of personal or party unpopularity, what might be expected when millions of men, determined to secure their private advantage, even by changing the form of Government, combine to accomplish their purpose?

However opinions may differ on this subject, it cannot be controverted that the control of foreign relations by plébiscite would be an abandonment of the constitutional system now in force in the United States. It is right and proper

that there should be full and free discussion of every subject of public importance on the platform and in the press, including the relations of our country to foreign nations; and this is necessary to the creation and expression of intelligent public opinion, which in legitimate ways should and will exercise an influence upon legislation. But direct action, an attempt to bind public officers against their will, to act in a particular manner not prescribed by law, is quite a different matter. That is the substitution of a new form of government for one already established. If it can be proved that direct action on foreign relations is preferable to existing constitutional arrangements, the next step would be to amend the Constitution, and that is what the demand for a plébiscite really signifies; but, if this step is to be taken, it should not be accomplished as an act of revolution, but in the manner which the fundamental law prescribes, a condition which a plébiscite in an electoral campaign does not fulfill.

Honestly formulated, the President's proposal of a "great and solemn referendum" submits the question, "Shall the President of the United States conclude treaties without the advice and consent of the Senate?" The next step might easily be, Shall the President make laws without the sanction of Congress?

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

ITALY IN THE BALKANS

BY HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

BY every law of economic interest Italy's first care after the Armistice should have been to seek conditions of a really lasting peace among her Balkan neighbors, and a general entente favorable to the extension of her trans-Adriatic commerce beyond the few trading-posts, scattered along the fringe of a hostile hinterland, which she now precariously controls. Instead, the Italian Government chose to be envious of the new Slav state formed under the leadership of their ally Serbia, and to sow seeds of economic and political conflict which show no signs of short vitality. The most ambitious schemes proclaimed by d'Annunzio hold little that is novel for anyone who, like the writer, has spent a considerable part of the past year in the Balkans and watched at close range the evolution of Italian intrigue. D'Annunzio is only a strand in the larger web.

Hardly was the Armistice signed before on every hand Italian troops began to exceed the limits of the zone of occupation laid down by the Allies, and to change that occupation from being interallied in character to being directed solely toward furthering Italian ambitions. They hesitated at no means in their efforts to seal up Jugoslavia, cutting off all her courier, cable, telegraph, mail and passenger communication with the Peace Conference and the press of the Allies, and even venturing to hold up American, French and British officials and to hamper the work of Allied relief missions.

Simultaneously Italian emissaries reached Austria and Hungary, stiffened Roumania up to exorbitant claims regarding Serbian districts of the Banat, took up cudgels in behalf of the discredited Montenegrin dynasty, and staked out for herself claims to such vast territory over-

whelmingly Slavic that every nationalistic voice in the Balkans was stirred to an emulative counter-clamor.

Last summer the world watched with amusement the efforts made by the Italian commander at Fiume to play the role of nominal opposition to d'Annunzio assigned to him by the Italian Government. The comedy became a farce when, after warning the loquacious invader of the gravity of his actions, he kissed him on both cheeks and proceeded with him in triumph to the Town Hall. These events were not surprising to those who in April had heard the public declaration of Gen. Grazioli at Fiume that no matter what might be the decision of the Peace Conference regarding that port he was never going to evacuate it except under force of arms. Or to those who had heard of the letter received in March by the American Admiral at Spalato from an Italian Admiral, saying openly that he was determined to continue exerting his influence ashore in the form of propaganda, against all protests, and even beyond the zone of occupation. Our Admiral also became aware about the same time that the Italians were preparing to land at Spalato shortly and gain preponderance there on the same pretext of interallied action which had served so well at Fiume. And in April, the Italian authorities at Fiume, originally sent there to maintain order as representatives of all the Allies, commenced applying Italian law and administering justice in the name of the King of Italy.

By moves such as these the stage was set by the end of April for an outright annexation of Fiume by the Italian Government. But President Wilson's firm statement nipped the proceeding just on the eve of execution, and in the new plans which had to be developed d'Annunzio was allowed to produce the desired *fait accompli.*

The propaganda in Dalmatia, alluded to above, depended generally on food manipulation and the powers of blockade. Starvation was almost universal along the east coast of the Adriatic, and ingenious use was made of Italian supplies. A favorite expedient was to land food and fuel, which was given away to anyone who would sign a receipt. This receipt, which was in Italian and therefore unintelligible to the Slav population, included a vote for annexation to Italy.

Here is a translation of an Italian naval order on the

subject, emanating from the Admiral Millo who has since figured so largely as Commander-in-Chief of the d'Annunzio fleet:

Government of Dalmatia, the Dalmatian Isles, and the Island of Curzola.

Subject: Food-supplies for victualing civilian population.

To all Districts of this Division.

I am informed that many commanders charged with distributing foodstuffs to the civilian population, acting on the authorization which had been given them to hold back one-fifth of all moneys received with a view to employing the product for propaganda, have collected considerable sums without afterwards being able to use them. Experience proves that the absolutely free distribution of foodstuffs themselves constitutes the only method of efficacious propaganda.

The Vice-Admiral Governor, MILLO.

But Italy went further, and sought to make the Slav inhabitants of the islands absolutely dependent upon her for their lives. Investigations of an experienced British officer during February, 1919, revealed the most oppressive measures. In Curzola he found the import of oxen prohibited by the Italian masters and the price of meat 20 kronen a kilo, which was even higher than during wartime. The Italians were distributing food there and in Lissa, and the following translation of an order of the commandant at the latter place gives an unexpected sidelight on the motives behind that apparently humanitarian action:

Detachment Headquarters, Marma, Lissa.

Lissa, 24th December, 1918. No. 100 of the Protocol.

To the Mayor of Lissa.

Subject: Prohibition of the distribution of food.

I inform your excellency that by higher command distribution is prohibited of food or provisions which have not been sent from Italy or Allied ports or ports of the United States of America. Exception is only made in the case of food actually in the stores of the Commune or already on the way. Private persons are permitted to acquire and sell.

Il Tenente de Vascello Commandante,

ETTORE SPORTIELLO.

There was extreme privation throughout the islands during the whole winter, and the grave step of prohibiting importations from nearby Slav territory simply shows that the Italians thought their case so weak that they preferred to cut off food than to allow any intercourse on the part of the islanders with their compatriots on the mainland.

Unfortunately, the Italians did not limit themselves to this type of propaganda, but concluded to rid the country of as many of the intelligent and leading Slavs as they

could get their hands on, either in the occupied territory or beyond the line of demarcation. These they deported to prisons in Nocera, Venice, Sardinia and Sicily. The total of several hundred included important Dalmatians such as Monsignor Mahnitch, Bishop of Veglia, carried off from his see and interned at Frascati for daring to report to the Peace Conference Italy's treatment of members of his flock, Dr. J. Mochiedo, Chairman of the Educational Committee of the Dalmatian Diet, at least four other deputies, several dozen Orthodox and Roman Catholic priests, besides professors, school-masters, lawyers, judges, and anyone else of Slav blood whose education made him influential against the Italian attempt to overawe the country. A dose of Italian rule that could go such lengths while still hampered by nominal interallied oversight has convinced the Dalmatians that if Italy is allowed to establish herself in their land they will simply have exchanged the Austrians for new and more rigorous alien masters. (The census of 1910 showed 2.8 per cent of the population of Dalmatia to be Italian, 96.2 per cent Jugoslav.)

The Italian blockade was enforced in reverse order also, and in a most canny manner. At any time last winter you could buy in Belgrad all the fresh Sicilian oranges and lemons you wanted; and there were chestnuts and olives and occasionally other Italian products. But of such things as shoes or cloth there were none, of English or French newspapers or magazines or trade-bulletins there were none, even of letters or telegrams originating in western Europe there were none. The condition was merely the reflection of the whip-hand held by Italy at Trieste and Fiume, where the only goods or mail that were allowed to pass through were those originating in Italy. It was an effective step in the plan of Italian trade imperialism, of which ownership of Trieste and Fiume and the economic starvation of the latter in favor of the more Italian Trieste would be the culmination.

Another example of the arbitrary blockade powers assumed by Italy will be particularly interesting to Americans. On February 22nd, 1919, the American Relief Administration in Belgrad received information that the food situation at Ljubljana (Laibach), the chief Slovenian city, was extremely critical and that people were actually

dying of starvation in the neighboring country. Investigation on the spot showed that the seriousness of the condition was not exaggerated, and the head of the Relief Administration in Belgrad ordered an emergency shipment of 400 metric tons of flour, about 40 car-loads, to be hurried up to Ljubljana from Trieste. The flour in question was the property of the American Government and had been sent to Trieste for disposition by the Relief Administration. Ljubljana is only 90 miles from Trieste, and only 20 miles beyond the line of Italian occupation. But so effectively was that little emergency shipment blocked that after two weeks of violent effort on the part of our Relief Administration officials at Trieste it had not even been wholly disembarked, much less started on its journey. In the meantime swarms of Italian troops were daily being disembarked at Trieste with all their supplies and impedimenta; machine-gun battalions and field artillery arrived and were distributed in no time, field-kitchens and field-hospitals were landed in flocks, and thousands of camions and ambulances filled in an almost unbroken mass the whole stretch between Trieste and the Jugoslav frontier, while every siding held its lines of armored trains and railway artillery. What for? To threaten and starve the same Jugoslavs whom Orlando a little more than a year before had hailed at the Congress of Rome as brothers in the work of dissolving the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Italy's commercial, political and military animosity toward her new neighbor has been equally varied and aggressive. In the opinion of the writer, the Italian policy of strengthening Jugoslavia's enemies will end by being as disastrous to the political fortunes of Italy as her economic policy will be to her trade. If her political plans collapse, Italy's prestige in the Balkans will suffer a humiliating eclipse; if they are successful to the extent of provoking new intra-Balkan wars, will she herself be able to remain outside, or, granting the Italian masses allow their government to engage in an imperialistic war, can her forces beat the Serbs and the Greeks, even with the aid of Bulgaria or Roumania?

The ring drawn by Italy is very nearly complete. Around the circle hemming in Belgrad,—Austria, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, Macedonia, Albania,—the

only opening through which a friendly hand reaches toward the Jugoslavs is on the frontier of Greece, a companion because she also conflicts with the dream of Italian hegemony in the Near East.

Immediately after the Armistice Italian political and commercial agents reached Vienna and Budapest. In February Prince Livio Borghese, formerly Secretary of the Italian Embassy in London, arrived in Belgrad bearing letters of credence as Minister to the King of Serbia. Serbia as Serbia was no longer existent, being merged in the new Jugoslav state of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, and at first it seemed as though the arrival of Prince Borghese was merely a petty way of baiting the Jugoslav Government; but it soon developed that a much more ambitious plan was afoot. Borghese's arrival had been simultaneous with an Italian proposal that an interallied committee take over the operation of the Fiume-Agram-Budapest railway, the chairman of this committee to be the Italian Director of Transportation at Fiume. Not only would the plan have put this vital railway in the power of the Italians should they undertake operations against the Jugoslavs, but it would also have given them direct access to Hungary. The latter was the concern of Prince Borghese. On March 15th, he left Belgrad for Budapest, where on arrival he entered into the closest relations with the Magyar Bolshevik Government. And there he remained as confidential adviser to Bela Kun throughout the Red massacres and rioting, throughout the threats and attacks on the French and British military missions (but not the Italian), throughout the fighting with Roumania. How much Borghese had to do with the sale of arms by Italy to the Kun Government is problematical; but sales there were, one shipment consisting of about ninety guns, the majority of them field-pieces.

Austria has been the object of even more attention from Italy than Hungary. The Italian ambition is to detach Slovenia from Jugoslavia and add her to the new Austrian state, which is comparatively weak and which Italy expects to dominate in a trade way through her ownership of Trieste and Fiume. French policy also rather favors such a territorial readjustment, as an inducement to Austria to avoid union with Germany. There is strong reason for believing that in pursuit of this plan Italy was success-

ful in persuading Austria to an attack on the Jugoslavs in Carinthia the second of May last. The result was obtained largely through clandestinely supplying the Austrians with arms and ammunition, these being sent by rail from Trieste and other points in the Italian zone. The trains were ostensibly food trains, but in a number of well-known instances were found to be loaded with supplies for the Austrians to make war on the Jugoslavs.

Details of two arms shipments come from a Serbian source, and are not therefore put down as unimpeachable, but they are believed by the writer to be true because they are in accord with similar undertakings known to have originated in Trieste. Near Innsbruck, it seems, is the small military railway-station of Hötting, which is under the control of the Italian Army Corps stationed at Innsbruck. On April 23rd, 1919, two carloads of grenades were shipped from Hötting, escorted by 20 Italian soldiers, and accompanied by regular railroad shipping-papers inscribed *"Armee Korps waffendepot Innsbruck."* The original shipping-papers, showing that one carload weighed 7,297 kilograms, the other 11,130 kilograms, eventually came into the possession of the Serbian authorities. The destination of the shipment was Graz, in Styria. The next day, four carloads of gas-bombs were despatched under convoy of Italian soldiers and destined for Niklasdorf, near Leoben, Styria, where was located the main depot of the Austrian army facing the Jugoslavs along the Carinthian front. On May 2nd, the Austrian offensive began and lasted ten days.

The extent to which during these operations the Austrian military were given advantage of the information about Jugoslav movements obtained by Italian spies in Croatia is shown by a document found in Klagenfurt after its evacuation by the Austrians. This document, dated May 28th, 1919, is addressed to the Austrian Commander-in-Chief at Klagenfurt and is signed by one Rimitz, for the commander of the Austrian detachment at Villach. After reporting in detail some information which had been obtained by an Austrian reconnaissance party, the letter states that a copy of the report "has been sent to the Italian officer at Tarvis, Lieutenant Parenti." From the paragraph immediately following it is seen that Lieutenant Parenti paid for this information in kind:

Lieutenant Parenti reports: A Serbian Division entered Kisenkappel at 12 o'clock. After taking possession of the town the Division was divided, one brigade being sent toward Kuhnsdorf, the second toward Villach. The enemy had much Field Artillery. The total strength on the Kaerntner front is 20-25,000 men. The Italian combat force is able to march in 5 hours.

The Italian lieutenant seems to be in no doubt as to who is " the enemy."

Let us now look a little more to the east in our rapid swing around the Balkans. There is no necessity of detailing here the arguments over the division between Roumania, Jugoslavia and Hungary of that racial *macédoine* known as the Banat of Temesvár. The problem of the Banat does not contain insurmountable difficulties once the fact is accepted that in any partition there are bound to be racial minorities left under foreign rule. Roumania and Serbia have never in history been avowed enemies, and at one time early last spring the two countries had reached an independent agreement on the Banat. But it was soon repudiated by Roumania under pressure from Italy, who agreed to support extreme Roumanian claims in order that a slice might be cut off Jugoslavia and with the idea of keeping the two neighbors from a rapprochement. By May Roumania's attitude had so far changed that she was threatening the Serbian representative at Bucharest with war unless the settlement proposed by the Peace Conference was made more favorable to Roumania. Italy's part in the affair is analogous in aim to her well-known dickering with Hungary at the expense of the Czechs; it will be remembered that while the Italian officers whom Czecho-Slovakia had mistakenly allowed to take charge of her army were engaged in a political intrigue at Budapest, the Hungarian Bolshevist troops turned suddenly and inflicted on the Czechs a tremendous drubbing. Allied plans went all askew, and Italy's standing in Czecho-Slovakia went to zero; but Czecho-Slovakia is beyond even the Italian horizon, and Italy had succeeded admirably in saving her promising protègé Hungary from further territorial diminishments in that direction.

Regarding Italy's liaison with Bulgaria it may be said that it is based on immediate and concrete considerations of give-and-take as well as on plans for the future. Bulgaria was left at the end of the war in a better condition physically and financially than any other state in the Balkans. She was dis-

credited but by no means impotent, and Italy hastened to make her a friend.

In Paris, Italian friendship took the form of constant pressure on the part of the " Consulta " to lessen the punishment to be meted out to Bulgaria; on the spot, it took a form which two incidents will suffice to illustrate. The Greek Government last May accumulated proofs that a total of 5,000 Bulgarian prisoners-of-war, held in Macedonia prison camps in charge of Italian troops, had been sent back across the border under cover of Italian uniforms and in Italian trains. The other incident concerns the breech-blocks of the Bulgarian cannon, which were exacted by the Allies as guarantees of good faith and deposited in the custody of the Italian troops at Saloniki. The Allies suddenly woke up to the fact that the breech-blocks were no longer there, and, strangely enough, the disabled Bulgarian guns about that time took the field again in complete condition. As a result of such favors, all the Balkan countries look upon Bulgaria as the firmest friend Italy has in the Near East, and include her coöperation in their forecasts of any Italian move.

From Bulgaria it is a short jump across Macedonia to Albania, where Italian predominance and ambition are too well known to need elaboration. Alike from east and west Serbian Macedonia is unceasingly subjected to a series of marauding expeditions. On the one side the Bulgarian bands of " komitadji " have been increasingly active lately, only last August having blown up one of the bridges on the Belgrad-Saloniki railway which had just been repaired and re-opened after months of labor. These " komitadji " are well-organized, maintain central headquarters in Sofia, and have a large number of arms depots. It is illuminating to note that the arms found on those captured have usually been of Italian origin. Certainly their coöperation has been extremely close with the bands operating from the west out of Italian Albania, the aim of Italy being to squeeze Macedonia between a pair of nut-crackers, cutting Jugoslavia off from a southern outlet and separating her from Greece.

All that Italy would some day accomplish as " protector " of Albania she dreams also of achieving in Montenegro. From her determination to see Montenegro feeble and dependent, rather than a part of a prosperous new state, spring almost all the troubles which are keeping that prov-

ince in confusion. The vast majority of Montenegrins are for union with their Serb kinsmen in the Jugoslav state which for so long has been the ideal of their common poets and historians; they are through with ex-King Nicholas as well as his son, who spent most of the war in Viennese cabarets; they share with the Dalmatians the fear of Italian exploitation just as together they used to hate Austrian exploitation; they long for peace and demobilization and a chance to get back to the patch of land which every Montenegrin owns. These facts are attested and re-attested by every unbiased American and British observer who has been into Montenegro. They remain facts in spite of the activities of hangers-on and *anciens ministres* of the late ruling family, in spite of the turmoils financed through agents like Plamanatz and executed by bands shipped across the Adriatic to Virpazar or Antivari or one of the other ports held by the Italians.

But Montenegro and Southern Dalmatia play a small role compared to Fiume in the overshadowing discussion of essential Jugoslav outlets on the Adriatic. Surprise is sometimes expressed that Europe should stand almost breathless while Italy and Jugoslavia endanger the peace of the world for the sake of possessing a small city in which the two nationalities are about evenly divided. The answer is that Fiume is a port which, from the Jugoslav point of view, has no substitute, which holds for them the key of long-promised economic liberty,—a port which, from the Italian point of view, would in other hands menace their exploitation of the Balkans and dangerously rival their own Trieste.

It is not proposed even to summarize here the economic, racial and historical arguments of either side. It need only be said that close observation in Fiume and disinterested inquiry among all parties—" Independent Fiume ", Italian, Croat, and Hungarian,—lead to the conviction that, despite propagandists, neither Italians nor Jugoslavs possess a majority, that the only clear majority is in favor of an independent buffer state under international guarantees, but that failing this, the desire is for a " free port " under mandatory of Italy or Jugoslavia. It is significant that the " Independent Party," whose desire for autonomy is based less on historical traditions than on hard, matter-of-fact trade calculations, prefer the Jugoslav to the Italian flag.

It is difficult to answer the Jugoslavs when they ask why

Fiume entered into Italian national aspirations so late in the day, why even the Treaty of London expressly recognized (Par. 5) that "the whole coast of Croatia, *the port of Fiume,* and the small ports of Novi and Carlopago, *shall be included in the territory of Croatia.*" They ask if it is not because Italy aspires to starve out healthy competition, to dominate the Adriatic and the Eastern Mediterranean, to corner all lines of communication from Western Europe to Jugoslavia and the East, and to play her game in the Balkans holding all the aces.

The question of the final success or failure of the Jugoslav experiment is not one in which Americans take only the platonic interest of having furnished a large part of the inspiration and initial assistance. The world has just been through one war (and America found she was not exempt), which caught fire from a Balkan conflict born of political bullying and trade imperialism. The Balkan countries are past the African Gold Coast era, when a foreign Power could gag their outlets, exploit their almost untouched resources, and in return satisfy the inhabitants with a few glass beads. Jugoslavia holds the elements of success and prosperity, the promise of developing into a great stabilizing influence in that danger-region of European politics. But she must have a helping hand and a fair chance to work out her own salvation. If she is denied that chance, if the hands of the older countries are found to be against her, the result will be another war, another struggle for economic liberty. That is not a threat; it is a certainty.

HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG.

AN ADRIATIC CRUISE

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

CURIOUSLY enough, it was in the summer of the Armistice that I first realized my life-long dream of a "cruise" along the shores of Dalmatia; and in the trend of what unforeseen and unimaginable events! It was the strangest of all cruises; and I remember that one June morning, as I stood on an Italian destroyer in the harbor of Spalato, within a stone's throw of Admiral Andrews's flagship and surrounded by many grey units of the Allies' fleets; as I looked across the water into Diocletian's pleasure palace and down the shore toward the fairy-like city of Trau—so graceful and fragile that it, too, might be called, like the island settlement in the bay, a "Little Venice"—I found myself wishing that I were again on the deck of my friends' sloop in Eggemoggin Reach where I used to lie and dream of sailing among the islands of the Quarnero and down the Adriatic to Cattaro and Corfu.

Because, for all the fascination of my Adriatic cruise, when I sailed on ships of every shape and every degree of comfort down to zero; when I went on shore among people of many races—strange types out of the Orient mingling in the streets with our boys from Kansas and Nebraska; black Senegalese keeping guard in front of orange-colored villas (not ebony slaves in the service of grand ladies, as in old paintings, but armed representatives of France); the ancient race of the Morlacchi, in the gorgeous colors of their embroidered and hand-woven garments, dancing in the village square; red-capped Serbs on top of the high fortress walls of Ragusa that rise from the sea and close in about groups of Slavic people buying and selling under the shadow of sculptured facades of Italian workmanship; long-robed Croatian priests acting as custodians of relics of imperial Rome—in spite of all this variety and charm

and the beauty of mountains and sea, I found life more than ever perplexing, bewildering, insolvable. The chaotic condition of the Adriatic weighed upon the spirit.

For on those shores the armistice had not prepared the way for peace but for a new form of war. It was not that every port had assumed a warlike aspect, the Allies having sent their fleets to occupy every harbor—the Americans at Spalato, the French and Serbians at Ragusa, the English at Cattaro, the Italians at Zara and Sebenico, and all of them together at Fiume. Even at Venice, where the four groups of Italian ships were alone throughout the war, moving in and out with military precision from their anchorage in the lagoons to their work of eternal vigilance in open sea, there was a less striking show of war during the conflict than after the armistice, when battleships of Great Britain and France and America and Japan entered the Great Basin and a British submarine raised its mysterious head between the campaniles of San Marco and San Giorgio Maggiore. But the enemy fleet lay captive; and these signs of war were in reality the seal of peace. The new form of war was silent and invisible. It was a conflict of age-old traditions, of deep-seated allegiances, of racial instincts, of national pride and aspirations, of ambitions and hopes and resentments and affiliations—all the elements of past and future wars, there where the blue waters shine with such exceeding brilliance and bright green shores climb up the hill-sides till they lose their color in the greys and golden browns of the rugged mountain range.

Sailing along the steep shores of Istria (the first lap of my cruise) toward Fiume and the Julian Alps, one passes innumerable villages perched high on the hills or clinging to the low shores, every one raising an Italian campanile as a signpost of its civilization. And already in these sparkling waters, with the old intoxication of the sea stirring one's blood, the complex problem was wedging itself into one's thoughts, preventing the carefree mood of happy sailing days. The campaniles gave to every grey village the appearance of a fragment of Venice. Yet I knew that farther inland there were Slavic churches. I had seen them in the interior, and their resemblance to the small churches of Germany had reminded me of the frequent comment upon the Croatians of this region, that they are the most

Germanized of all the Slavs. Here was another simple fact to increase the complexity of the problem!

As we made our way between the rugged shore and the purple islands, past many-colored Abbazzia lying so low in the curve of the hills that it seemed to be floating on the waters of the bay, the cloud-topped Julian Alps were ahead of us, stretching down from the misty north and dropping their clear, sharp cliffs into the sea, and nearer, circling its harbor and wandering back among the hills, the town of Fiume. And now again the beauty of the sight was disturbed with questionings. Surely those mountains made a natural wall for Italy. It was there, we remembered, that Dante had placed the boundary of his country. That mountain range had served the ancient Romans for a wall of defense. We remembered that to the patriots who created the modern nation, United Italy was to extend to the Julian Alps—beyond Fiume. Nature, it was clear, was on their side. A society of nations might make the argument of natural boundaries seem antiquated: the West might no longer need to protect its civilization by keeping out the East. But there is something compelling beyond argument in the aspect of nature's previsions: and we entered the city convinced that Fiume and her port were but incidents compared with the enduring fact of that mountain range.

But once in Fiume, all that was changed. There one was aware of the immediate human problem. The architecture might be Venetian or southern Slav; the mountains might stand firm or perish; the claims of human beings must be settled on other grounds. Indeed, as one descends the coast, although nature and architecture combine into an ever clearer and more convincing argument, the prospect of a just settlement seems to grow fainter and farther away.

At Fiume we took ship to Spalato. Searching for sailings to Dalmatian ports, we found but one, a small French liner bound for Spalato; whereupon Spalato became our destination. The rest we left to fate. Indeed, our cruise was less a cruise than a journey of vagabonds. And yet not that either; for while at times we were begging passage on any tub afloat, at another time we sailed on a finely equipped destroyer where a faultless table d'hôte in the cabin was followed by cigars and liqueurs on deck under

a canopy, where we might sit on the high bridge beside the pilot and the Commander with a chart in front of the window through which we watched a swiftly changing panorama of sea and headlands and straits and wooded shores; where but for the Italian commander's tales of dangerous encounters near this island or that as we passed them one would have forgotten that there had been a war and that Italy had become all but bankrupt thereby.

Starting in the late afternoon on the little French steamer, we had soon passed the famous Rock of Saint Mark, the last buttress of the Julian Alps rising from the sea. In the opinion of the Italians who oppose the acquisition of Dalmatia, this *Rocco di San Marco* is the rightful outpost of Italy. We steamed on between the two large islands of the Quarnero, Veglia and Cherso, and among many smaller islands floating on a many-colored sea. We sailed on into the night. That the voyage was made at night, regrettable as it was, furnished proof of the strategic value of this coast. From Venice to Pola, from Pola to Fiume, no steamer yet ventured in the dark over Austrian mines. But the entire eastern shore is one long harbor, from which submarines could be excluded and where there was no need of mines. It was a free operating base for the Austrian fleet. Italians told us of their amazement all through the war at the sight of ships of ammunition moving down inside the islands, quite unmolested, protected by the only kind of wall effective in modern warfare.

In the morning we found ourselves in the harbor of Spalato, amid crowds of vessels and fishing smacks and close to the palace of Diocletian inside of which the town is built. In recent times the city has spread out beyond the limits of the palace to form a new quarter which contrasts strangely with the older town embedded curiously in crumbling walls, Roman arches and towers rising beside the doorways or within the courtyards of dwelling houses. Yet even now the windows of Diocletian's dwelling house, in the long wall that faces the quay, look out from the most desirable apartments in Spalato. "Only the rich can live there," a plain citizen informed us.

One's thoughts may escape for a moment from the conflict of races to dwell with pleasure upon the splendor of Diocletian's halls and courts and baths and gardens and temples and theatres. But close upon that reflection presses

the sombre story of the parasite settlement. A massacre of the Christian inhabitants of the neighboring city of Salona, during inroads of barbarians, had driven the surviving population to seek refuge in the islands. Up to that time, it seems, the famous palace had stood intact, respected alike by builders and barbarians. But now these exiles from Salona, lured by the love of home, ventured back to the mainland and fortified themselves inside the spacious palace, in its lofty towers and vast subterranean crypts. Hence, perhaps, the origin of the name, Spalato, *ex palatio,* built out of a palace.

Much of the palace still remains—the Golden Gate, the Peristyle, walls and arches and cornices and sculptured vaultings, the Temple which served the Christians for a baptistry, and the octagonal Mausoleum transformed into a Christian church. Hidden away in the narrow streets, and often lost to the visitor, are beauties of architecture of many types and periods, and in the square by the Duomo, adorned with the impressive peristyle and overtopped by a campanile that must have been beautiful indeed before its unhappy restoration, one might study the art of Italy in every stage from imperial Rome, through the honest crudities of early Christian carving, on to higher types of workmanship, until, in the sculptures of Giorgio di Sebenico, one is in the full tide of the Renaissance. The Public Hall is Venetian Gothic—and if, in our brief visit, we failed to discover all the types and all the treasures, it was perhaps because our guide, the Curator of the Museum, spent the time recounting his trip to Paris and reviewing the arguments he had presented there for the Slavs against the Latins.

By the kindness of an American officer we were driven by motor to Salona and thence to Trau. The young marine who acted as chauffeur was full of enthusiasm for the beauty of the country. "If you will stay another day," he said, "I will show you scenery that will put the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in the shade." And as we looked into the mountains, rising one above another, higher and higher against the sky, we could almost believe him.

Here we were beyond the limits of Italy's official claim, which includes only the northern section of Dalmatia as far as Sebenico, but well within the boundary set up by Gabriele D'Annunzio, whose desire is to "redeem" the farthest shore washed by the Adriatic Sea. Spalato became a sore spot

after the Armistice, and Prof. Danielli's report on the treatment of Italians by Serbs and Croats in that region did much to strengthen the D'Annunzio party. We saw few Italians, though the books in the chief store in the chief city square attested their presence. There was reason enough for their keeping quiet, if Prof. Danielli's account is true. Now, since the American occupation, it was the Slavic population who were always at swords' points with one another. "We are called upon to settle some dispute nearly every day," they told us. "It is petty warfare all the time."

These Slavic people, it became clear on questioning them, want neither Italy nor Serbia to control them. They want to govern themselves. To place unwilling Italians under the Croatians and then turn unwilling Croatians over to Serbia seems a poor solution of the problem. A better one must be found if that righteous dream of Tommaseo and other Italian patriots of Dalmatia is to be realized—a friendly union between Italy and the southern Slavs.

We discussed the situation, at different places along the coast, with the younger officers of our American ships. It was clear that to them the problem of the Adriatic is not properly a problem but a condition. It is that there, among those ancient races, the Past looms up like an ogre to combat the Present and defeat the Future. These American boys see no virtue in the past. They scorn tradition; and their familiarity with the facts of history is not their outstanding trait. "Italy," said one of them, "has never done any good to the world. She has done only harm." Because the Croatians have little to their credit except hopes for the future, it is only a square deal, they think, to give them their turn upon this soil, even if their instincts should lead them to tear down the beautiful stones of Venice, in Ragusa, in Zara, in Trau and Sebenico. Moreover, the free and easy ways of the Jugoslavs are more pleasing to the average young American than the more conventional ways of the Italians. An anecdote may give a clue to their state of mind:

"I liked the Italians at first," a young lieutenant said, "but never again!" And then he told us how once in Pola he had come into possession of a rare treasure, a Virginia ham. What should he do with it? He bethought himself of two girls he knew, an Italian and a Jugoslav. He knew them equally well and liked them equally, so that it was impossible to choose between them. He therefore cut the

ham into two equal parts and sent one-half to each of them. The result was fatal to the national aspirations of Italy! The Italian girl wrote him a charming note, polite and appreciative, but somewhat formal. The Jugoslav invited him to dinner and gave him some of the ham!

Less weighty reasons have been known to determine national sympathies. But whatever may have been the cause, the fact was plain that not only the Americans but the French and English in the disputed territory were openly sympathetic with Jugoslavia and hostile to Italy. There is little doubt that for the French and British, financial interests were at stake. For one reason or another, they were manifesting a more friendly interest in the race that tore down the Lion of Saint Mark from the wall in Spalato than for the people who had placed it there on a monument of their own heritage.

The little French steamer took us on to Ragusa. If Spalato is the most interesting of Dalmatian cities to the student of art and history; if Zara is the most modern, the most Italian, the most civilized; if Sebenico treasures the loveliest specimens of architecture and Cattaro has the most magnificent natural setting, Ragusa is the most fascinating, as it has always been the most independent of them all.

Shut into its blue harbor by the island of Locroma, the gray walls of the proud city of Ragusa rise straight out of the sea, curve gracefully around the shore and climb the hills to vine-hung battlemented towers that stand out above the orange roofs of the town against the solid rock of its mountain background, and fold in the houses clinging to it with a protection that seems inviolable. Yet Ragusa is an undefended city. Those marvelous mighty walls that seem impregnable have been reduced by modern methods to the sentimental rôle of the picturesque. Peaceful and picturesque as it is, and lacking the scars of war that one finds at Pola and Cattaro, Ragusa has the appearance of a war-scene on the stage. High up against the sky the Serbian guard pace back and forth, and squads of them are seen marching here and there through the sunny streets. Tier upon tier of dwelling-houses cling to the strong rock of the fortress wall, stair upon stair leads past them to the railed walk along the top and to the broad roofs of the flanking towers, and from the points of outlook as one ascends, the wide sea-view grows more and more

superb. Nothing could surpass the panorama of sea and rockbound islands from this height; while near at hand is the yellow and orange city glowing in the sunshine, with the dark blue waves washing its foundations far, far below and making a thin white line along the shore. And always close at hand, the red-capped guard, now silent and sullen, now friendly and talkative, their swarthy faces and their crosses and medals and ribbons telling more than words of the life they have been leading.

If Ragusa always refused to acknowledge the Venetian Doges, she cannot deny the testimony of the municipal hall, of the *dogana,* of the churches, of the delicate cloisters, all of which belong to the best traditions of Italian art. They contrast strangely with the semi-barbaric costumes and objets d'art that one finds in the streets to-day. The Croats sit in the market place, while columns and façades of Venetian Gothic, with their exquisite traceries, rise up against the over-towering hills under the southern sky.

Here there was hatred of Serbia deeper than hatred of Italy. It was at Ragusa that the Serbian chiefs, coming in immediately after the armistice, appropriated the contents of the treasury in the name of Jugoslavia, to the great indignation of the citizens.

Along the shore that stretches out beyond the city walls are many Italian villas set down among extensive gardens—terrace above terrace, pergola beyond pergola. Many had been deserted by their proprietors, and their vines were running riot; but flowers bloomed in profusion, while above them a fringe of olive orchards hung from the bare mountain heights and below them a sapphire sea dashed against yellow cliffs.

From the picturesque beauty of Ragusa we were plunged again into the turmoil of the Adriatic problem. For on the Italian destroyer which bore us northward to Zara, there was a group of many-minded persons. There was a major of the English army, a correspondent of the London *Times,* an Austrian officer returned from service in Herzogovina, an Italian citizen of Spalato with his little daughter, the Commander of the ship, and two open-minded Americans. Discussion ran high, literature and maps were evoked from handbags; and on the narrow deck of that gray warship opinions had free airing. Only the citizen of Spalato remained silent and withdrawn within himself. He

had the air of one to whom all words seem light. But now and then, on the edge of the group, he broke his silence and, in a few patient words, revealed his feeling. His little girl was as gay and pretty as her father was sober and plain. She wore her Italian colors proudly. There were no shadows in her sparkling eyes.

Wherever we met officers of the Italian navy we encountered the growing influence of D'Annunzio. He had become a hero three months before he led his army of volunteers into Fiume, and already his principle of non-renunciation had made compromise seem weakness. The navy was still smarting under the humiliation of having lost the Austrian fleet to Jugoslavia, an unexpected twist of fortune for which they blamed the French. A part of the fleet had been given over later and had been led captive into the harbor of Venice, where the King received them with proper ceremony. But the harm had been done to a sensitive people. And similar wrongs were multiplied before our eyes. Ever since the Allies conceived the possibility of destroying Austria-Hungary from within, Italy's share of the war and of the victory had been minimized. And though she had fought on in good faith and in the battles of the Piave and Vittorio Veneto had won overwhelming victories against an unbroken defense, as the number of her dead proves, the new nations which were parcels of Italy's ancient enemy had been " taken up " by France and England and America and by the same token Italy had been " dropped." It was not strange that in these waters the Italians held aloof while the others fraternized with the Jugoslavs.

Notwithstanding all this, our reception at Zara was friendly and cordial and Admiral Millo and the officers about him were in the best of spirits. Coming to Zara from the southern shore was like returning from some strange, semi-oriental land into the heart of Italy. Not the buildings alone, but the life of the streets, the shops, the boats along the shore, the people, the Venetian dialect, books, newspapers, the food one ate and the wine one drank, everything was Italian. Three days of radiant weather in Zara made one almost forget—many things. One could have believed everything settled harmoniously and peace established; and we were ready to accept the statement, because all appearances confirmed it, that the recipe for propaganda among those officers called for but one ingredient, *cortesia.*

A motor trip into the mountains revealed new beauties of the scene in which a drama of new nations and old was being acted. Through miles of level, fertile fields; past deep estuaries which bend in among the hills to form sapphire streams and lakes between the lowlands of emerald and the gray and purple heights beyond; up and up over the solid road, deeper and deeper into the mountains; climbing to a towered village that hung above our heads only to look down upon it a few minutes later as a tiny picture in the distance below; whirling around dizzy curves at a dizzy speed; we reached at length the top of the mountain pass where a mammoth slab of granite marks the confines of Croatia; then down again in a breathless descent, along the edge of precipices and under jagged overhanging cliffs, with a brief respite in the village of the Morlacchi where we walked about for a time among the villagers.

From Zara we returned to Pola on a destroyer of the newest type, where for once we knew luxury on the Adriatic; where life ran as merrily as on any pleasure yacht, and the rotten, roofless craft on which I had spent one whole day in the rain was forgotten, and the stories of threadbare escapes from the Austrians in this same destroyer among these sun-bathed islands seemed to belong to a bygone age. Yet even here there was but one subject uppermost in the minds of all, but one discussion always to the fore, but one immediate problem seeking solution; though these Italian officers were able to throw it aside for hours of lively badinage. It was always there, however, behind wit and anecdote. And as we crossed to Venice the next day, our memory of their gaiety was troubled with thoughts of what the future might hold.

No myriad laughter of blue and silver waves, no splendor of cliffs and mountains, but only the patience and good will of men can lift the burden from the shores of the Adriatic Sea.

GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER.

FRANCE'S "PRISONER OF THE REPUBLIC"

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE
Editor-in-Chief of *Le Matin*

On Saturday, the seventeenth of January, 1920, the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies of France, united as the National Assembly at Versailles, elected the tenth President of the French Republic. The world expected the election of M. Clemenceau; but the representatives of France chose M. Paul Deschanel. And, for France as well as for the world, it seems that their choice was good . . . .

But, before anything else, let us first see just what is a President of the Republic in France.

" I do not know," M. Raymond Poincaré said to me one day, " if I shall ever write my mémoires of the presidency, but if I do, I know what I shall call them. I will borrow the title of Silvio Pellico—' My Prisons.' "

Can it be true that the Elysée is really a dungeon? Let us look at the premises—and especially at the bars.

At first glance, the fence appears to be made of gold, and the prisoner seems to dispose of a multitude of prerogatives. " The President of the Republic, concurrently with the members of the two Chambers, has the right to propose laws . . . . He promulgates the laws when they have been voted . . . . He can, for a given reason, demand of the two Chambers a reconsideration which cannot be refused . . . . He can, with the consent of the Senate, dissolve the Chamber of Deputies before the legal expiration of its term . . . . He can adjourn the Chambers . . . . He has the right of granting pardons . . . . He disposes of the Army. He makes all civil and military appointments. He presides at national ceremonies: the ministers and ambassadors of foreign Powers are accredited to him . . . . He negotiates and ratifies treaties. He gives notice of them to the Parliament, as soon as the interest and the safety of the State permit . . . . " What

rights! What powers! Seven articles of two constitutional laws (those of February 25 and July 16, 1873) are insufficient to enumerate them . . . .

Yes, but two lines and fourteen words are enough to annul them all. *"Every act of the President of the Republic must be signed by a minister."* (Law of February 25, 1875. Art. 3 *in fine.*) Thus, for each law suggested or promulgated, the signature of a minister; to communicate with the Chambers, a minister; to grant a pardon, the opinion of a minister; to appoint a second lieutenant or a teacher, the consent of a minister; to preside at a ceremony, the presence of a minister; to negotiate a treaty, the approval of a minister. The minister is the true guardian of the Constitution: but, gradually, tradition has made of the guardian a jailer. It has become the rule that the President of the Republic cannot correspond freely with foreign sovereigns without first submitting his letter for the approval of his Minister of Foreign Affairs. It has become the rule that the President of the Republic cannot deliver a speech at the unveiling of a statue without first submitting the speech to his Prime Minister, to obtain his consent.

"It is useless," M. Clemenceau told M. Poincaré one day, "for you to send me the text of your speeches in advance. I never read them until after you deliver them. I have confidence in you . . . ."

But if he had not had confidence!

Tradition and the law assign to these ministers the rôle of guardian, but can the President of the Republic at least choose them freely?

Theoretically, yes, because *"he makes all civil and military appointments."* Practically, no, since *"each of his acts must be signed by a minister."*

It is therefore the Prime Minister who signs the nomination of the ministers. In fact, it is he who chooses them: he merely presents them to the President of the Republic after he has made his choice.

The Prime Minister alone is freely chosen by the head of the State. This has become practically his sole prerogative. Statistics show that he uses it about once a year: M. Raymond Poincaré, for instance, out of 2,556 days of his presidency, has had exactly ten days of absolute power. But, even from these ten days, must be subtracted the occasion when, finding himself in the presence of a Prime Minis-

ter who has been head of a cabinet that has resigned without being repudiated by a vote of Parliament, he was obliged to offer him the formation of the new cabinet! And then there was the opinion of the President of the Senate, the opinion of the President of the Chamber of Deputies, and the opinion—astonishing thing!—of the retiring Prime Minister who, no longer possessing either authority or power, has nevertheless the power and the authority to designate his successor.

But that is not all. The President of the Republic cannot choose his guardians freely, but neither can he communicate with them freely. Possessing all privileges, he has not the privilege of interesting himself in the affairs of State except in the measure that his Prime Minister is willing for him to do so. Where are the affairs of State carried on? At the cabinet meetings. And who calls the cabinet meetings? Not the President of the Republic, but the Prime Minister. He calls it when and as it suits his convenience, once every three months if that suits his convenience.

There have even been Prime Ministers who did not notify the President of the Republic that he was to preside at a cabinet meeting. He learned it through a note of the Havas agency—and that was all!

In fact, the President of the Republic—at times one is tempted to call him the Prisoner of the Republic—cannot breathe air that is not allowed him, cannot see light that is not filtered to him, cannot go out without a companion, cannot write without revision, cannot speak without censorship, cannot sign a document without another signature beside his own, cannot defend himself before the Parliament or before public opinion. The maximum to which he can aspire is to be the well-informed adviser of the ministers; the minimum expected of him, is to be the impartial arbiter of the parties.

Now let us see if M. Clemenceau would have been the ideal President of the Republic . . . .

M. Clemenceau, of all the statesmen of the Third Republic, has the most magnificent qualities and the most terrible defects.

The whole world knows his qualities. They are rare in a democracy: they are will and energy. When, at the moment of coming into power, in the dark days of 1917, M. Clemenceau said: *" Je fais la guerre,"* he told the truth.

And he did wage the war, with all his will, with all his energy, carrying along all the energies, galvanizing the determination of the whole nation. It is he who brought about the unity of command and who insisted upon Foch as commander-in-chief, because he had the will to win the war. It is he who, in the still darker days of May 1918, when the Germans were at Chateau-Thierry, fifty kilometres from Paris, protected Foch and the army while the army and Foch were protecting the capital. "We will win," he exclaimed in open Parliament, "if the public powers are at the height of their task. I will fight in front of Paris, I will fight at Paris, I will fight behind Paris." And he would have kept his word, because to the bottom of his soul he was imbued with the great Napoleonic precept: "In war, no one is vanquished except he who believes himself beaten." And he had the grim determination to believe that his country was not beaten, would not be beaten, could not be beaten. By his will, by his energy, Clemenceau won the war and saved France.

But he also has terrible faults. The worst of all is that he never considers the problems of this world except under their human aspect, and he does not judge humans except from the angle of his personal likes and dislikes. For two years, he riddled the President of the Republic with his sarcasms, because the President of the Republic was M. Raymond Poincaré, who has never been part of his clan or his entourage: and he commenced to render justice to M. Poincaré only from the day when the latter called him to power. For two years, he either attacked or disparaged the Minister of War, because the Minister of War was M. Millerand, who no longer was a part of his following and who showed signs of independence: then, the day after the criminal attack of Cottin, when M. Millerand came to pay him a visit of courtesy, he suddenly discovered his merits, appointed him within the week Commissioner-General in Alsace-Lorraine, and chose him to be his successor as Prime Minister. For two years, he confided the Ministry of the Liberated Regions to M. Albert Lebrun, deputy from Lorraine, a man modest, industrious, and silent, and declared himself highly satisfied with his services: but, one day in November 1919, he learned that M. Albert Lebrun remained the friend of M. Louis Marin, another deputy from Lorraine, who had taken the liberty to criticise the treaty of

peace in Parliament; he learned that the two men were arranging to make their electoral campaign together: without waiting, brutally, he put M. Albert Lebrun out of his ministry, in the midst of a reception at Strasburg, unwilling to listen to any defense, unwilling to take the time for reflection. In a word, M. Clemenceau, who during his whole life was a man of opposition, of criticism, and of contradiction, would brook neither contradiction, nor criticism, nor opposition. He would allow only a submission complete, absolute, and passive to his ideas and to himself. He put his personal service above the service of France. And, by his authoritativeness, by his egotism, he has almost lost the peace and he has almost ruined France.

For the work of the treaty of peace, whatever may be done and whatever may be said, is largely the work of M. Clemenceau. It is he who presided at the Conference; it is he who chose his collaborators, and with the exception of M. André Tardieu, he selected only superficial people, incapable or incompetent, whose only justification was faithfulness toward their master; it was he who accepted the strange method of procedure which was followed.

Mr. J. M. Keynes, professor of Political Economy at Cambridge, delegate of the British Treasury at the Peace Conference, who often participated in the work of the Supreme Council as substitute for Mr. Bonar Law, paints the portrait of M. Clemenceau in his book, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace:*

> At the Council of Four, Clemenceau sat on a square brocaded chair in the middle of the semicircle facing the fireplace, with Signor Orlando on his left, the President next by the fireplace, and the British Prime Minister on his right.. He carried no papers and no portfolio, and was unattended by any personal secretary, though several French ministers and officials appropriate to the particular matter in hand would be present round him. His walk, his hand and his voice were not lacking in vigor, but he bore nevertheless, especially after the attempt upon him, the aspect of a very old man conserving his strength for important occasions.
>
> He spoke seldom, leaving the initial statement of the French case to his ministers or officials; he closed his eyes often and sat back in his chair with an impassive face of parchment, his gray gloved hands clasped in front of him. A short sentence, decisive or cynical, was generally sufficient, a question, an unqualified abandonment of his ministers, whose face would not be saved, or a display of obstinacy reinforced by a few words in a piquantly delivered English. But speech and passion were not lacking when they were wanted, and the sudden outburst of words, often followed by a fit of deep coughing from the

chest, produced their impression rather by force and surprise than persuasion.

The portrait is a faithful resemblance. But the truth, of which Mr. Keynes caught only a glimmer, is that when the words flowed suddenly from the lips of the President of the Conference, the matter under consideration was some political controversy or some personal quarrel; when, on the contrary, the old man "closed his eyes and sat back in his chair with an impassive face of parchment," the question concerned some economic problem or the financial situation, for which he felt only disdain and tedium.

I myself saw M. Clemenceau in the exercise of his ministerial duties shortly before his retirement, and I was able to obtain an epitome of what the man really is.

It was the sixth of November 1919, at the bridge of Kehl. M. Clemenceau came from Strasburg, where, the day before, he had delivered an important speech outlining his political programme, and he did not want to leave Alsace without crossing the Rhine and putting his foot on German soil. Just beyond the Kehl bridge, German and French officials were awaiting him. The German officials were none other than the sub-prefect and the administrators of the district. Their mien was dark, sad, ill at ease, obsequious. Each of them asked himself what was going to come of the meeting: the result was rapid.

"We hope, *monsieur le président,*" said the Boches in presenting themselves, "that you will take with you a pleasant memory of your visit to the bridge of Kehl."

"I will do all that is necessary for that," cunningly answered the Tiger.

That was the good Clemenceau, the Clemenceau who found the right word when faced by an adversary who is to be scratched.

But, a few moments later, a visit was paid to the mechanical installations of the port of Kehl, magnificent and tremendous installations, with their enormous docks and their perfected railway system. A young French official was there, an engineer of great talent and indisputable science, who explained with admirable lucidity the working of the port, gave statistics of the tonnage that entered, showed how Strasburg could counterbalance Kehl, indicated the work to do . . . . At that moment, the Prime Minister listened no longer. One felt that this did not interest

him. His mind was a hundred leagues from there. Nevertheless, the question concerned the interest of a whole region, and the future life of a whole province.

This was the other Clemenceau, the Clemenceau who closes his eyes when one talks to him about figures, and when there is no battle to be fought, no cutting witticisms to be made. Thus in five minutes we had the two characters under our eyes: the man who won the war, because he knows how to fight; the man who has not won the peace, because he does not know how to construct.

It seems as if the nine hundred presidential electors of the Congress of Versailles had the same vision, came to the same conclusion, experienced the same fears. In the halls of the historic palace, I have talked with perhaps a hundred of them, including the most moderate and the most patriotic. All of them said to me:

"We never will forget that, in 1918, M. Clemenceau won the war. If tomorrow, someone should suggest that a statue of gold be erected for him on the largest square of Paris, we would vote the project with enthusiasm. But we cannot forget that, in 1919, M. Clemenceau lost the peace. His most ardent supporters admit that the Treaty of Versailles is a failure. But they argue that the old man was taken in (*"roulé"*) by President Wilson and by M. André Tardieu—which is historically false and which, psychologically, is hardly reassuring, for if the President of the Peace Conference allowed himself to be taken in by his partners and his collaborators, what assurances have we that the President of the Republic would not continue to allow himself to be taken in . . . . ? And furthermore, we do not want a man at the Elysée who summons none but his friends to power, and who keeps none but his enemies out of power. We want no autocracy, even if that autocracy has saved the country. We do not want to choose a President for the services that he has rendered in the past, but for the services that he will render in the future. Our affection for Clemenceau is deep, but our love for France is even deeper."

And it is thus that on the final ballot, M. Paul Deschanel had 734 votes—the largest number of votes that a President of the French Republic has ever obtained.

M. Paul Deschanel perhaps has not saved his country; but neither will he ever ruin it. And one can be certain that he will render it useful service.

His political life has been unified, upright, and successful. It depends entirely on two positions—the highest in the State—which he has occupied with equal ability and equal brilliancy: the presidency of the Commission of Foreign Affairs of the Chamber, and the presidency of the Chamber itself.

As president of the Commission of Foreign Affairs, he has always supported with unparalleled eloquence and warmth the traditional policy of France: *entente cordiale* with England, confident union with Italy, and enthusiastic affection for America. As for the Central Empires, he had his own doctrine: to detach Austria from the German alliance, to make the greatest efforts to keep the friendship of the Hapsburg empire in order to balance it against that of the Hohenzollerns. He was among those who, in 1916, were of the opinion that the efforts of Prince Sixte of Bourbon merited encouragement. He was not among those who, in 1918, applauded when Austria-Hungary was broken up into a series of fragmentary states, all more or less opposed to each other, and threatening to fall bit by bit under the German hegemony, if ever that hegemony regain its brilliance and offer some advantage.

President of the Chamber of Deputies for more than twelve years, from his chair he has seen all the successive governments, all the political parties which have formed and which have disintegrated, all the laws which have been voted. What an accumulation of knowledge and experience for a man who becomes the first magistrate of State! Above all, he has shown three qualities: coolness, impartiality, and eloquence. And it happens that these three qualities are the most important—and the sole—required to be President of the Republic.

The very day after his election, M. Deschanel showed how great is his impartiality. The man who was to assume the burden of the Prime Minister and replace M. Clemenceau, had to be chosen. M. Millerand had been selected a week before by M. Poincaré, and particularly by M. Clemenceau, who already considered himself Chief of State. When consulted, M. Deschanel did not hesitate, but immediately gave his approval to the choice of his predecessor and his rival. He did even more: among the new members of his cabinet in process of formation was a certain M. L'hopiteau, who had always been his personal political op-

ponent in his department, Eure-et-Loire. M. Millerand proposed making him vice-president of the cabinet and Minister of Justice: M. Deschanel consented to the appointment of his adversary without hesitation. How many politicians are there in the two hemispheres who would have done that . . . . ?

On the day of his election, M. Deschanel showed the measure of his simplicity and his generosity. It was the tradition for the president-elect to leave Versailles with great military pomp, and to return to Paris escorted by cavalry, preceded by trumpets on horse. But M. Deschanel left modestly, in his automobile, accompanied by his wife, his daughter, and his two boys—the younger sitting on his knees—without escort and without trumpets. And his first act on returning to Paris was to go to the Ministry of War to pay M. Clemenceau a visit of courtesy—which has not yet been returned.

France therefore has as much chance of being satisfied with her tenth President of the Republic as she had of being satisfied with the ninth.

France has no fear that the head of her government will be a man strong and dictatorial, because if his power becomes dangerous and his authority disturbing, the Parliament is there to reëstablish the equilibrium of the balance and to enforce the will of the nation. But she does fear authoritativeness and personal ideas in her Chief of State, who constitutionally is not responsible before Parliament: and the present example of the United States shows that perhaps she is not altogether wrong. What she asks of a President of the Republic, who is a prisoner of the Constitution for seven years, is that he be a well informed adviser, a just arbiter, and the eloquent and respected representative of France before the world.

M. Raymond Poincaré has been all of that in the greatest storm that France has ever passed through, in spite of the chains which bound his hands and of which he complains today with something of bitterness. M. Paul Deschanel also will be that, in the difficult and troubled period through which we are about to pass.

And it will not be the first time in the history of civilization that we shall have seen prisoners do more good than people at liberty!

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE.

THE FALL IN FOREIGN EXCHANGE

BY STUYVESANT FISH

THE fall in foreign exchange is merely the outward and visible manifestation or the symptom of a very serious disease prevailing in the money situation in Europe. No one over there does, nor here in America should, question that the monetary situation of each of the European nations engaged in the late war is one of weakness, not to say collapse, which calls for careful diagnosis, fearless and thorough probing, drastic remedies, and I fear in some cases " capital operations," to use a surgical term.

The autumn of 1914 found the nations of Europe doing business with currencies consisting of gold and silver coins, and of bank notes supported by not over-abundant reserves of bullion and metallic money. The war had been preceded by many years of preparation therefor by all of the leading nations of Europe. Germany was prepared in every respect, military, naval, financial and commercial. Great Britain had for many years been maintaining as a matter of settled public policy a navy equal to those of any two other Powers. France had recently increased the term of compulsory service in her standing army.

Immediately on the mobilization, all of the belligerent nations of Europe declared moratoria in respect to obligations of their own people payable within their own jurisdiction, forbade the customary renewals of credits to foreign borrowers, closed their stock exchanges, (thereby preventing foreigners from selling therein) and at the same time moved heaven and earth to collect in gold the obligations of foreign debtors. Of this fact we have an instance in the unfortunate City of New York, which was forced in one way or another to pay premiums amounting to near seven million dollars in order to liquidate in gold or its equivalent a debt of eighty millions held in France and England. The season chosen for the beginning of hostilities was an unfor-

tunate one for our bankers and merchants, in that they had, as usual, drawn very liberally against European credits, expecting to renew the drafts, or to pay them with shipments of wheat and cotton later in the autumn. Exchange on London rose to $7 per £1, a price exceeding 143 per cent of the theoretic, metallic par of $4.8665.

The various warring nations also cast aside all the restrictions of prudence and of law governing the issue of bank notes, and put forth irredeemable paper, carrying no promise to pay, simply the governmental fiat that it had been made legal tender for all purposes. There followed the inevitable result, under the law which Sir Thomas Gresham had laid down in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that "Bad money drives out good": and gold disappeared from circulation. The first issues (specimens of the English and French reached here early in October, 1914) were of course followed by other and vastly larger ones, till we now have in Europe a situation absolutely unheard of in all history, indeed undreamed of. A number of publications[1] give the fabulous figures to which these issues have grown.

The effect of these issues on foreign exchange was soon seen in the fall thereof below the gold shipping point, that is to say, the price at which gold would naturally flow from the debtor country to the creditor country. Needless to say the export of gold except on Government account was strictly forbidden. In Germany at least, private stores of gold and silver plate were expropriated. In other countries the premium on gold as reflected in the exchanges, and the growing burden of taxation, accompanied by increased cost of living when paid for in depreciated paper, must have effected considerable melting-up of private stocks of plate. Many doubtless did this from patriotic motives. Toward the close of 1915 the price in New York of exchange on European countries at war, clearly showed the existence in them of a premium for gold when paid for in the paper money therein current. At first we were told that this was due to the war rates for marine insurance preventing shipments of gold, but when the depreciation exceeded those war rates, as it speedily did, the fact of the depreciation of the currency became obvious to all thinking persons at all versed in the business. Individually I became so much im-

[1] *Financial Status of Belligerents. Debt, Revenues and Expenditures, and Note Circulation of the Principal Belligerents in the World War.* By Louis Ross Gottlieb. With an Introduction by Prof. Edwin R. A. Seligman of Columbia University. 1920.

pressed with these facts and with the world-wide struggle for gold which was certain to follow peace, that in the spring of 1916, I wrote the then Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. McAdoo, pointing out the necessity of preparing for that inevitable struggle, closing my letter thus:

> My purpose in thus addressing you, is to bring to your attention the necessity for monetary and financial preparedness to meet a contest which is both imminent and unavoidable and in which we will have to combat the combined financial skill, experience and power of all Europe for the first time. Their struggle will then indeed be one for monetary and financial life or death—a thing worth fighting for.

In August 1914 the nations of Europe generally, and particularly Great Britain, France and Germany, were vastly creditors to the rest of the world and especially to the United States. That situation has, so far as we are concerned, been reversed, in that most of the European holdings of American securities have been sold in this country for one purpose or another, and in that, while we were at war, Congress, as a war measure, saw fit to lend the various European Governments, at the exceedingly low rate of five per cent. per annum, nearly ten billions of dollars. I say low rate, because at the time those loans were made, the well-secured obligations of the best of those Governments, England and France, could be bought in this market to yield over seven per cent.

The struggle for gold foreshadowed in my letter of 1916 to Secretary McAdoo is now on. Two years ago, that is in January 1918, when Mr. Wilson began developing his ideas about a League of Nations, the British Government with their usual intelligence and forehandedness appointed a committee, at the head of which was Lord Cunliffe, the Chairman of the Bank of England, " to consider the various problems which will arise in connection with currency and the foreign exchanges during the period of reconstruction and report upon the steps required to bring about the restoration of normal conditions in due course." Having made interim reports, that Committee rendered a final one on December 3, 1919, in which they criticised adversely the maintenance in England of rates of interest lower than those prevailing in gold-paying countries, and recommended as follows:

> That preference should be given to exports to countries which are able to make payment in the ordinary course of trade.
>
> Increased production, cessation of Government borrowings and de-

creased expenditure both by the Government and by each individual member of the nation are the first essentials to recovery. These must be associated with the restoration of the pre-war methods of controlling the currency and credit system of the country for the purpose of re-establishing at an early date a free market for gold in London.

Meanwhile, so far as I have been able to discover, the Government of the United States has done nothing, except that Mr. Glass toward the end of his term as Secretary of the Treasury, recommended to Congress the unheard-of proposition that the United States shall, in advance, fund the interest to accrue for a term of years on the debts due by European nations, among which Great Britain and France, the strongest of them, are our largest debtors. The measure is now before Congress, and it is to be presumed that the rate of interest will be as before, five per cent. Should this monumental folly be enacted, it will shift from the shoulders of the debtor nations to ours a present burden of some four hundred and forty million dollars per annum of added taxes, and will result in enabling the merchants of Europe the better to compete with those of the United States for the trade of the world in the meanwhile. In view of the fact that during the twenty months in which the United States were at war (April 1917 to November 1918) they did not enter into any form of alliance with any of the European Powers, how can this unheard of proposition of voluntarily making of ourselves what might be called " deferred creditors," and now entering into a financial alliance with more or less bankrupt Europe, be advocated?

There is nothing novel in the present condition of the foreign exchanges, nor in the attempt to disguise under that title the premium on gold which exists when paid for in irredeemable legal tender paper. The same thing happened in Great Britain during the Napoleonic Wars. Then, however, the paper was better, in that it was in the form of notes of the Bank of England, a solvent, going concern, and bank notes were not at that time legal tender. This occurred in the so-called period of " Bank Restriction " after the Chancellor of the Exchequer had, in 1797, ordered the bank to cease paying gold. In 1810, a Select Committee of Parliament on the High Price of Gold Bullion, brought in the " Bullion Report," which was then ordered printed, but by Parliament rejected as the war was still pending. Four years after Waterloo, in 1819, Parliament took the matter up

again, accepted the verities of the "Bullion Report," ordered and enabled the Bank of England to reduce its over-issues of paper money, and effected the resumption of specie payments in 1821. In 1810 as now, the representative of "High Finance" maintained that there was no depreciation in the paper money, but only "adverse" exchanges. The Committee, looking further into the matter, found on the testimony of those who traded with gold paying points, Amsterdam, Hamburg and Paris, that there was a premium of fifteen and a half per cent above the mint price of gold. The premium increased in later years to approximately the figure now prevailing in England, say thirty-five or forty per cent. Professor William G. Sumner of Yale, writing in 1874, said, "So much in regard to the laws which govern paper issues, as was laid down in the Bullion Report, is established beyond dispute. Its doctrines are the alphabet of modern finance." A later English writer, Henry Dunning MacLeod, A. M., speaks of it as "a most masterly report, probably the most able ever drawn up by a Parliamentary committee. It is one of the great landmarks in economics, as containing the infallible principles upon which a paper currency must be regulated." To which I add that those laws operate today as then, and are as incapable of change as Sir Thomas Gresham's law about bad money driving out good.

In a recent English publication, *The Paper Pound of 1797-1821*, A Reprint of the Bullion Report with an introduction by Edwin Cannan, LL.D., Professor of Political Economy in the University of London, Professor Cannan says of the present situation:

> When the scales at last fall from the eyes of the people of Europe, groaning under the rise of prices, they will no longer cry to their Governments "Hang the profiteers!" but "Burn your paper money, and go on burning it till it will buy as much gold as it used to do!"

So likewise we, during and after the Civil War, had our troubles with our depreciated currency, which for eighteen months throughout the year 1864 and the first half of 1865, averaged, in gold, a value of less than fifty cents on the dollar. Indeed our price for gold rose to 284. But as English writers of that period did not fail to say, "the American Government acts wisely in forcing gold by timely arrangements to pass through its treasury." This was effected through our Act of February 25, 1862, authorizing the issue

of the "Greenbacks," in providing that they should not be received in payment for duties on imports nor paid out as interest on the public debt. Those two things were currently and constantly paid in gold through our whole period of suspended specie payments from 1862 to 1878 inclusive.

This resulted in an open market for gold in New York, in which there were wild fluctuations, but as foreign exchange continued to be bought and sold in gold the fluctuations therein were not abnormal. That is to say, the United States faced the situation honestly and frankly, confessing a premium for gold, and a depreciation in our irredeemable legal tender money. Had the European nations, or any of them, in 1914 followed our example they would have had a like experience and be today much better off.

I trust I have made it clear that there is nothing whatever the matter with the fall in exchange except in that it represents a premium which has to be paid in countries afflicted with over-issues of irredeemable fiat money, when they seek with such money to buy gold,—the one thing accepted of all men everywhere, at all times, in international exchange operations. Do not understand me as favoring the putting of any restriction whatever upon the export of gold from the United States for commercial purposes, nor as being opposed to our merchants, bankers, financiers and capitalists making loans, or investments abroad, further than this, that payment must be exacted in American gold dollars, and at rates of interest enough higher than those here prevailing to justify the investing of money outside of the jurisdiction of our Government. On the contrary such loans and such investments by individuals should be encouraged. We should begin now to act as the banker of the world, but must do so prudently, in full appreciation of our responsibility to ourselves and to the rest of the world. But our Government must not be allowed to fritter away another dollar in altruistic nonsense. Each of the nations of Europe is fully alive to the situation, and in its struggle for gold will leave no stone unturned, each playing its own hand for its own sake against the others and against us. Meanwhile we must protect ourselves, if we are to continue to remain able to protect them against the results of their own monetary and economic blunders.

There are among us those well versed in the business,

who contend that the fall in foreign exchange is not solely due to the over-issue of irredeemable paper money. Of them I would ask, what is there in the course of trade or the balance thereof, or in anything whatever except the depreciation of the currency, to account for the following facts: That on January 1, 1920, it took the nominal equivalent of one hundred and twenty-nine dollars of English money to buy one hundred dollars of American, and that a month later, on the first of February, it took one hundred and thirty-nine; that in France on the first of January it took two hundred and sixteen, and on the first of February two hundred and fifty-eight; in Italy on the first of January two hundred and fifty, and on the first of February three hundred and one; while in Germany it took on the first of January one thousand and twenty-five, and on the first of February nineteen hundred and four. Let me also ask, what can there be in the state of trade in Europe or the balances thereof, which makes such discrepancies as between the various countries named, and above all why at the same time the exchanges of those countries were similarly affected toward the gold-paying countries of Europe,—Norway, Sweden, Holland, Switzerland, and Spain, as well as toward the rest of the gold-paying world, including the United States, South America, parts of Africa, and the Orient.

I have given their theory such thought as I am capable of, but cannot see the solution except in the single fact that the paper money of Europe is discredited in the minds of the people who are forced to accept it. What the depreciation in paper or the premium for gold, call it what you will, shall be next month I am unable to guess.

Another fallacy which has been so assiduously circulated among us by interested parties as to be somewhat generally believed, is that the fall in foreign exchange is " almost as detrimental for us as exporters as it is for the unfortunate peoples of Europe." The facts are that during the Napoleonic wars, from 1801 to 1821 inclusive, the *volume* of imports into Great Britain increased; that in our period of depreciated paper money the gold value of imports of merchandise into the United States for consumption therein doubled; that during the late war, imports into Great Britain, exclusive of those for the purposes of the Government, increased by more than one-half and that in Italy im-

ports rose in a still higher ratio. All of which was of course accomplished by borrowing.

Those of us who are, as I am, old enough to remember our period of strain and suffering under depreciated legal tender paper money, which lasted through the years 1862 to 1878 inclusive, and the train of other difficulties, more or less political,—"Greenbackism," "Bryanite Silverism at Sixteen to one," etc.,—which continued to afflict us down to the end of the nineteenth century, can appreciate as younger men cannot, the gravity of the situation now confronting the nations of Europe. Do not think of it at all as a matter of foreign exchange, but rather as one of financial and monetary blundering committed by the nations to which we have always been accustomed to look for sound conservative example on such subjects, based on their long experience and vast accumulations of capital. Out of the slough in which they are now involved, there are three possible ways:—

First: To resume specie payments, as Great Britain did in 1821 after more than twenty years of suspension, and as the United States did on January 1, 1879, after seventeen years of like experience.

Second: To flounder along for indefinite years with a depreciated currency, constantly varying in value in respect to gold, as Spain, Austria and Russia have done.

Third: To repudiate the paper currency as was done by the United States during our Revolutionary War in 1780, when the stuff fell to such a price that it is recorded of a barber in Philadelphia that he papered the walls of his shop with notes of the Continental Congress; and as the French Republic did a few years later with their *assignats*.

Where paper money has fallen to a very great discount (our Continental money became worth only two cents on the dollar, before it was absolutely discarded) the best outcome probably will be to let the stuff become valuable and interesting solely as a memento of past bad times, as soon as possible. After all this would involve merely an internal tax, and one of no very great amount, on any one individual holder, and would fall upon all in proportion to their holdings. Let us hope that the gold-paying countries of the world, among which the United States must take the lead, will work out some solution, by carefully husbanding their resources of gold and of credit based thereon, and intelligently, profitably and liberally using them for the common

good of the whole world. If this be done we shall in due time see the nations of Europe, one by one, get back on a gold-paying basis. Meanwhile we have nothing to fear except the possible folly of our own Government and our own people in frittering away for maudlin sentiment an opportunity such as does not come to any nation once in a century. Such an opportunity Great Britain seized in 1821 and held until 1914, by making of London a free market for gold, and a safe place for the investment of foreign capital, with the absolute assurance that the owners of it could at all times get it back in kind, that is to say, in gold.

STUYVESANT FISH.

IS A PANIC LIKELY?

BY B. C. FORBES

BANKERS hold cautious, almost pessimistic views concerning the business outlook.

Industrial leaders, with few exceptions, are distinctly optimistic.

There is, of course, only one set of facts; but the facts are viewed differently by different minds. Since we are all influenced by our environment, and since the things which are nearest us loom largest in our perspective, the bankers turn their eyes and their minds chiefly to the monetary, the financial aspect of the general situation, whereas the manufacturer, the exporter and importer, the merchant, the wholesale distributor, looks at and considers chiefly the facts and conditions immediately surrounding his activities. Therefore, it is perhaps not illogical that there are today two schools of opinion as to the general outlook for trade.

Let us first analyze very briefly the facts and factors which are moving the banking community to act conservatively and to fortify themselves against possible emergencies.

Throughout the war the Federal Reserve Banks' reserves were maintained comfortably above the prescribed 40 per cent. of gold against note issues and 35 per cent. against net deposits. But instead of the strain upon the banks relaxing when peace came, it had become so acute fifteen months after the signing of the Armistice that the New York Federal Reserve Bank, the keystone of the whole structure, reported a deficit in its gold reserve in the latter part of February. This sent a shiver through the whole financial world, for in this country we have made of bank reserves a sort of fetich; indeed, our attitude is suggestive of the old-time regulation in Germany, that there must always be left one cab on each public cab stand, no matter how dire an emergency might arise for the use of that cab. The Bank of

England regards reserves as something to be used when special need arises for them, and its principle and practice have always been to use its reserves most freely when the most serious need arose. That unquestionably is the statesmanlike conception of the utility of reserves, just as it is the military conception of soldier reserves.

In their alarm over the banking situation, bankers, particularly those in Wall Street, called in loans on such a scale that interest rates for day-to-day loans rose to such heights as the framers and advocates of the Federal Reserve System had confidently believed had passed forever with the passing of our old, anachronistic currency system. Rates for sixty-day, ninety-day and six-months' loans also advanced substantially, and there were many complaints that adequate funds could not be obtained either on Stock Exchange collateral or for commercial purposes. Advances in discount rates by the Federal institutions aggravated the uneasiness among the bankers and influenced them to stiffen their action. Nervousness was intensified, also, by the failure of such measures to bring down the total borrowings at the banks week after week. Events emphasized that abnormal speculation had not been confined to Wall Street, but was rampant in other fields of industry, including foodstuffs, real estate, building materials, leather, raw silk, cotton, etc.

The cautious course adopted by financial interests has been influenced, also, by the demoralization of the international exchanges this year. A collapse in sterling to $3.18 early in the year, accompanied by worse breaks in francs and other continental exchange, was interpreted by responsible bankers as extremely ominous. Material recoveries did not wholly abolish misgivings over the prospects in Europe.

Despite the continuance of tremendously heavy exports coincident with the demoralization in the European exchanges, bankers felt certain that a drastic drop in our foreign trade was inevitable, and they were not at all sure that this would not bring on hurried and perhaps excited curtailment of business activities and sharp price declines here.

The exportation of gold from the United States at the rate of $2,000,000 a day, while welcomed in certain quarters as tending to stimulate deflation, was not without effect upon

the ability of the banks to cope with borrowers' demands and upon the falling percentage of gold reserves held by the Federal Reserve institutions.*

On top of all this, stocks and bonds were falling, sometimes alarmingly. Not only did overboomed industrial shares fall 20, 30, 50 points and sometimes more, as compared with their maximum quotations last year, but even the highest grades of railroad stocks, seasoned corporate bonds of unquestioned safety, and Liberty Bonds, crumpled to unprecedentedly low levels. This phase of recent developments played such a part in unsettling sentiment, and is of such fundamental importance in analyzing the general outlook, that it will be useful to show the extent of the readjustment in security prices:

HOW STOCKS AND BONDS HAVE DECLINED

Stocks

	High, 1919	Recent Low	Decline
Amer. Internat. Corp.	132¼	87	45¼
Amer. Locomotive	117¼	82	35¼
Amer. Tobacco	314½	225	89½
Amer. Woolen	*165½	115	50½
Baldwin Locomotive	154⅛	103½	50⅝
Bethlehem Steel "B"	112	84⅞	27⅛
Crucible Steel	261	191	70
Famous Players	123	65⅛	57⅞
Fisher Body	173	100½	72½
General Motors	406½	228½	178
Keystone Tire & Rubber	126¾	24⅞	101⅞
Pierre Lorillard	245	150	95
Mexican Petroleum	264	161½	102½
Middle States Oil	71¾	30	41¾
New York Dock	70¾	30	40¾
Pan. Amer. Petroleum	140¼	71¾	68½
Pierce Arrow	99	48¾	50¼
Republic Iron & Steel	145	86	59
Sinclair Consolidated	64⅛	35	29⅛
Studebaker	151	81¼	69¾
Texas Co.	345	166⅛	178⅞
Transcontinental Oil	62⅝	20	42⅝
United Retail Stores	119¼	64	55¼
U. S. Industrial Alcohol	167	77½	89½
U. S. Rubber	139¼	91¼	48
U. S. Steel	115½	93	22½

*1920.

Bonds

U. S. Liberty 3½s	101.00	94	7.00
U. S. Liberty 1st 4s	96.00	89.20	6.80
U. S. Liberty 4th 4¼s	95.72	89.72	6.00

Amer. Agr. Chem. deb. 5s	111½	93	18½
Amer. Tel. & Tel. Col. tr. 5s	94	80	14
Atch. T. & San. Fe gen 4s	85½	74¼	11¼
Baltimore & Ohio ref. 5s	82½	55½	27
B'klyn Rap. Tran. 7s	84½	39	45½
Ches. & Ohio cvt. 5s	91⅝	75⅛	16½
Erie prior lien 4s	70½	49½	21
Interb. Rap. Tran. ref 5s	75½	43½	32
Lackawanna Steel 5s, 1950	107	86	21
Union Pacific 1st 4s	89¾	79¼	10½
Western Maryland 4s	63	47¼	15¾

From these figures it will be seen that Wall Street has already carried out rather drastic housecleaning. While no mortal can ever foretell what the stock market may do a day, a week or a month hence, the declines here recorded make clear that at least a very large part of the journey from the dizzy heights of war-time inflation to solid ground has been already covered. Indeed, it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that Wall Street has brought quotations down to a panic basis without accompanying the movement with the excitement and sensationalism which customarily accompany panics.

As much cannot be said, however, of the business situation. Generally speaking, prices are still at or near their maximum heights, the boom in demand continues unabated, wages still tend upward rather than downward (as the recent 10 per cent. increase announced by the United States Steel Corporation reflects), and the majority of business men, instead of sharing the somber views of the bankers, confidently look for floodtide activity for a long time to come.

"Business is good and getting better every day," was the emphatic declaration of Charles M. Schwab at the beginning of March. Referring to events in the financial district, he remarked: "Panicky phases will manifest themselves, especially in the readjustment and reconstruction periods, but I am an optimist, and am sure the business of the country is being readjusted with common sense and on an efficient basis." Mr. Schwab sees no menace in the continuance of

war-time prices. Nor is he disturbed over the mental state of labor.

Most other men immersed in industrial activities express views similar to those enunciated by Mr. Schwab. Among the developments they cite as justifying their conviction that the boom in business will not be punctured but will, rather, expand, are the following:

The backbone of the country, our agricultural population, is prosperous as never before, and (they contend) bad industrial, commercial or mercantile times never come when the buying power of the nation's farmers is unusually strong.

Labor is enjoying unparalleled wages and continues to manifest an insatiable appetite for luxuries and semi-luxuries as well as necessaries.

Labor agitation reached its peak during the abortive strike of steel workers, and along with abatement in unrest has come an improvement in efficiency, production and discipline, so that one of the worst bugbears of the whole national situation is in process of elimination.

The protracted railroad muddle has finally been cleared up and a law placed on the statute books which, although far from ideal from the point of view either of capital or labor, nevertheless promises to insure a moderate living wage to well-managed, reasonably-capitalized roads. Indeed, in the best-informed circles there are strong expectations that the new law will work out more favorably than is popularly expected, especially as it is assumed that the Interstate Commerce Commissioners have profited by their past mistakes of repression and strangulation and will henceforth regard themselves as protectors of the nation's transportation facilities quite as much as the protectors of shippers.

Industries catering to the building trades point out that there has been a grave dearth of construction during the last five years and that a building boom of incalculable proportions is assured for the next year or two.

Emphasis is laid upon the extraordinary shortage of railway locomotives, freight cars and passenger cars, the virtual famine in steel rails, the imperative need for extensive improvements and expansions, and the general failure of our vast transportation system to keep abreast of the growth of the country's population, resources and production during the period of the World War.

The whole world is bare of merchandise, and foreign countries will find some means, business optimists declare, of financing enormous purchases of raw materials, machinery, tools and manufactured goods which they can find in no other part of the globe.

The phenomenal stimulus imparted to shipbuilding in this country by the war; the vast but healthy expansion in our oil industry; the upbuilding of the dye and chemical industries; the amazing increase in home and foreign demands for passenger automobiles, motor trucks, tractors and other agricultural machinery; the inception of a return flow of immigrants from Europe; the rise of our "banking power" to $45,000,000,000, as proudly recorded by Comptroller of the Currency Williams; the decline in national expenditures month after month; the prospect of lighter taxation burdens upon individual and corporate income and profits; the indisputable swing away from radicalism by the rank and file of the people, and the increasing confidence that a more businesslike administration will be elected in the fall—all these and a hundred other facts, influences, developments, promises and prospects are cheerfully enumerated and enlarged upon by the majority of business men, who finish up by scornfully asking, "In face of such conditions, how can anyone look for anything savoring of recession or depression?"

I have tried to set down the arguments of both sides, the bankers who have been hoisting red signals and the business men who see nothing but clear tracks ahead. My own view is that the bankers have been well advised to apply the brakes carefully and gradually, so as not to derail the industrial train which was going at too rapid a rate. If monetary trouble can be avoided, if the Federal Reserve Board as well as the bankers keep their heads, if our leading national and international bankers can devise some sensible, well-secured arrangement to extend at least moderate credits to Europe so as to insure prevention of wholesale disaster there, then it may be possible to keep industry and business in general moving along briskly, yet smoothly and successfully.

B. C. FORBES.

THE FIVE STRIPES OF CHINA'S FLAG

CHARLES H. SHERRILL

THE flag of the Chinese Republic consists of five horizontal stripes, red, yellow, blue, white and black. Among the Chinese and Japanese these five hues are considered to comprise all the colors of the rainbow, for in the one which the Chinese call "ching" is included blue, green, purple, and all their shades. The so-called "five colored" porcelain of ancient China, thus interpreted, therefore, means that the artist used all his palette in its coloring. These five stripes on the Chinese flag represent its different peoples, the red one standing for those of the original eighteen provinces of China, the yellow for the Manchus, the blue (or, more properly, the "ching") for the Mongolians, the white for the Thibetans, and the black for the folk of Chinese Turkestan.

In substituting this new national emblem for the old flag of the Chinese Empire which displayed a great Dragon with hungry jaws, the Chinese Republic seems to an onlooker to have admitted that the days of the swallowing Dragon were over, and had been succeeded by a division of their land into strips, symbolizing the swallowing by five foreign Powers, England, France, Russia, Germany and Japan. The new banner reminds us that the time is past for academic discussion of the future partitioning of China —it is *already* broken up either into "spheres of influence" or else into outright partitions. If anyone questions this, will he kindly point out any considerable block of Chinese territory which has not already been seized by outsiders, or marked out as "a sphere of influence," or tabbed by some one Power with its tabu sign notifying all others to keep their hands off! Where is there a province of China without a foreign garrison, or one which she could alienate to any foreign Power without promptly eliciting a protest

from one or more of the other international bandits? The United States, alone of all the great Powers, has not taken a hand in slicing up the Chinese cake. We alone have torn no strip off the Chinese flag.

The real slicing of the cake began way back in 1842, when, after winning a comic opera war against China, England seized Hongkong (now her great naval base in the Far East), forced the opening of five Chinese ports, obtained the right to trade generally, and to establish Consulates. Right here, at the beginning, the United States Government put itself on record by officially announcing to the Chinese Government through Caleb Cushing that "we do not desire any portion of the territory of China, nor any terms or conditions whatever which shall be otherwise than just and honorable to China as well as to the United States." And to this proposition we have consistently and honestly adhered. In 1845 the British took Shanghai and also Kowloon, near Hongkong. In 1858 to 1860 Russia set the fashion for large-scale plundering by helping herself to all the land north of the Amur and east of the Ussuri rivers, a million square miles with six hundred miles of coast line. In 1885 and 1886, France, after brief and inglorious hostilities, took her great Tonkin territory in the south. These two wars were very little ones, with even less glory; the loot, however, was excellent.

In 1890, after General Graham's army had invaded and subdued Thibet, that portion of ancient China yielded herself by treaty to England's advance, which was broadened and confirmed by their trade treaty of 1893. The really exhilarating scramble for Chinese territory took place from 1895 to 1898. In the former year France, by treaties with China (and Siam in 1883) extended her former holdings by a territory half again as large as France herself, with a population of 22,000,000. She now rules a total of 80,000,000 Chinese. In that same year Japan, after a short war with China, in which her losses were negligible, demanded Formosa, the Pescadores islands and the great Liao-Tung peninsula of South Manchuria. It was just at this point that an element of humor crept into the tragedy of China's spoliation. Learning of Japan's demands, Russia, Germany and France united in a joint note to Japan declaring that it would menace international peace if Japan received her South Manchurian demands. Of course Japan had to

submit, only to see Wei-hai-wei taken by England, and a little later what she had asked in South Manchuria (and more, too!) by Russia, but, oddly enough, without injury to the same international peace concerning which the European Powers had been so solicitous.

In 1896 France and England made notable advances in the southern provinces of Yunnan and Szechuen respectively. 1897 and 1898 were banner years for European looters, for it was during the former that England got more land on the north Burma frontier, France (in March) served her " non-alienation " or " hands off" notice regarding the large island province of Hainan, while in November, thanks to the murder of two German missionaries in Shantung, Germany obtained her excuse for seizing Kiachao Bay together with much hinterland, since become famous under its province name of Shantung. Whereupon Russia, " in compensation for " what Germany had just obtained, demanded Port Arthur! That phrase " in compensation for " is really delightfully comic, if you only stop to think of it. Really, there is a great deal of innocent amusement to be derived from watching the moves in the strangulation of China, assuming, of course, that the observer be not Chinese.

February 11th, 1898, England served a " non-alienation to other Powers " notice regarding the entire valley of the Yangste Kiang river—the heart of China and commercially its most valuable section. On April 10th, 1898, (the day after Germany seized Kiachao) France claimed and took the whole Bay of Kwang-chow upon the same terms as Germany got Kiachao, and furthermore she followed England's lead by serving one of the all-too-familiar " non-alienation to other Powers " notices concerning all Chinese territory lying south of that covered by England's similar notice of February 11th blanketing the Yangste Valley, and especially protecting the provinces just north of her Tonkin. April 26th, Japan did the same regarding the province of Fukien, because, forsooth, it was that part of the mainland which fronted her island of Formosa, ninety miles away across the sea! Observe, please, that there is honor among thieves.

Next the " in compensation for " joke was sprung once more, of course with the usual success, when England, " in compensation for " Russia's " lease " (another humorous

touch) of Port Arthur insisted upon having her "lease" of Wei-hei-wai extended so as to be coterminous with that of the Russians across the way at Port Arthur. And now for the only surprise in the whole endeavor, the one and only grab that did not succeed,—Italy demanded Sanmen Bay on the Chekiang Coast, and was refused. It seems incredible that Italy should not be allowed to thrust her hand in the international grab-bag, but evidently, while five (England, France, Russia, Germany and Japan) "was company, six was a crowd", to paraphrase the old saying. In passing, it is interesting to note that all this 1898 grabbing went on while the United States was occupied with the Spanish war.

Nineteen hundred will long be remembered as the year of the Boxer outbreak in China, the march of the six allied military commands to the relief of their Legations in Peking, the three hundred million tael indemnity demanded by the allied Powers, the definite occupation of South Manchuria by the Russians, and the then meaningless punitive devastations of the German troops under definite orders from the Kaiser to recall and revive the savagery of their ancestors the Huns. Little did the world then understand the true modern meaning of the word Hun, now deeply graven on the tombstone of Germany's hopes! We Americans may properly take pride in recalling that we alone returned to China our share of the indemnity paid us ($20,000,000).

In 1905, as a result of Japan's notable victory over Russia, she replaced that Power in South Manchuria, and subsequently in her claims over Eastern Inner Mongolia. The mills of the gods ground slowly, but thus after ten years' wait Japan had her revenge for Russia's interference in her spoils of the 1895 victory over China. During all the fifteen years following 1895 Japan, always competing with Russia, had been tightening her hold upon Korea, until at last, August 29, 1910, she cast off all diplomatic paraphrase and camouflage, deposed the Korean emperor and formally annexed his country. November 3, 1912, after Outer Mongolia had revolted from Chinese sovereignty, the revolt was formally approved by Russia (who doubtless in no wise encouraged or assisted therein!), but this document was nothing more or less than a declaration of that province passing into a Russian "sphere of influence," which China, by her

treaty with Russia of November 5, 1913, duly recognized. August 15, 1914 Japan delivered her ultimatum to Germany to surrender to her before September 15th all her Shantung holdings "with a view to the eventual restoration of the same to China." The date of that eventuality has not yet been set. January 18, 1915 Japan presented her outrageous twenty-one demands upon China, which after fruitless remonstrance, were accepted May 8th, but with formal announcement by China that it was done under duress. This unwise move of Japan's is now condemned by many intelligent Japanese.

There are other chapters in this grim despoiling of China, but the foregoing is tragedy enough for the average fair-minded onlooker. Taken altogether, it affords a strange picture of the systematic dismemberment of a great Oriental people as taught by four Christian nations of Europe, and learned by one Oriental pupil, copying its Occidental teachers before it be too late, and the white races occupy too much nearby territory, thereby endangering her seclusive safety.

The last act in the drama was the reduction of the five spoliators of China to four, by the substitution of Japan for Germany in Shantung. What will be the final outcome? Will the spoliators drop out one by one as Germany did, leaving all their spoliations to the survivors?

This breaking-up of China was materially aided by the marked differences existing between the types of Chinese inhabiting the various provinces. Then, too, the lamentable lack of roads or any other form of intercommunication except waterways facilitated piecemeal spoliation. Even close to so great a center as Canton, the only roads are footpaths running along the top of dikes separating the paddy fields. Although in some other sections rude carts are possible, the narrowness of the average road has caused large wheelbarrows (sometimes assisted by a sail) generally to supersede the cart.

Up in the north, in the loess geological formation (Province of Chihli, Shantung, Honan, Shansi and Shensi), the earth is so friable that the narrow roads are worn down further and further into the earth. In Shantung some of them are seventy feet below the surface of the ground; the effect of rain on such a road can be easily imagined—it certainly does not encourage travel even between neighbor-

ing villages. All this meant the gradual development of widely differing customs and habits, as well as contrasting philosophies and psychologies. Within the confines of greater China may be found as striking racial and thought differentiations as those marking all the European countries from the North Sea and the Baltic down to the Mediterranean. In this sense one may consider the Gulf of Chihli or the ever-shifting Hoang-ho or Yellow River as China's Baltic, and the Yangste Valley or the West River still farther south, as her Mediterranean. Even today when the different sections of China are being connected by modern improvements in communications, south Chinamen differ from the northerners as greatly as do the Latin races of south Europe from its Teutonic peoples. Even far back in history these marked divergencies existed. Five centuries before the Christian era the idealism of the great Chinese sage Laotse differed widely from the prosaic ethics later known as Confucianism, which came out of Shantung in the north. The followers of the great northerner, Confucius, learn from his writings a benevolent communism, which contrasts sharply with the individualism so highly prized in south China. In art the south shows marked differences from the north. Even as early as the third century A. D., painting flourished much more in the south than in the north, where sculpture and architecture were more highly esteemed and therefore developed. In view of these and other dissimilarities, it is remarkable that such differing peoples as the Chinese of the various provinces could so long have held together, and inertia is perhaps the best explanation therefor. Nevertheless, these differences were all the time militating against any united resistance to the gradual breaking-up which land-grabbing by foreigners was accomplishing.

Some European writers contend that the Chinese are not capable of governing themselves. Is this true? Are the Chinese themselves qualified to develop good government? What answer to this question does one get from their history or from a visit to their country? The student of Chinese self-government finds unrolled before his eyes one long monotonous scroll recording misgovernment badly administered. Dishonesty at the top and dishonesty all the way down to the smallest official, plus an amazing inefficiency. During the days of the monarchy many foreign friends of

China sighed for a republic, because the imperial officials were so notoriously inept and crooked. "Squeeze" prevailed everywhere, and an official position was valued according to the opportunity it gave for getting money "on the side." But all this unsavory state of affairs was going to be changed if and when a republic was set up. The monarchy fell, a republic was proclaimed, and the new day dawned! What has the daylight of that new day revealed?—graft everywhere, just as before,—nothing changed but the identity of the grafters. The split between the north and south of China exists and continues because of the ample opportunities it affords for graft.

The matter of soldiers' pay necessitated by the strained relations between the two sections is worth considering. There are said to be 87,000 troops quartered in Canton alone. Of course they are perfectly useless there, and a four days' observation of their appearance confirms one's conclusions in that regard, for in no other land could one see such an agglomeration of weedy old men and boys, —"all sorts and conditions of men." But they are soldiers, which means soldiers' pay, which in turn means that somebody is making a nice profit on each and every one of them, so the more employed the more profit. It's a wonder there are not more than 87,000 of them. One of their Major Generals is a comprador in a local bank, and our guide (who, when not guiding, runs a photograph shop, and is also manager of a plumbing establishment) employed his leisure hours as drill-master with the rank of Major!

At Canton one gets quite an insight into the present status of Chinese naval affairs. The West River, in its reaches above Canton, is infested with pirates, while even the boats plying downstream to Hongkong have their decks patrolled by guards carrying rifles. Any decently efficient or self-respecting naval force would promptly wipe out this mediaeval discredit to order and good government, but how do the Chinese treat the situation? Lying in the river, just off the Bund of Canton and convenient to the long rows of so-called "Flower Boats" (dives of every sort) are a number of river gunboats flying the Chinese naval flag. As a military force they deserve the name of "junk" even more than any of that craft floating by them, but even so they could stop this anachronistic river-piracy if they wished. Instead they lie comfortably anchored alongside Canton. A few miles down

the river at Whampoa (once a favorite anchorage for the famous American clipper ships) lie, and for two years have lain, three fine Chinese battle cruisers, sent down from the north to overawe this leading city of the south, the largest in population of any in China. Naval pay goes on and the boats fly the Chinese flag, so that is all that is necessary. Is it any wonder that the Japanese won their 1895 war against China with small losses?

So much for China's possibilities in the manly art of self-defense, and now what about that fundamental prerequisite for self-government—decency and honesty of the individual citizen? Some one has said that a nation gets the government it deserves, but no better. The filth of the average Chinaman is incredible. After one has walked through several of their villages, where dirty houses are thronged with ill-kept children, dirty pigs and unwashed adults, or has visited a couple of those huddled-up, never-cleansed rabbit-warrens they call cities, he sighs for the neat and tidy houses of Japan, the land where even the poor coolie has his hot bath every day. How can decency get a fair start in a Chinese village or overcrowded city? Turning to the question of individual honesty, a traveller in China hears more about thieving, and reads more about it in the papers than anywhere else in the world. One's effects must always be kept locked up, in striking contrast to Japan, where hotel rooms may be safely left unlocked without fear of loss. Even in Hongkong, admirably governed by the British as it is, shops are constantly being broken into by the Chinese, hats are snatched from passengers in jinrickshas, and counterfeit money, so common in China, is constantly passed on foreigners. I never saw any counterfeit money in Japan, but was caught twice within an hour after landing in China, and frequently thereafter. The Hongkong *Post* of December 18, 1919, summed up in a masterly editorial a general indictment against the Chinese for robbery, motor-car hold-ups, murder of gaol-keepers, etc. Villages are compactly built with no straggling houses, for fear of the numerous robbers constantly abroad in the land. Nor is thieving confined to the innumerable and omnipresent poor, for whom necessity might provide an excuse. The month before we visited Canton, the comprador of a local bank who draws a modest salary, entertained at dinner over 4,000 people! Of course he didn't steal, he only " squeezed ".

This brings us to the crux of the business and political problems in China,—public opinion expects everybody in power to " squeeze," and nobody objects to it, for each man hopes to be able later to take a hand in the game, even if he is not already engaged therein. Of course there are honest Chinamen, many of them, but public opinion countenances the " squeeze " system, and upon such a public opinion good government cannot be built. Foreign traders in Manchuria allege that this system of demanding " squeeze " by the Chinese officials is being employed by the Japanese to keep shut "the Open Door."

Perhaps the worst curse of China is its craze for gambling. Everybody does it, and the consequence is that many who have means become beggared, and the poor stay poor. Some of that hard-working class, the chair porters of Canton and Hongkong, make as high as twenty dollars per month, which is much for such frugal-living folk, but it all goes into the gambling houses. And how is the new republic meeting this national evil that saps the nation's honesty even more than its wealth? For a while it was shut down, but about two years ago the gamblers were allowed to recommence operations, so that in cities like Canton gambling is now wide open. And who controlled the political situation in that city when so vicious a revival of gambling was permitted—some survivor of the old imperial regime? Not at all; no less a progressive reformer than Dr. Sun Yat Sen, a prominent factor in establishing the Republic. An American naval officer stationed in Chinese waters told me that early in 1917 the Chinese Admiral in Canton felt that he was not getting " his share," and became restive, but that after Dr. Sun Yat Sen and he had had a conference on a boat upriver, half a million dollars was devoted to arsenal improvements, which cleared the political air. It would be interesting to scrutinize the details of the expenditure of that money, and check up the improvements it effected at the Arsenal.

When the Republic first came in, a determined stand was taken against the opium traffic, but laxity and worse by officials of the Republic has permitted a decided recrudescence in the trade, especially in the provinces of Shensi, Kiangsu (whose capital is Nanking) and Kwei-chow. It was not for nothing that the Chinese have long had their customs service under the financial supervision of a Brit-

isher. The fair-minded traveller, even after a short stay in the Celestial Republic, can hardly reach any other conclusion than that government of the Chinese by the Chinese will always produce the same results it has produced in the past and is today producing—inefficient government of the squeezed by the squeezers.

Lest the shortness of my stay in China made too hasty my conclusions as to Chinese character, let them be checked up against public statements by Dr. Charles K. Edmunds, for sixteen years a teacher in that country, and by Dr. George E. Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation, who spent last summer travelling all over the country from Mukden to Canton and from Shanghai to Changsha on behalf of the magnificent medical benefactions which Mr. Rockefeller's millions are there bestowing. Both Dr. Edmunds and Dr. Vincent are well known leaders of scientific thought and men of unusually clear vision, and both are enthusiastic as to China's future. But what do they say of its present? In Dr. Edmunds' *33,000 Miles in China* we find an amazing series of episodes showing the knavery and especially the thievery to which the traveller is exposed in a country of pre-mediaeval civilization and lack of communications. Says Dr. Vincent in his recently published article, " Chinese Progress in Medicine, Schools and Politics ":

It must be owned that there are disconcerting features in present-day Chinese life. " The Chinese lavishes so much loyalty on family, community and province that he has none left for the nation," says a clever returned student at dinner. " The country is practically sold out now; no wonder the Peking politicians are getting what they can," declares another. " Oh, we always absorb any invaders in the course of two or three centuries," is the philosophic dictum of a serene spectator of his country's danger. In a company of intelligent, foreign-trained young Chinese, some of them minor Government officials, questions about the composition of the present legislative bodies, the qualifications of the electors, the number participating in the voting and the like, elicit amused replies or merely provoke gently ironic laughter. Certain things in China may well cause apprehension: the division between North and South, which are terms of political faith rather than of geography; large armies unpaid for months, living on the countryside and terrorizing towns and cities; bandits now and then committing depredations within a few miles of centres like Peking and Canton; a government vacillating between the demands of militarists and fear of popular uprisings; revenues needed for constructive national tasks diverted to the uses of clamorous generals or dissipated in administration inefficient or worse; the development of natural resources hindered by the lack of public order and security; internal discord and weakness inviting aggression from without.

He points out that "there are nearly two hundred and fifty hospitals almost exclusively for Chinese patients, established and maintained by Protestant missionaries . . . Various Catholic orders offer hospital service, generally in the large centers." Where would hygiene in China be if these foreign-maintained institutions were suppressed and only the few Chinese-conducted ones left? The situation would be even more appalling than it is now. One of the most important temples in the largest city in China (Canton) is devoted to the God of Medicine. It is thronged by devotees who upon a small payment are allowed to draw lots and receive the prescription bearing the number they draw, and this prescription they have filled and take! In a similar temple in Shanghai they paste a prayer on that portion of a sacred image which corresponds with the ache in the suppliant's anatomy. Please notice that these practices obtain in important and improved centres of Chinese civilization and not merely in some obscure and untutored mountain village. Dr. Vincent speaks of young Chinese doctors being "trained in the United States, Europe and Japan. In the last-named country medical education of an excellent character is given in the best schools, such as that of the Imperial University of Tokio." He is quite right, and the education of every kind which China is today getting from foreigners (and without which she would receive almost none!) is everywhere in Japan provided by the Japanese themselves, and that, too, of the most modern type. I attended over half a dozen lectures at the University of Kyoto, in Political Economy, Administrative Law, advanced use of the X-Ray, etc., and was amazed at the high standard of education there displayed, and the deep interest and careful attention of the students.

But isn't there possible some middle-of-the-road plan between the discouraging inefficiency and corruption of a Chinese-run government, and foreigners tearing of her land into as many strips as her flag has stripes? The great loans (Millard says four hundred million dollars) which Japanese bankers have recently poured into China with studied carelessness as to their useful application shows that Chinese corruption must be headed off at the source of the stream. Loans to such officials should only be made under supervision of their expenditure, preferably by an international control. In this way no one country or group will be

tempted territorially to foreclose on mortgages obtained for money wasted or stolen by Chinese officials. How this can be worked out it is difficult to say, but the best plan yet advanced is the foreign loan consortium now under negotiation, which is essentially but the logical outcome of Secretary Knox's admirable suggestion for the neutralization of the Manchurian railways, which, if it served no other purpose, at least proved the non-existence of the much touted Open Door in China. International control of the Chinese customs works admirably, and there is no reason to fear that if such a system were extended, the extension would not function equally well.

The whole Chinese problem has reached such an acute stage that it seems necessary either regretfully to admit that it is too late or impractical to save their sovereignty for the Chinese, or else to show our prompt willingness to take a definite and decided stand in the matter. America must take part by contributing her share in money toward an international consortium which will so control all China's security for loans as to make impossible the control of any slice of her territorial sovereignty by an unscrupulous lender, be he an individual or a nation. Failing this willingness to "take part," America must cease her "policy of pin-pricks"—of criticizing what Japan or any other Power is doing to push its commercial or other interests in China. But whatever else we do or don't do, there is need for definite assurance by our Government of backing to such of our business men as undertake proper ventures in China. Not long ago it was the fashion to abuse fair government support of its nationals abroad—the critics called it "dollar diplomacy"—but I for one earnestly believe that the American business man deserves support from home when his American dollar is invested abroad. Once this was an academic question, but so great has grown our profit balance that now American capital must seek outlet abroad, and he who denies it proper protection is no true American. It was in just such a manly manner that the British Union Jack increased its prestige by protecting its commerce in foreign fields. Our progressive business men deserve as well of us as does the honest British trader of his own Government, and it is a safe prediction that the American is going to get it.

CHARLES H. SHERRILL.

THE TYPHUS TRAIN

BY RILEY ALLEN

Telegram

"Nikolsk, Siberia, August 27—To the American Red Cross, Vladivostok; There is a train of 30 Russian box cars with 150 sick Russian soldiers at Nikolsk from Perm. Have been on the road since May 10 and at Nikolsk four days. There are 44 cases of spotted fever, 85 cases of typhus and two cases of dysentery. There are four nurses, two of whom are sick. Two doctors were in charge of train, one of whom died at Razdolnoe yesterday of cholera. No medicines, clothing or linen. Can you do anything to assist in taking care of these people promptly? (Signed) Major Blunt."

I.

The train stood on a siding of the Trans-Siberian Railroad—a long train of little Russian box cars, faded red in color. They were on the track farthest from the tiny station. Under the flaming sun of an August morning, the sand and cinder of the railroad yard gave up an intense heat; it was as if the train stood upon a red-hot stove; and over the yard danced and shimmered torrid waves in which the green of Siberia's summer foliage was burning to lifeless brown. The line of track ran north and south in a broad valley, threaded by brooks, dotted with the homes of peasants, with carts moving slowly along roads, and with cattle, goats and sheep grazing in the fields. Now and then some small village showed its cluster of huts. And as over the railroad yard, so over the whole countryside hung the mantle of suffocating heat. From 7 in the morning the temperature climbed steadily; by noon it was near a hundred in the meager shade of the box-cars—a shade that afforded an appearance of relief as elusive and cruelly deceitful as a mirage on the blazing desert.

The train had pulled slowly into the siding from the

north at dawn of that August morning. The wheezing little engine detached itself and puffed away, leaving the long string of box-cars motionless. Before the engine was off the siding, from the half-open sliding doors of the cars figures began to creep and crawl, and presently some of these figures got themselves slowly and awkwardly down to the ground. In ten minutes, up and down the tracks, around the boxes on wheels, there were fifty or seventy-five men. They lay or sat upon the sand and cinders, or crawled on hands and knees, or, half-upright, staggered about as aimlessly as if they were blind men blundering eternally into unseen obstacles. Some of them fell, and lay immobile, and the rising sun set its slanting rays upon their prostrate figures. Those slanting rays searched out the dark interiors of the box-cars, too, and fell upon men supine at the doors. Their hands sometimes dangled over the sills, the arms limp; and hands and arms were shriveled to knots and bones over which the meager, dry skin stretched taut; stiff and fleshless as the claws of birds.

Further back, in the still-dusky interiors, other men were sprawled upon the rough flooring as if they had fallen there —and indeed, some of them had fallen. There were still other men on rude bunks of planking; two tiers of bunks on each side of the doors; over the planking a thin covering of straw. Some men had crept far back into corners, and lay with knees drawn up, limbs and body a-huddle. Some lay with arms outflung, faces to the roof. Some were clothed in the rags of gray overcoats, dingy gray uniforms, or tattered undergarments. Some were clothed in the remnants of blankets.

The sun rose higher and higher; the heat grew steadily; and soon after dawn clouds of flies which had dotted the walls during the dark hours appeared in ceaseless, buzzing activity. They swarmed thick and black as swarms of bees, settling upon the men, crawling upon hands and faces and upon clothing, crawling over the floors and walls; upon the ground outside. The air around the train was dotted with them like flights of midgets. Persistent, voracious and innumerable, they gathered about the train until their buzzing was audible a dozen yards from the track. Some of the men fought feebly against these myriad pests; upon others they settled and crawled unmolested.

As the light grew, a close observer could have seen upon

the men and their clothing and upon blankets, bunks and floors, other things more unclean than the flies. The cars swarmed with vermin; the gray lice gathered in patches as large as the palm of the hand upon the lean frames of the men; colonized in their long, unkempt hair. As some of the soldiers fought weakly with the flies, so did they fight with the lice; searching dully in their clothing, or scratching themselves with their shriveled, grimy fingers. Many of those who lay or sat upon the ground kept up this scratching hour after hour, tormented by a ceaseless itch, until their scraping of the abraded skin with broken fingernails was a gesture automatic and hopeless.

There were fourteen of these cars from which men slowly emerged to wander about the train or cluster in listless groups close by. Twenty-seven cars constituted the string; one of these was a small and dilapidated passenger-coach.

A few of the men, gathering twigs and rubbish, built tiny fires, and over the fires placed tin-cans, or small pannikins. Now and then one had a kettle. They brought from wrappings of foul rags bits of moldy bread, or decaying meat; and they began to cook in their inadequate vessels.

Four men, apparently somewhat stronger than the others, but in rags scarcely less filthy, appeared from the passenger-coach and went to one of the box-cars. Two clambered inside, the others waited. The two who had gone in presently brought to the doorway a long, limp bundle wound in a gray overcoat, and then the four carried this bundle to a car which had been closed, its sliding door close shut. They opened the sliding-door and heaved the bundle inside, where it lay with five others.

The men in the cars and on the ground paid no heed to the little procession or to what the four carried. They went on with their various tasks of cooking, scratching and fighting the flies. Some of them who had been sitting, fell forward to the sand. One man dropped as he stood in the doorway of a car—dropped four feet to the ground—and lay twitching.

The heat grew; the flies increased; the vermin incessantly tormented the men in rags; and the train sent forth an intolerable smell of putridity. The air was tainted with it; a mantle of contamination hung over the long line of

box-cars; there was grim menace in the stench of corruption that radiated from cars and flies and vermin and men.

II.

We found the Train of Horror on the lonely siding at mid-morning of that sweltering August day when we came up from the south—four of us with our two Red Cross cars coupled to a freight. The cars were loaded with blankets, sheets, underwear, towels and medicines. At noon the day before, an American railroad man—one of that fine corps which went to Siberia to tackle the job of rehabilitating a shattered railway system—telephoned from Nikolsk, 105 versts north, to his office in Vladivostok, sending the message which leads this story. The two cars were loaded that afternoon, they went north that night. The typhus train in Nikolsk went south, headed toward Vladivostok, and on the Razdolnoe siding we saw it and its burden of dying men.

III.

On May 10 this train—called a Russian sanitary train—had started from Perm with soldiers who had been fighting on the Ural front against the Bolsheviks. The soldiers were ill with spotted typhus fever, relapsing or recurrent fever and dysentery; and some had not recovered from wounds. The chief doctor of the train left Perm with orders to place the soldiers in a hospital at Omsk, 500 miles away. At Omsk every hospital overflowed with sick and wounded. He was ordered on. He reached the next city, and was ordered on; the next, and still could find no room; and again was ordered on.

This chief doctor died of cholera. His assistant, broken with overwork, discouragement and inability to relieve his suffering charges, could give us, at Razdolnoe, only the outlines of this story of their long and terrible passage from the Urals to Vladivostok. The train—nothing but a freight in physical make-up—crept from station to station across Siberia. It crept across Za-Baikal, and across Manchuria, and into the Maritime Provinces—and then down toward Vladivostok.

Wounds, fever, famine and failure of all medical and hospital supplies transformed the train of help into a train of pestilence. More than fifty died along the way; and of those who reached Razdolnoe most would die unless relief

came speedily. From the first their food had been insufficient; latterly they were travelling through a country largely inundated with countless refugees from western Siberia, who, fleeing before the Bolsheviks, had scraped the station-towns bare of food supplies. The train manager was furnished with a small amount of Siberian or Kolchak government money. This is not current in Manchuria, and in Manchuria the sick men starved. There is no doubt that some of the deaths were from starvation quite as much as disease. And it was a train of starving as well as fevered men we saw that morning at Razdolnoe.

They had waited for help four days in Nikolsk. None came. The Nikolsk hospitals were filled, there was report of a Russian barracks near Razdolnoe which might be used, and so once again the box-cars were hitched to an engine, and the train moved forward on the long road of death.

At Perm, in European Russia, May 10; at Razdolnoe, on the Pacific Coast of Siberia, August 28. Between those dates a grim, endless stretch of suffering, disappointment and despair. The distance is greater than from New York to San Francisco and back to Chicago, and those soldiers had traversed it in box-cars where they lay on boards; had traversed it while stricken with a deadly fever which burns the flesh from the bones and brings tortures of pain; they had traversed it in a torrid summer whose tropic heat is almost as extreme as the Arctic cold of the Siberian winter.

More than fifty dead—that is the least surprising of these facts. The surprising thing is that any survived to crawl and totter about the box-cars, and, as we approached them, to stretch out to us hands skinny as claws and implore us mutely for food to gulp into their shrunken bellies.

Two days later we were back at Razdolnoe from Nikolsk. We had searched Nikolsk for quarters for the soldiers, and had found none. We had meanwhile relieved temporarily the most pressing needs of those aboard the train. And this time we came back to clean up the train and its patients while waiting for Russian military, medical and civil officials in Vladivostok, Nikolsk, and Razdolnoe to settle the question of where the train should discharge its human pestilence. Five died while the train waited; three died on the day when we arrived for the second time.

IV.

The following is from the writer's diary for that day, August 30:

"To-day, between 11 and 7:30, we cleaned the train, bathed every sick soldier, five *sanitars,* some other attendants; gave them new bedding of sweet smelling hay, blankets and other supplies; got 115 pounds of beef from the American Army post here—enough for two fine, big meals and several helpings of wholesome soup—cleaned up the Razdolnoe station yard where the train has stood since Thursday morning, and to-night, after burying eight dead, we are on the way to Spasskoe, orders having come through from the Supreme Russian General at Vladivostok ordering the train to Spasskoe, where the 20th Military Hospital (Russian) was to take them in. The end of our search for quarters is here, and though we anticipate some difficulty in putting our soldiers into the hospital, because we doubt if it is ready for them, still they have been given emergency relief, and we are confident that the rapid wasting by death has been checked.

"We came down from Nikolsk last night—or rather this morning, between two and four o'clock—to clean up the train and its patients and keep them clean until hospital space should be found. It was still dark when the engine from Nikolsk dropped our two cars on the siding, and we, who had been sleeping in our clothes, got up and saw that the cars were placed on the same track as the train from Perm.

"The typhus train loomed dimly, a long line of black against the dun of the yard. In two cars faint lights burned. One of those cars has sick nurses, women who have worked themselves almost to death, the other has *sanitars,* or attendants, in no better shape. The wheezy engine puffed off, back toward Nikolsk, and Razdolnoe yard was deserted, and quiet except for the moans which came incessantly from the shadowy cars, moans that now and then rose to screams or broken, animal whines. In those cars fevered and starving men were dragging out another night of misery. In those cars some were giving up the fight, others on the verge of surrender. As we looked, from one or another of the cars emerged vague blurs—men slowly and painfully crawling from the half-open doors to the ground, and we saw a few of them wandering about. Perhaps in

these cars the wearied *sanitars* were asleep, and fevered soldiers had escaped to stagger aimlessly about the yard, or lie down on the rails. Presently the *sanitars* emerged, found their men, and drove or carried them back into the stinking boxes.

"We slept again in our clothes, and then, after a hasty breakfast, set to work. The sick men were just beginning to stir. There was no reason for them to stir—at dawn or any other time. They had nothing in particular to do—nothing but to suffer. They had no breakfast in prospect but some moldy or decayed green bread, tea weak as water, soup with barely a hint in it of half-rotten meat, or sausage offensive to the smell as garbage. They had nothing in prospect but another day of heat, dust, flies, running sores, weakness, pain, despair.

"Why should they crawl from their soiled, evil-smelling rags, thinly covering greasy boards—crawl down to lie on the floors, or on the ground, or to hobble and stagger up and down the narrow lanes of rails?

"Yet a little later they did begin to crawl out, slowly as dying animals from their dens. They began to come out with their battered cups and tin-cans and pails, their nauseous food wrapped in more nauseous swaddlings, and some tottered down the embankment and into the tall, lush grass, seeking to find food. I saw them pulling up roots of great weeds, and gnawing these roots. I saw some of them fall in the green growths, and rise after a while to begin anew their search . . . .

"And these men this morning were clinging still to their frail mortality, their mortality which at any moment might be taken from them by the inexorable hand of the evil Death which has haunted their train since it left Perm. They struggled, and fought, and clutched and clung as if life to them were sweet and dear and cast in pleasant places, instead of in places of infinite pain and want.

V.

"We went back to our cars and ravished our food-stock for bread and such canned goods as would be immediately useful. We had done so before, but our own stock is just enough for the trip. Expecting to find hospital space at Nikolsk immediately, our train was loaded with blankets, underwear, etc. to be given the patients after they were

cleaned in the hospital baths and placed in the hospital beds. The job we are now facing is one we did not prepare for—one we could not foresee. Otherwise, we should have brought quite as much food as clothing.

"We gathered up all the food we could spare, shared rations with the less fortunate, and because there was not nearly enough to go around and because we could not take the responsibility of saying who of these hungering men should be fed from this scanty store, I gave the food to the cook-car with strict instructions to feed from it those starving most acutely.

"All of the doctors, nurses and attendants on the car were still asleep, so we went to the station master—the *natchalnik stancia*—told him we were going to clean up the train while others settled the conflict regarding its disposition, and that we wanted his help. We said we proposed to clean it with what facilities we had and what we could devise there in the bare station yard, and that we would start it at once. I will say for this *natchalnik stancia* that he is one of the livest Russians I have known. He would do credit to any nationality. A big, smiling, rather fleshy chap with a red face and long, flowing mustaches; clad in a white jacket and railway man's cap and huge, ample trousers, he looms up in my memories of these last few days like the genial sun breaking through on a stormy day.

"With the *natchalnik stancia* we went out to the yard to lay plans and mark the field of battle. We had just started when the telephone in his office rang. It was a long-distance call for the *natchalnik stancia,* and he had word from Vladivostok that the Supreme General there ordered the train to proceed immediately to Spasskoe.

"This order was final, definite, imperative; it could not be disobeyed. But there was no engine in the yard, and we told the station master that while the engine was coming down from Nikolsk we would begin cleaning the train. It would have been murder for the train to be kicked up and down the line for another week uncleansed and with the wants of the men unrelieved, and we knew that if ever we should start the process of cleaning, it would take more than engines to get that train out of the yard until we had finished. '*Harosho*—all right' we said to the station master. 'You send to Nikolsk for your engine; we will clean the

train, and we will keep on cleaning until the very moment that the engine starts to pull out.'

"After these interruptions we went ahead full steam. The train people were now up and about. We laid out the plan of getting hot and cold water, cleaning the cars, reclothing the patients and preparing the train for exit from Razdolnoe. We hunted for more than an hour in the station and vicinity for various facilities, and took an hour longer to get the various squads of men—pitiful, small squads they were, too—organized and instructed in what they were to do when the cleaning should commence. We hunted the nearby village for a *banya,* or bathhouse, found a very good one—with the single exception that the stove was hopelessly out of repair. You can't bathe heavy typhus cases in cold water. We abandoned the *banya* idea after one cleansing—and decided to build a *banya* of our own. We cut the train in two, ran the cars ten feet apart—thus giving us two sides for our bath house—and the other two sides could be made out of sheets stretched from poles. We went to that with a special gang told off to put it up.

"At the station there was a very limited amount of hot water—we needed an unlimited amount. We descended on three or four sleepy, indifferent Chinamen in charge of the *kub* at the *lafka,* or little store, operated by the railroad. In the compartment where hot water is kept always on tap for railroad passengers who drop off here to refill their tea kettles or samovars we found two great *kubui,* or caldrons, but only one of them contained water, and that was lukewarm. After a brief but bitter fight we menaced our Chinese friends into firing up the other boiler and doubling the amount of hot water. This would require another hour.

"We built the bath of poles and sheeting, commandeered lumber and floored a wide space, got galvanized iron garbage-cans from our train and pails from our own stock, borrowed all the pails on the typhus train, organized a hot-water gang, and the station master called out one of his force to give us water from the big hose which feeds the engines as they come panting in.

"We had to carry hot water about 100 yards. We called on the doctor of the train for all the men workers available. He had twenty able to get about, half of them badly. We took the ablest ten. We put four and then six to carrying water. We borrowed from the station-master two big sheet-

iron tanks holding about 150 gallons each. One we stood under the stand-pipe and engine-hose. The other we rolled out and set up in our improvised bath house, now rapidly taking shape. We got a big but battered and filthy porcelain tub from the typhus train and three smaller tin tubs.

"We put water into and fires under our own big garbage-cans. This was for boiling water to sterilize clothes. We sent to our car for eight stretchers to carry to the bath those unable to walk, or so weak that the walk might hurt them. We organized first three and then five stretcher gangs.

"One of us took charge in getting the patients out of the cars to the baths and back to the cars; one took charge of checking out from our cars supplies of blankets and underwear, checking off the patients and seeing that they were properly clothed; one took charge of keeping the *sanitars* on the move with their burdens of sick men. As a matter of fact, we all during the next few hours did anything and everything from scrubbing the men in the baths to scrubbing out the cars, and from carrying bales of hay to giving cool drinking water to the thirsty men.

"Sent to the car for 100 suits of underwear, 100 bath-towels. Rigged up a clothes-line. Organized some of the typhus train minor officials to check into bundles the old and lousy clothes worn by the patients, and ordered them to throw it all into an empty box-car of the train.

"Two nurses from the train, one a mere slip of a girl, and the wife of the chief doctor, also a young girl, were the first bathing squad. We impressed into service not only nearly all the *sanitars,* but even some of the stronger patients. One or two men from the station lent valuable aid, and the big *natchalnik stancia,* or station master, was running his hot-water boilers under forced pressure and helping in many ways.

VI.

"By a quarter to 11 we were ready to receive the first patients. Called first for the stretcher cases. The sun was now bright and warm and I wished to bathe them at once and get them comfortably settled. The stretcher line began to form. The water carriers were already bringing their pails-ful, the tubs and underclothes and towels were in place, so in ten minutes we organized the cleaning of the cars—

which proved to be one real job. The idea was to take out the men, take out their filthy bedding, straw and various belongings, all infected and nasty, clean the cars with hot water, dry them, re-erect clean bunks, throw in fresh hay, throw in a blanket for each man, and then bring back the men clean and cleanly-clothed, from their bath.

" This plan we followed all day, with some variations. There was a short wait while we got fresh hay to put in the cars. We bought it at roubles 7.50 per bale from the 34th Russian Regiment, stationed in the town of Razdolnoe two miles away, and had it rushed to the station in peasant carts.

" There were a few other things to do before we were all ready to ' shoot the six.' There was some trouble making the whole scheme understood to the Russians, especially the *sanitars,* weak and stupid from sickness, but at 11.15 o'clock they brought the first patient to the bath and then began a stream of men, to and fro, dirty and clean, that did not end until sunset.

" Not until this stream began to come from the cars, not until we started down the line of cars to see that the men were brought out promptly, did we realize the full horror of this train of torture. We had literally not had time before to look closely at the train. And typhus is by now an old story. But not all last winter, not even in that damnable prison-camp at Omsk did I see such a combination of disease, filth and sheer starvation as this train gave.

" There stood the string of box-cars, two hundred or two hundred and fifty yards long. Every car except those occupied by the train personnel reeked with nameless and menacing filth, swarmed with lice, stank of mortal illness, human decay and horrible death.

" We had every car flung open, the doors slid back on their runways. Many had been partially closed, their interiors dim and shadowy. Now the full light of a bright day streamed in. Only one car we did not open. In that there lay five dead men—the fruit of yesterday.

" From the other cars trickled the living, dying stream of humanity. Some were carried, others crept out. And they headed toward the break in the string of cars, where white sheets enclosed a space four yards square and in that space there was warm, clean water, and kindly hands to bathe them.

" Yes, one sees in Siberia some horrible sights, but none

more horrible than those sights when the men were stripped of their rags for the bath. Human skeletons they were, men six feet and more weighing not over sixty pounds, arms and legs thin as reeds, and as fragile and bloodless; with faces drawn until they looked like grinning skulls, and eyes rolling dully in cavernous sockets. Mouths opened as vacuously as the mouths of idiots, and indeed, some of them were imbeciles from suffering and lack of nourishment. And others were delirious from fever.

"The filth of them was indescribable, unbelievable. They were caked with it, clothed with it. Some plastered as with mud, others mottled in strange and grotesque patterns—the patterns of boards on which they had lain. And over many of them swarmed lice so thick that the mass was as a coating of solid gray, each patch of this slow-moving coating large as the hand of a man. I know this is incredible, but the incredible is true. It is not pleasant to tell about, but it is true, and the truth of such things should be known.

"The train was giving up its passengers now, and no grave, no sepulchre, no catacomb giving up its dead could have vomited forth a more repulsive brood. They were the ghosts of all suffering and perished men struggling invincibly toward a fountain of life. Invincibly, yes, but oh, so slowly, so feebly, so wanderingly! One would have thought they came not from conscious wish but from some strange propulsion outside the realm of feeling, drifting toward the cleansing water from up and down the line of opened cars.

"Before we had the first man bathed—it was a twenty-five-minute job, for he was near to death and had to be carried almost the length of the train—these animated corpses in their scarecrow rags were clustering all about the bath house. Many, too weak to talk, lay or sat on the ground. Ringed about the bath station were these wan, pallid, skull-faced creatures, and as they sat or lay or stood, there was an incessant scratching horrible to see. Thin, bony hands steadily scratching the heads covered with long, unkempt, locks; thin, bony hands searching out the seams of their maculate clothing; thin, bony hands moving up arm or leg. The automatic lifelessness of this incessant clawing and the feeble, groping way in which these creatures of woe touched their itching limbs and bodies were terrible to behold.

VII.

"Well, we washed every man of them. Even the crew of *sanitars,* after an hour or two, seemed to grasp all at once why we were driving them so hard, and from then on, in spite of their physical weakness and growing fatigue, they worked faster and harder.

"There were, of course, upsets; things went wrong. First the bathing got ahead of the car-cleaning, and we had a long row of stretchers with washed and fresh-clothed men, waiting for cars into which they might go. We were at that time cleaning cars by hand. The station master then found what we had wanted for an hour—a spare engine. We ran this on an adjacent track, stretched a hose, and the engine started a flood of scalding water into the mess of débris and filth and vermin on floors, bunks and walls. I saw the flood start and felt tremendous relief. And—a half minute later the hose burst—it was old and rotten. It could not stand the pressure.

"So I took *sanitars* off other things and put them to work on this of getting the cars ready for the newly-bathed men. The hose was patched; it broke again, was patched and broke, and from then on for an hour, this wearisome discouragement kept up. But somehow the car-cleaning progressed.

"Presently we had washed all the heavy fever cases, and began to get men back into the cars. The work went faster and faster. The *natchalnik* kept the hot water going in magnificent shape.

"We ran, too, an impromptu barber shop. Somebody found an old pair of hair-clippers. A godsend. We appointed a man to do nothing but clip hair, and made him clip it into a box, to be burned. The heads he clipped were as horrible as the faces of dying men.

"I am sorry that our bathing and tonsorial station were seen by so few. It was, I think, a sight worth seeing. We were now running them through on an average of a bath every three minutes, and later we cut this to two minutes. Even with scrubbing brushes (made on the spot out of shavings) with soap strong enough to peel the bark off a tree, with hot water and with plenty of capable hands wielding all vigorously, a really dirty man cannot be bathed under two minutes—that is, as dirty as were these men. At least

one minute was needed for the water to soak into thir caked covering of dirt and filth.

"But slowly and surely the job proceeded. The clippers broke, but they were patched up. We got another engine for an hour, and cleaned a lot of cars in that hour. We had trouble in keeping the clean and dirty men apart, so we established a 'clean zone' and 'rode range' around it. We talked and shouted and gesticulated and threatened and cajoled and persuaded; we walked and ran and carried and threw; and the plant was turning out results by mid-afternoon gratifying to see.

"Right here a word about the helpers. They worked better and better as the day wore on; of all of them, none better than the women—none so good. Cheerful, willing, skilful, tender, strong (or nerved up beyond their ordinary strength) they labored without rest for food or drink. Three women from the train itself were first at the bath station—two nurses and the wife of the doctor. The other two nurses were desperately ill in a sick car.

"They lifted the weaker patients with admirably capable strength, and placed them in the bath-tubs with tender care, soothing those who were delirious and persuading them to rest easily while the healing water was laved over their shrunken frames.

"The engine came down the line from Spasskoe to Nikolsk to take us on to Spasskoe, but we couldn't stop now. We held the engine by one means and another and set it to work cleaning cars, and we telegraphed to Vladivostok for lime and other disinfectants to be forwarded to Spasskoe, for I already began to foresee difficulties at that point.

"We held the engine and we washed every man. We also washed five extremely lousy, dirty *sanitars*—hadn't time for the others. We dealt out clean underclothes and blankets and soon most of the men were back in clean cars, on clean hay, in clean clothes, under clean blankets. We had a constant task to keep them there—many began at once to feel quite frisky and wanted to walk around. But that was but one of a million or so little jobs that we were trying to keep going as part of the big job.

"From this on the thing was easy—except for the manual labor, and the miles of walking up and down the yard. The machine worked rapidly and well.

"It was sunset when the last man was bathed. In the

next hour we cleaned the yard—ran the train to another track, got all the men with spades, pieces of board, anything available; covered refuse, burned dirty straw, rags, much old clothing, put all the property back on various cars, put the stretchers in a special box-car—and then I made a last round, dealing out blankets to any who had been missed.

"... It did my heart good to see my soldiers clean and comfortable in their new beds, the cars clean and neat, the atmosphere for the first time around the train clean and bearable!

VIII.

"We had cleaned up the train, the patients, the yard. It was dusk. And our work was done. No, not quite all. The engine hooked to the train and cut out one car. It was a closed box-car. A squad of men piled on the engine and it puffed away, vanishing into the deep violet hues of a valley that lay to the northwest. Presently we heard, miles across the gentle hills, the long wail of its whistle.

"In the closed car were eight men, and they had just been buried on the hills. Five had died yesterday, three to-day. The burying-gang dug the grave this afternoon—I use the singular advisedly,—and in this one great grave went four coffins and four bodies. There had been time only for four coffins.

"The engine came back, hooked to the train, and we made ready to proceed. The last act of our day of cleansing had ended.

"We were ready for supper in the big cook car of our pair. An honored guest was the stalwart *natchalnik stancia.* We all feasted on our modest fare, considerably more modest since we had split up with the typhus train—and talked the day over and decided that at any rate we were making progress.

"At 8 o'clock we are pulling out for Nikolsk and Spasskoe. We are ready for Spasskoe now. The train is not absolutely cleaned. It is not absolutely free of flies and lice, but it is cleaner than most trains on the Trans-Siberian route, including a lot of the so-called first-class passenger trains—and so are its passengers—and we can go into Spasskoe yard, not as a plague train, but as a sanitary train bringing in soldiers from the front, not neglected and loathsome creatures in all stages of dissolution, but soldiers from the front who have been cared for."

IX.

The typhus train was in at Spasskoe the next morning. The Red Cross men found the Spasskoe military hospital packed on a train ready to go west. Orders had come reversing the instructions to go west, but still the beds, bedding, medicines and other supplies stood on the train in the yards a half mile from the hospital.

The full hospital equipment and supplies for 150 men were replaced in the hospital building that afternoon, Sunday. At 7 the following morning the soldiers were taken from the typhus train and sent to the hospital. Some were carried in stretchers, some in peasant carts, some were able to walk supported by *sanitars,* others—and there was a surprising number of these—were able to walk by themselves. Good food and clean surroundings for two days had worked a healing miracle. Men carried to the baths in stretchers now were able to stand upright.

At 11 o'clock that Monday morning all the patients were at the hospital. Those most ill were already in their comfortable beds. Nearly 100, now visibly on the mend, were sitting on the grass under the bright sunshine, and waiting while those more unfortunate were first attended to.

And then the Red Cross men waved good-bye to their soldier charges of three days, and ran for the down-passenger train just pulling into the station, to which the Red Cross cars had been attached.

They reached the station in time, and, as the closing act of a few busy days, they ordered the typhus train to be sent to a distant siding and again disinfected.

None of the soldiers had died since the bathing. Forty-eight hours passed without a death as against an average of five a day for some time previous.

And with this in mind the Red Cross men swung aboard their cars as the train pulled out, and called it a day's work.

RILEY ALLEN.

ADAM DAULAC

BY MARGUERITE MERINGTON

'Twas in the early days of Ville-Marie,
And in the April dawn of life no less
Than of the year, when Daulac signed his name
Among the stars above the wilderness
Where, star-like, shone the mission colony,
And from his scutcheon wiped a youthful shame.

"The budding season bodes a harvest fair,
As ice and snow give way before the sun,
And, singing songs of France, we turn the sod.
Conquered are forest, field and flood. Begun
With prayer each day, and each day closed with prayer;
And where we plow we plant the cross of God!

"Our Indian neighbors, too, whose souls to sway
To Heaven white nuns cast their saintly lot,
And black-robed brethren, faithful shepherds tend,
Preaching the ways of peace to Ouandot,
Algoumequin the rover, Montagnais:
Of these which is not now in Christ our friend?

"Disdains one hostile tribe alone our hand,
Or, smoking pipe of peace-pretence, they wait
Our unsuspecting hour to strike their blow!"
(Hear Maisonneuve in hurried council state:
Brave governor to that intrepid band
Of nation-founders, in the long ago!)

"The Hyroquois!" Who did not know the curse
That lay in that dread name upon the tongue!
"The Hyroquois," they cried, with indrawn breath.
"O, better wife and child to wild wolves flung
Than chance a captive's fate; death, torture . . . worse,
Where one might pray, and pray in vain, for death!"

Adam Daulac des Ormeaux, of the fort
Commander, hears the word, and sees a way,
The Governor approving, that may rid
The Mission of this pest: "Without delay
To strike ere struck, seeking where, by report,
The savages lie in the forest hid!"

Aye; Maisonneuve approves. . . . Who would not! plan
So daring. Yet would hardly urge what spells
Death-warrant! Yet, should any volunteer . . .?
Hark to the voice of youth! The record tells
Their sixteen names undaunted. "Who's the man
To lead them, though?" Cries Adam Daulac, "Here!"

Their wills are made. They take the sacrament.
Who love them cling to them as to the dead,
While tapers for them at each home-shrine burn.
Fittest to live, their last good-byes are said,
As knight-crusaders gallantly they went
Upon the quest that suffers no return.

Passed now Ste. Anne's where flows the current swift.
Twin-Mountain Lake the light canoes have crossed.
Stemming the rampant Ottawa's mad race
At Carillon like dead leaves are they tossed.
Here, where the Long-Sault, hurtling, joins the drift
Of seething waters, marks their landing-place.

For camp a disused trading-fort is theirs;
And here, in greening wood, a pool beside,
Where sapling birch and saffron willow dip,
And wild-duck drop to drink by night, they bide,
With gay Qui-Vives that mingle with their prayers,
And the light laugh of youth upon the lip.

Forms snake-like gather in the covert. Soon
Dark hordes about the tiny fortress close,
While direful yells the peaceful heavens rend.
A deeper stain the reddening maple knows,
As stone-head arrow answers musketoon,
And faithful Hurons back the war-cry send.

"From Tadoussac that guards the River's gate,
Along its shores where settlers' cabins rise,
To Frontenac, our furthermost advance:
Old homes with hope rebuilt beneath new skies. . . .
For these we fight," they cry, "and for the fate
Of Cross and Empired Lily of New France!"

Outmatched? Outnumbered? Aye; an hundred fold.
Foredoomed to perish? Ere they started. True.
But not in vain! for soon the savage horde,
Dread Hyroquois, back to their plains withdrew.
And so the Mission lived and grew, grew old,
In the blood-purchased peace of fire and sword!

The eastern roses planted by Champlain
In brave days blossomed by the western sea.
But, east or west, was never braver one
Than in the early days of Ville-Marie,
When Adam Daulac cleansed his scutcheon's stain,
And signed among the stars a deed well done!

MARGUERITE MERINGTON.

APRIL BURIAL

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

It is a gracious privilege when we may fold away the body of a loved one beneath the sod of spring; for the April bourgeoning eases our grief. The golden sun at the edges of the carriage curtain affirms a golden world beyond the black bar that for a few brief hours shuts us from life's sweet daylight. Above the stealthy, sable-clad movements that lower the casket, rings the love-call of a robin, and gay little winds, blown from some far shrine of tender mirth, scatter the grim words, " dust to dust," among the green branches. In April it is impossible to doubt the holiness of all seed-time. Privileged to stand by an open grave on some green and golden morning of the blossoming year, one is received into the communion of the trees, and in that moment knows beyond any peradventure that the loneliness to come is fraught with some mysterious fruitage. April is the month when it is easiest to believe the resurrection, and yet all of us whose lives have been dedicated to understanding the experience that we name loss, know that this April reassurance holds true for every day of the year. All grief that is deep enough has a generative power that constantly creates in us faculties mysteriously buoyant, and releases within us unguessed capacities of human comradeship.

We do not often enough examine those regions of our soul where it is always April, where for every man and woman who is alive, something new is always blossoming into being. We always hesitate to visit graves, fearing to find those seed-places still raw from the planting, and thus fail to discover them already green with unexpected promise. We do not observe how often spring is fulfilled within our life. We are heavy-witted with habit, and when once we have termed an experience hopeful or painful, lucky or sad, we do not perceive that since we labelled it, it has

changed its nature, and is actually producing fruits totally different from the name we give it. We bow above some spot where a hope lies buried, and do not note that already it has sprung up into beauty, and is filling our life with fragrance. In no experience are we stupider in our appraisement than in that commonest and saddest of all, for always we say of the death of loved ones,—mother, child, husband, —that we have lost them.

Not in those first broken and blinded months, but afterward, as the slow years round out to fulfillment, is it possible to retrace and review the long path of our loneliness. Wherein are we different men and women from what we might have been had they never been lent to us, our beautiful dead? Might it not be an April offering to stop for a little while and remember?

Was it a child who died? Which of the living daughters seems today so close to her mother as the little girl who is gone? Grown up and busy with their varied lives, it is not they, but the other, who comes to slip an arm through her mother's in the gloaming. A father, growing old, may read in his living son's eyes all the truth of his senility, but he knows that for the little lad who died at five he will always be a very prince of daddies. In the physical world love is always threatened with severance. We fear the many ways in which our children may draw apart from us, even while they are still close enough for our hands to touch. Sometimes we tremble with the apprehension, false or true, that our loved ones do not quite believe in us, but how clear of purpose and unafraid mothers and fathers walk who are conscious always of the unsullied baby confidence of the toddlers taken from them before they had grown old enough for any secret distrust. They always understand us, our children who are dead, and they have a strange earthly continuance, due to the fact that all our life is consecrated to their imagined approval, so that we ourselves give their personality a persistence that fate denied.

In analogous manner, a parent passed from us has sometimes a domination for good that cannot be overestimated. A dead mother sometimes absorbs into herself all the loveliness that we associate with that beautiful word, and out of a child's solitude and his hunger for an unknown presence is built a shrine of motherhood that is a secret refuge from all the cruelty of life. We all know men and women who

speak with splendid pride and confidence of the mother they never saw.

The children who have lost fathers in this war enter upon a holy heritage. Some actual children whom we know through the battle memoirs of their fathers are typical of many others. Surely Thomas Kettle's "daughter Betty" will have a womanhood sacred to understanding the immortal sonnet from the field assuring her that

> We fools, now with the foolish dead,
> Died not for flag, nor King, nor Emperor,
> But for a dream, born in a herdsman's shed,
> And for the sacred Scripture of the poor.

Surely there will be for the little Vally, son of the brilliant young dramatist, Harold Chapin, no more precious reading than the letters his father wrote to him from the Front. May it not be that the home from which a father has gone to a soldier's death becomes a holy place, a school of heroism for any child? Unconsciously the household conduct will refer constantly to the desires, the standards, of the absent dead. Beautiful memories must haunt and hallow every room. All budding dreams, all growing ideals, will focus in a child's thoughts of the father. No boy ever yet forgot a father that died for freedom,—a living father he might sometimes forget or disregard,—a father lifted to the perspective of heroic sacrifice is a father to dominate every thought, every moment. The coming generation will follow without faltering where the fathers shall forever lead.

No mother's thoughts ever wander far from her dead child; no son is ever so preoccupied that he is not constantly referring his purposes to a dead father's sanction. Always a confident understanding exists between parents and children living and dead. But this clear comprehension is equally characteristic of all other forms of bereavement, for always we feel that we understand the dead better than the living, and always we are sure that our dead understand us. Two causes explain this revelation of spirit to spirit, this mysterious April flowering of the grave.

Grief alone gives us leisure to appreciate. Our dead are the only people we ever take time for. In our daily existence we are so hurried and harried by a hundred details, so duty-driven, that mere loving seems a form of self-indulgence. At heart we loved our lost ones too well for any great cruelty, any deep neglect, but the little things we did

not do haunt us piteously. Why did we think we were too busy for the tiny ways of tenderness?

A kiss would seem so simple,
So slight a thing a smile.

We never quite forgive ourselves that we did not speak

Such words as we deny them
Only because they live.

Not until they have passed beyond the hurly-burly of earth, do we have time to ponder their little peculiarities, their quaint whimsies and quirked phrases, which, so small, were yet significant of a spacious kindliness of soul. Our petty blindnesses, our petty unkindnesses, would break our hearts if we did not feel such vain regret disloyal to those who loved us as we loved them. They were once human, too; perhaps they, too, remember something they are sorry for. One of the keenest sensations of grief is that of their bright and blithe forgiveness. They seem to twinkle at us, and to smile and say, "What difference does all that nonsense make, now that we both understand?"

If all earth is sacred to planting, if every April is the symbol of a sacrament, perhaps loneliness itself is a seed ordained to an unguessed fruitage, not alone after our death, but here. Human comradeship would be an abortive growth if it were subject to the brevity of physical contact,—for its perfecting it sometimes needs to be supplemented by the leisured evaluation of grief. If we think with full honesty of those who have gone from us, do we not see how much better we know them now than before they went away? The years of separation have been a gift to us, revealing not merely the immensity of our bereavement, but revealing also, as time alone could do, the beatitude of our present possession.

Not only time, but also separation, affords us opportunity for surer sympathy. We can see souls more clearly when they are freed from the obscurations of the flesh, their flesh and ours. Only by means of removal are we able to look upon character cleansed of the immediate and lifted into the aspect of the eternal. We know that even earthly absence is sometimes salutary, the best restorative of exhausted intimacy. Despite affection, little tricks of gesture weary our eyes, obstinate little habits tease our nerves, until the soul they hide is wholly concealed by the blundering body. All these small impacts are forgotten at a distance, and spirit shines clear in our absent converse, and dominates

inalienably the harmony of return. Not alone the contact that is wearing threadbare is restored by periods of remoteness; the most concordant association needs sometimes the tonic of absence, by which two people, each setting forth alone, can make discoveries and win trophies to bring back for sharing.

The separations of life and the separations of death are alike curiously educative, not alone in new knowledge of those who leave us, but in new knowledge of ourselves. We did not realize how large a share those others had in shaping us. When they were here they seemed earth-bound and fallible like ourselves, but now we perceive with what high motive their every act was illumined, and we accord them the imitation that is one function of grief; when we make honest scrutiny of ourselves we find that there is no living person who exerts upon us such coercive influence as do our dead. It may be that we would not have heeded their advice so completely if it had been spoken, anxiously dinned into our ears perhaps; now, unvoiced, it has grown significant with deathless wisdom. Are we not often blind to this April blossom of bereavement, the mystical high communion to which our lives are set?

The full import of human intercourse is not yet declared to us, but the care with which comradeship is perfected, sometimes by association, sometimes by separation, should sting us to high surmise, as seeds in earth might tingle to the promise of spring.

Even in heaviest sorrow we use of our dead no harsher word than lost, in itself a term instinct with hope. We say that we have lost them, but not that they have lost anything, for no matter what creed we hold, we never picture them as sad. What is lost is not destroyed, does not part with its identity, and may at any time be restored to us. That despair is black indeed which has no expectation of reunion. We may utterly deny this hope even to ourselves, yet in the depth of each sorrowing soul there will be found a germinal *perhaps*. But strangely, stupidly, we postpone to some unknown future day this reunion with our loved ones. When we die we may rejoin them, we tell ourselves, as if the resurrection were a flower of sudden consummation, instead of being, like every other human hope, already begun in our earth-existence, and merely completed in the life beyond death. Already at this very hour and moment we possess

all the finest privileges of companionship. None of those qualities most valuable to human affection have we ever really lost. We do indeed miss many precious things sacred to earth and to the body; the twinkle in the eye, but what was that except as it expressed the quaint, merry spirit? the touch of the hand, but what was that except as it signified love? the swift thudding of little feet on the gravel, but did our ears really prize that sound except as it said the child was so glad to come home to us after school? Surely whatsoever things are loveliest in earthly intercourse we still possess inalienably: a mutual understanding, forever secure against estrangement, an hourly intimacy not subject to earthly distance, and best of all, the sharing of that aspiration which we lay bare to the soul of the dead, but hide from any nearer comrade, since, in our pitiful self-consciousness, we are afraid to tell any living being how hungry we are for God, how intensely we long just to be good. Of these priceless privileges of human comradeship no grave has ever robbed us, nor can ever rob.

It is life that can sever. Life has many ways of separating us, but death has only one, and that one is merely apparent and superficial. The disintegration of the grave is a slight thing compared with the corroding estrangements of life. There are living people whom we once loved who now are so far removed from us that it seems as if all eternity could not restore them. Sometimes the fault was in our gross misunderstanding of them, sometimes in theirs of us. We have seen friends once noble slowly subdued to decay through some selfish course, until while they still hold out their hands to our love we turn from them in despair. Much of earthly association, externally smooth, is inwardly hesitant and dogged with doubt. By contrast how holy and how honest is our communion with our dead! Both the friends here and the friends beyond our sight are graciously sent us for our strengthening and our joy, but so fallible are we all that only those passed from us are forever safe from all misunderstanding and all cruelty on their part or on ours. Because of this security they have become the warp and woof of our being. They are nearer than we know.

How close they seem to us sometimes, our dead! Sometimes we wake drowsily, feeling all the darkness palpitant with their presence. Perhaps they yearn to reach us through all the barricades of sense. It is disloyal to doubt that they

still love us as we love them. They, too, have learned to understand us better, as we them, since we were parted. Always, when we think of them we have a sense of happy intimacy. Invisible though they are, we are aware of serene eyes, of strong presences freed from the old handicap of pain. Sometimes they even seem to be laughing at us, beautiful laughter like the mirth of little April winds above a grave,—divine merriment of reassurance, as if they were trying to tell us that our feet were sundered from them merely that we might learn to knit step to theirs more blithely both here and hereafter. At times we shiver a little, remembering how dull we were to their beauty when they were with us of old, or conjecturing how earth-life with its myriad means of severance might have menaced this our present glad security. In these long years we have seen the flowering of the grave, we have tasted the fruitage of our loneliness. When we enter that existence that consummates earth, clear faces of love will smile in greeting, and some sweet amused voice will welcome, asking us, "Did you really think that you had lost me when in no other way could I have walked so close to you all this while?"

WINIFRED KIRKLAND.

THE PLACE OF HENLEY

BY MARIETTA NEFF

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY, whose prose studies of literary men were interpretative and shot with jewelled lights, like Hazlitt's, would have hated the academic colorlessness of criticism too much taken up with the computing of influences. Yet it is in terms of other men and other work that those who have written about Henley and his verse have persistently expressed their views.

Those who knew Henley and those who are acquainted with his work have been wont to find in him physical and temperamental, as well as poetical, affinities with many other persons strangely different from one another. In body, he was a "Baresark, a modern Viking," a second Samuel Johnson, notable alike for native vigor and for suffering—an image, as in the Rodin bust, of the divine Pan. In relation to his coterie of colleagues and disciples, he was to one an English counterpart of the demi-god Hugo; to another, "a cheerful Socrates of a somewhat noisy Academe," "a genial Cato who gave his little senate laws"; and to a third, captain—not of his own soul, but of a newspaper staff. In his spiritual quality, he suggests to one writer now Heine and again Rabelais; to a second, he is merely a frank pagan; to a third, a kind of inverted Puritan. In the search for literary analogies or influences, there has been an inclination to extract from Henley's critical prose the names of those whom he delighted to honor with the essayist's seal of interest or approval. Henley's biographer, Mr. Cornford goes to the other extreme, and insists that Henley was not an imitator but a rebel. Yet the disciple, however eager to defend the master's originality, admits that it was not dissociated from a high degree of literary sophistication —a fact sufficiently obvious. Its significance lies in Henley's having been credited with a new poetry. One

would like to know, then, what effect other poets, English or foreign, had upon Henley's theory of art, upon the prosody and diction of his rhymes and rhythms, and upon the choice and treatment of his few impassioned themes—his cult of the river, the city, the sea, and his worship of love and death.

Though Henley's *Essays* and *Views and Reviews* seem responsible for the discovery of too many temperamental analogies and literary influences, the opinions avowed in these essays reveal with delightful immediacy Henley's reactions toward literature and art. The process of selection and revision by which some of the papers were recovered from "' the shot rubbish of journalism " has not robbed them of their unstudied charm.

Here are some illuminating judgments. Henley thought nothing more exquisite than the best of Herrick. He felt that at times the epic mockery of *Don Juan* was to the full as beneficial as the chaste philosophy of *The Excursion* and the *Ode to Duty*. Part of the time, at least, he detested Shelley, and he looked with an unfriendly eye upon Landor. He believed that, for the sake of color, Rossetti had created in the name of poetry an inorganic complex of phrases and suggestions. Heine he admired for the sensuous loveliness of his verse and its seemingly artless grace. The poet in Hugo he praised for craftsmanship of " the rare, immortal type"; but Hugo, the man, he called a " bounder," and accused of a sentimental *" rastaq "* that made it hard for decent people to endure him. Both Meredith and Browning he condemned for obscurity, and the latter for the worse fault of being what he was pleased to term an " Inexhaustible Bottle." Banville he liked for a nice regard for the human as well as the æsthetic values; and, somewhat from the same point of view, he linked together, a little oddly, the names of Dobson, Patmore, and Arnold, as those who, alone among modern English poets, stood upon the classic " ancient way which is the best." Yet, in another passage, he wrote of Arnold:

> There is little of that delight in material for material's sake which is held to be essential to the composition of a great artist; there is none of that rapture of sound and motion, and none of that efflorescence of expression which are deemed inseparable from the endowment of the true singer.

Henley liked Arnold most, however, when he thought him least modern, as in the unrhymed *Philomela* and

Balder. Milton and Tennyson he preferred, too, in their later work, when they seemed to him no less impatient of rhyme than confident in rhythm. If all these and other opinions expressed in *Views and Reviews* reveal a somewhat personal and wayward method of judging poetry, they do not preclude the making of sound inferences. They show clearly that Henley was much concerned with the form of poetry, and that he hated cordially the vices of coldness, didacticism, and sentimentality.

Henley's theory of art is, in general, in accord with his view of poetry. He is sensitive to technical excellence in painting, and hostile to sentimentality in subject or treatment. In spite of certain mannerisms in his own poetry, he seems to have been rather unsympathetic toward the romantic confusion of the arts. He compared Monticelli's painting, with its "orchestral explosions of color," to the verse that one reads for the sound's sake only—for everything but meaning. He was sure that painting was something more than dabbling exquisitely with material, and, at the same time, equally sure that it was not at all disguised literature. He would have agreed with Whistler that painting was not concerned with emotions growing out of religion, patriotism, or human relationships, and that it saw and expressed all things in terms of line and color and paint. He subscribed to the doctrine of *The Ten O'Clock* and *The Red Rag,* and yet he asserted furiously that he never "babbled the Art-for-Art's-sake babble."

Perhaps this curious welter of opinions about literature and art merely expresses a temperament to which philosophy was "like chalk in the mouth," or perhaps it indicates what is but natural in one who, himself essentially a Romanticist, began his career somewhat under the influence of the *Parnasse contemporain*. Since the Symbolist reaction has thrown the Parnassians into disrepute, it is only just to admit that, although in the beginning they looked to LeConte de Lisle, Vanville, Gautier, and Baudelaire as their masters, they did not think of themselves as a school, and did not intend to limit the boundaries of the vast domain that Victor Hugo had won for poetry. They meant their *Parnasse contemporain, recueil de vers nouveaux,* to be for poetry what the annual salon was for painting. They insisted upon religious devotion to form, but they did not demand any unity of theory or tendency. Yet in their work,

or that of men at one time or another associated with them—from Gautier and Baudelaire to Mallarmé and Verlaine—Henley discovered many characteristics with which he must have felt himself in accord. How much sympathy he found there for the work of foreign artists, how much enthusiasm for the spirit and methods of modern painting, how much distaste for long narrative and philosophic poems, how acute a perception of the goodliness and the monstrousness of cities! And how much preoccupation with the lyric treatment of elemental themes—love and death and the affinities between man and nature! For this catholicity of spirit, the Parnassians and all succeeding Romanticists found warrant in Victor Hugo. All schools, they held, derived from him, existed in him, returned unto him. He, the priest and prophet of society, he, who scorned the idle singer, condescended, at the same time, to be the perfect artist. His disciples were intoxicated with the conviction that he had won for them all subjects from the most grandiose to the meanest, from the most picturesquely objective to the most intimately perverse, and all words, all melodies—indeed, all the secrets of craftsmanship.

Henley, as he read French literature, felt himself, also, splendidly free. Except, however, when he wrote in artificial, old French lyric forms, his prosody—though it became so relaxed that his later poems read at times almost like measured-off prose—seems to be thoroughly English. Gautier, Baudelaire, and LeConte de Lisle were precisians in regard to the laws of verse. In 1873-5, while the poet of *Romances sans Paroles* and *Sagesse* was meditating in his prison cell upon the strange metrical theories of Arthur Rimbaud, Henley, in the Old Edinburgh Infirmary, was already composing rhymeless verse in meters not unknown to English poetry. At all times he was attracted by the descending rhythm and short lines, if the hemistichs be printed separately, of the native, unrhymed verse, and of modern English imitations of old Teutonic types. Now and again, through his poems, one hears echoes of *Hiawatha* and the *Saga of King Olaf* and *Merlin and the Gleam*. But the trochaic-dactylic rhythm appears not only to be suited to the imitation of primitive verse-forms, but also, often with the ornament of alliteration or assonance, to compensate in some measure for rhymelessness. The unrhymed poems of Matthew Arnold, particularly those in the elegiac

mood, abundantly illustrate this fact. Henley's irregular rhythms, like many of Arnold's also, and like much recent free verse, are often iambics, broken into lines of varying length, and tending to run into cadenced prose. There is nothing metrically new about either these unrhymed rhythms or the rhymed, irregular lyric forms, for which there is abundant precedent all the way from Milton and Cowley to Arnold, Patmore, and even Tennyson. The fact that Henley never, like so many poets of the present time, entirely relinquishes metrical pattern, and that he neither employs the syntax of prose nor abandons the syntax and punctuation of the sentence in favor of cadences or phrasal or clausal groups of images, as units of expression, is further proof of his fealty to custom. It is clear, too, that, although he is not given to inverting the order of subject, predicate, and object, he is profoundly influenced by the Miltonic period, with its multiple suspensions and its cumulative rhythm. Henley's prosodic peculiarities are evidently, then, to be associated with the practice of accepted English poets, rather than with that of the French Symbolists and their disciples at home and abroad.

Henley's diction, rather than his prosody, seems to have been not unaffected by tendencies deriving, in the first place, from Victor Hugo. Toward the end of the nineteenth century, the literature of England, as well as of France, was characterized by a peculiar type of preciosity. Dictionary-hunting was sanctioned by the precept or the example of Gautier or Baudelaire or the Symbolists. Solecism and barbarism and old words employed in a way that gave them unfamiliar charm suggested the upsurging of fresh emotion, and the happy alliance between youthful vigor and beauty that is timeless.

Henley employs a diction that is, in part, the result of deliberate attention to theory, and, in part, the unconscious product of his reading. He is not afraid of a Miltonic allusion to Thrones and Powers and Dominations, for example. He does not disdain familiar line-patterns, like

Unravined, imperturbable, unsubdued

or

O Death! O Change! O Time!

He does not object to appropriating a phrase: "ungirt loins and lamps unlit"; "we'll go no more a-roving"; "over

the hills and far away." Like most poets, he has favorite modes of grouping words. He is fond of placing a sonorous polysyllable between monosyllables, as in " to some immitigable end," " sweet, inscrutable eyes," " the old, indissoluble peace." On the whole, Henley uses mouth-filling epithets a little prodigally and uncertainly, like Whitman, not confidently, like Milton. For some reason psychically significant, no doubt, he returns caressingly to " sleep " and " death " and " peace " and "dream." He flings a challenge to squeamishness in the repetition of words like "lewd," " wanton," " lust," " unclean," " shameless," or " obscene." This idiosyncrasy is less an indication of personal robustness (though Henley did not share even Stevenson's dubiety about the orgiastic foundations of life) than of a dislike of cant and sentimentality. Then, too, theory as to the nature of the poetic vocabulary is partly accountable for this species of daring, as well as for the liberal use of many an expression as informal as " perks it," " batch of boats," " the black job of burking London town," " shed my duds," or for an indifference like that of the young Keats toward the established forms and functions of words. In still more interesting ways, Henley expressed his modernity. In spite of his distaste for certain aspects of the romantic confusion of the arts, he could strike out a hard, clear, painter's image, like "poplars black in the wake of the setting moon "; and he was sufficiently attracted by the æsthetics of Baudelaire to let perfume, sound, and color melt into one another in " visual orchestra," a " voice of living light," " visible music," or " odorous music." Again, when he chose the titles for his *London Voluntaries,* he had in mind the theory or the practice of Baudelaire or Gautier, or, more probably, the example of Whistler, who had long been composing, in line and color, his " symphonies " and " variations " and " nocturnes."

Henley's poems of the world's great City have more in common with the spirit of Whistler's Thames etchings or nocturnes, or Baudelaire's *Tableaux Parisiens,* than with the democratic hurly-burly of Whitman's dithyrambs in praise of Mannahatta. Henley does, to be sure, shout a little barbarically his delight in the " lewd, perennial, overmastering spell " cast by imperious Pan upon the responsive city, but he is touched, as Whitman is not, by the decadent poet's awareness of the correspondence between the spirit

of the night and our own tainted souls. At night, the oozing river slime, the stagnant vapors of the sky, the evil glimpses of the moon, disclose their secret affinity with the hideousness of cities. But Henley is too healthy of mind to do more than hint, in passing, at what lies in shameful occultation. More typically, he is an artist, etching portraits of London types, or joyously painting the seasonal color moods, physical and spiritual, of the city at night, at twilight, and at dawn. These are wizard hours, when, in a double sense, the hues of day grow dusk and silver, chrysoprase, sapphirine, and rosy gold.

Even if Henley had not read all the sea poets, those to whom the ocean was a confidant, and those to whom it was a place of mariners and ships, he would surely have been no more a poet of London and the Thames than of the sea. For, from childhood, he knew the irresistible lure of it, as it came up the Severn to Gloucester, bringing "the scents of the World's End." Unlike Whitman, he did not discover in the sea the source of an emotion primarily sexual, or of a mystical, concomitant yearning for death. He wrote no sea poetry like *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking,* or the conclusion of *Passage to India.* But in *Rhymes and Rhythms* iii, x, xiv, xvi, and xx, and in other poems, he approached the sea in many moods. Somewhat in the spirit of Heine's *Die Nacht am Strande,* he endowed it with a huge, grotesque personality, naming it Old Indefatigable and Ancient of Days. He beheld it as a horrible accomplice of the leering Moon. He shrank from its unfriendliness; he longed for its brotherly unrest; he saw it glow with the "strange-hued blazonings of dawn"; in roaring hours of wind and wave, in the lapping of weak surges, and in immemorial obedience to law, he found symbols of vitality and decay and fate.

Aside from the fact that they celebrate chiefly the passion of the flesh, Henley's love lyrics are much more conventional than his poems of the sea. They possess a frankly sensual gust, but no strange savour of erotic mysticism. Whatever uniqueness they have lies in their blending of styles or attitudes. There is, in many of them (as in Heine's songs) a slightly wearisome devotion to April, May, and June, the nightingale and the rose. There is somewhat of Whitman's abandon to bodily ardors, kindled

at primordial fires. There is a touch of Coventry Patmore's less intoxicated lyricism, the music of fireside intimacies, still dear, but not untamed. There are the themes bequeathed by Roman elegiasts to post-Elizabethan singers. But there is more dread of the time when desire shall fail than of the day when man goeth to his long home; for it was with senses still keen and the battle spirit shouting in his blood that Henley wanted to be flung into death. In the later poems there is an almost heart-breaking insistence upon the fact that it is time to creep in close about the fire, and tell gray tales, and dream old dreams. In the end, the lovers are but

> two ghosts Omnipotence
> Can touch no more . . . no more!

But Henley's poetry does much more than continue the lyric tradition of the cult of love and death. His songs of love may be melodies rather primitive, or a bit commonplace, blown on pipes pandean, but his songs of death all but exhaust "the exquisite chromatics of decay." In them there is terror touched with mirth—an expression of the mind that could understand Thomas Hood's genius for the macabre, and quote approvingly Champfleury's saying, *"Tout ce qui touche à la mort est d'une gaieté folle."* There are curious suggestions—reminiscences, one is tempted to say—of the grotesquerie of Gautier's *La Comédie de la mort.* There is the exalted calm of Whitman's *Whispers of Heavenly Death.* Indeed, Henley's poetry is almost never unhaunted by some image of the end of every man's desire: the Ancient Enemy, the Terror, the gray Henchman of Destiny, the Ragpicker, the Pandar, the old Nurse, the Comforter, the great Deliverer—Death, the twin minister with Life of the unoriginal Will—death, like life in Rabelais' view, preposterous and sublime.

It is to Henley's advantage that he concerns himself so much, even in the midst of a familiar urban setting, with these ancient, basic themes, and that he expresses modern psychic states in terms of the processional moods of unchanging nature. It can not be charged against him, as against some poets of the new age of romantic realism, that he is too much occupied with what is trivial or ephemeral or perverse, especially in the life of cities. One feels that, on the whole, in spite of his colloquialisms and his unrhymed rhythms, Henley is least startling in diction and

prosody and, in his really individual work, most modern in his choice of subject—that he recognizes poetry in the imaginative aspects of the most varied forms of experience. He is what the seventeenth century would have called a Janus-faced poet: he is at peace with the past, but he is enamoured of sincerity, ready to do battle for a man's right to his personal sense of life and art. For him, one door of the temple is shut, and the other open. Occasional echoes of him in poetry of the moment are not significant; but the independence and the sanity that were his, still function in the catholic spirit of the most richly endowed and the most sincerely self-disciplined poets of to-day.

MARIETTA NEFF.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

The Strange Case of Mrs. Gerould[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Mrs. Gerould as an essayist has had the imperial distinction of being crowned by Professor Brander Matthews as a womanly woman, in the same week that she was hailed by an editorial in the excellent and indispensable *Tribune* as obstinately maidenly. To the mind of Professor Matthews, the distinguished author of *Modes and Morals* is "both feminine and womanly" (an encomiastic subtlety which will hardly escape Mrs. Gerould, since, says Professor Matthews, she is "not in the least advanced"). For the *Tribune,* she is still unsnatched from spinsterhood: this eminent matron of letters remains "Miss" Gerould. It is a delicate tribute, especially when conjoined with Professor Matthews' further praise of the author as one who "speaks in the low and soft voice," —which, he says in his esoterically allusive way, "is an excellent thing in woman." One hopes that Mrs. Gerould, who may perhaps have read the essays of Alice Meynell, did not feel shy when she found herself welcomed by Professor Matthews as, by implication, one who casts a new radiance upon literature, which "has been embellished by very few women essayists, and by none of the first rank."

Mrs. Gerould is not only soft-voiced and womanly, but "she writes like a woman." We suspect that Mrs. Gerould will wear this particular flower very close to her heart, especially as Professor Matthews' gesture in proffering it is so charmingly vague. What, you wonder, does it mean—to "write like a woman"? Does it mean to write like Alice Meynell or like Elinor Glyn? Like May Sinclair or like

[1] *Modes and Morals,* by Katharine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 1920.

Mrs. Humphry Ward? Like Rebecca West or like Louisa M. Alcott? Like Jane Addams or like Amy Lowell? "When we call the roll of the glorious company of writers of our language who have enriched our literature with a constant succession of delightful essays . . . " What is the sex of that prose? No—you are wrong: it is male. It is the prose of Professor Matthews. What is the sex of this?—"So long as democracy is simply a political matter, culture is left free to select its groups and proclaim its hierarchies." Oddly enough, that is the prose of Mrs. Gerould. But has she written here "like a woman"? Who would dare to say, except Professor Matthews?

We have been fascinated by Professor Matthews' critical distillation of Mrs. Gerould, because we like to imagine Mrs. Gerould's own satisfaction in savoring it. We like to think of her pleasure in viewing herself as an essayist preëminently soft-voiced and womanly. Perhaps she conceives herself as a somewhat different kind of literary mammal. But it is of the essence of Mrs. Gerould's strange case that in *Modes and Morals* she quite obviously is being faithful to a conception of herself which, so far as it concerns these essays, is purely legendary. Professor Matthews is no more amusing in his objective view of her than she is in her subjective fondling of her own legend.

The Mrs. Gerould of legend is a figure of marked intellectual distinction, a shrewd ironist, a spiritual aristocrat, an astringently comedic philosopher, undeflected by the facile and the *clichée*. The astonishing truth is that the figure which emerges from these pages is that of an unsuspecting victim of mass cerebration, a remarkably perfect specimen of the herd mind functioning without self-consciousness or restraint. Professor Matthews is edified by the "cosmopolitanism" of a culture which has achieved both Paris and Honolulu. If he were capable of it, he should have been depressed by the thronging evidences of an outlook triumphantly parochial. One salutes the Mrs. Gerould of the short stories as a fictional artist of subtle power and distinguished skill. One views her secondary personality, the social philosopher, the student of manners and morals, as an example of the perturbing truth that a mind which creates with brilliancy and force may be feeble and unrewarding in ratiocination.

Mrs. Gerould writes of "The Boundaries of Truth,"

of "The Extirpation of Culture," of "The Newest Woman," of "Tabu and Temperament," of "British Novelists, Ltd.," of "The Remarkable Rightness of Rudyard Kipling"; and of other aspects of the social panorama. To all of these subjects she brings only the apparatus of the tribal mind. Her emotional repercussions, her preferences and animosities, her ethical criteria, are admirable exemplifications of herd psychology. She displays all its characteristics: its obscurantism, its uniformity, its ferocious contempt for the experimental, its suspicion of all that goes beyond the tribal sanctions, its measureless self-satisfaction; its hard intolerance and cruelty, its smugness, its incurable sentimentalism.

Of these unmistakable stigmata, Mrs. Gerould affords a bewildering multiplicity of examples. Take her scorn for the modern hero of fiction—"the Humanitarian Hero—someone who has particular respect for convicts and for fallen women, and whose favorite author is Tolstoi. He must qualify for the possession of her hand by long, voluntary residence in the slums . . . He must never order 'pistols and coffee'—his only permitted weapon is benevolent legislation"—a contemptible type indeed! And "the feminine young" of today: these extraordinary creatures actually indulge in "scientific talk about sex." "Before a young woman suspects that she wants to marry a young man, she has probably discussed with him, exhaustively, the penal code, white slavery, eugenics, and race suicide. The miracle is that she should want, in these circumstances, to marry him at all. She probably does not, unless his views have been wholly to her satisfaction." Does Mrs. Gerould long for that blessed past of affectionate memory when the young woman married him in romantic ignorance and, perhaps, bore him syphilitic children? *Must* the bourbon mind simulate unintelligence?

Consider, as an example of something that baffles characterization, these further reflections (from "Fashions in Men"):

"It is well that we take thought for the lower strata of humanity . . . *It is right to think of the poor.*"

"The [modern] hero . . . is always passionately on the side of the people whom laws were devised to protect the respectable from."

"The public at present loves as a sister the woman with

a past." Modern nonsense, to be sure—yet it was a long time ago that Jesus said to the chief priests and the elders: "The publicans and the harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you." Into the Kingdom of God—yes, perhaps; but not into the kingdom of the suburban heart without a protest from Mrs. Gerould.

As Mrs. Gerould cannot face with equanimity the thought that respectable young women should discuss penology and eugenics with men, so she is annoyed with Science, because Science "insists on reducing all emotions . . . to a question of nerve-centers." Science, indeed, is one of the Criminal Classes—one of the gang of gunmen who are trying to assassinate Culture (a word which Mrs. Gerould seems to think is equivalent in meaning to the German word that is spelled with an initial K).

Mrs. Gerould is trite and trivial not only whenever her subject gives her an opportunity to be, but at moments when she might easily be something else. She cannot, for instance, say anything more discerning and valuable about Galsworthy's noble tragedy, *Justice,* than that "Mr. Galsworthy will never think anything out. He inveighs against solitary confinement, which is a good thing to do; but he does not offer any substitute solution, which would be an even better thing to do." You wonder what Mrs. Gerould might say of Hardy's *Tess* . . . "Mr. Hardy exhibits the unfortunate results of man's inhumanity to woman, and the cruel callousness of God. But he proposes no remedy for these things. Mr. Hardy will never think anything out."

Mrs. Gerould's phobias are enlightening. Here is a partial list of them:

The "democratic fallacy" and
Thomas Jefferson ("that inspired charlatan")
The Younger British Novelists.
Intellectual *révoltés*
Science
The lower classes
Humanitarians
The modern young woman
" " " man
Rousseau

People who discuss sex
" " " penology
Labor
Social equality
People who work in the slums
Unconventional people

But the most surprising feature of this altogether surprising book is the naïve and banal quality of the writing. To find Mrs. Gerould naïve and banal is almost as startling as it would be to find Mr. H. G. Wells Mid-Victorian or the *Times* furtively bolshevistic. Yet what is one to think of a style that solemnly proffers such observations as this?—"The child, I have been given to understand, is the father of the man" [p. 153]; and: "It is easier to destroy than to build up" [p. 162]; and: "The bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" [p. 92]; and: "Ours is a commercial age" [p. 90]; and: "It is of the essence of human nature to long for the unattainable" [p. 145]. When she is not swimming placidly upon the bosom of this unruffled sea of platitudes, Mrs. Gerould is patrolling the Atlantic coast glaring at Young England and shaking her fist at some defenceless character in a novel by Arnold Bennett or Compton Mackenzie or J. D. Beresford;—like Zola in Mr. Dooley's version of the Dreyfus trial, she stands in the doorway shouting "Jackuse!" whenever it is intimated that sex is an anatomical reality, or that the poor are unhappy, or that the world of yesterday is dead.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

FROM MIDSHIPMAN TO REAR ADMIRAL. By Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske. New York: The Century Company.

In the life story of a retired naval officer one may properly look for many interesting observations on men and things under changing skies, for a modicum of information about matters in which most people are somewhat interested and in which they probably feel that they ought to be more interested than they are, for tales of battle and adventure, and for not a little wisdom of the sober and often somewhat narrow kind which those who have had command not only of men but of huge engines of destruction must needs acquire. Admiral Fiske, in his autobiography, has given us not less than this, but a great deal more. In reading his book, one finds oneself dwelling not so much upon the idea of the Navy as a profession as upon the thought of life as an opportunity. One has expected, perhaps, to be impressed with the satisfactions and achievements of a career varied, indeed, by adventures and shifts of scene, but rather too much routinized to be intellectually stimulating; what one finds is pre-eminently a record of *progressive* thinking and living.

Originality has its penalties, sincerity is not always popular, and Admiral Fiske had his full share of those disagreeable and discouraging experiences that fall to the lot of most inventors, and of not a few patriots. But when one surveys the whole life and considers the results, one feels like quoting in behalf of the Admiral the possibly too undignified but highly expressive lines of Kipling:

> And they asked me how I did it, and I gave 'em the Scriputre text,
> 'You keep your light so shining a little in front of the next.'

When Bradley Fiske was a midshipman, captains in the navy did virtually all their cruising under sail. Few of the naval vessels, indeed, had steam power, and this in spite of the fact that every naval battle of the Civil War had been fought under steam alone! The people had settled down to the comfortable conviction that there would be no more great wars, and that "the only use for the navy was to show the flag in foreign ports." An unprogressive, excessively matter-of-fact period, not favorable to the growth of new ideas! When Fiske invented a typewriter, all the men to whom he showed it said substan-

tially: "Of course this doesn't work very well, but I dare say you could make it work all right. But I can't see the slightest use for such a machine, no matter how well you get it to work, because it would be an insult to a man to write him a letter with it." We are wiser now; but some mistakes of judgment have persisted longer than others.

The reception of a more important invention in 1918 was even less encouraging than that accorded to the typewriter in 1877. In May, 1918, Admiral Fiske received from the Secretary of the Navy, in answer to a communication advocating the use against the Germans of the torpedoplane—a device of which the Admiral is the inventor—a letter which concluded with the statement that "experiments along this line have already been tried and discarded by the Allied Powers in Europe, and the possibility of obtaining satisfactory results from the proposed scheme is so slight as not to warrant the expenditure of the time and talent required for its development." In spite of this official pronouncement, Admiral Fiske now feels warranted in speaking of "the triumph of the torpedoplane." He says, for example: "In the latter part of 1918 it became known that the British fleet had realized for a year the danger of torpedoplane attacks upon it, and that the navy had taken measures on a tremendous scale for making just such torpedoplane and bombing attacks on Kiel and Wilhelmshaven as I had urged in June, 1917, and afterwards. It became known also that, after trying various modifications, the British had finally adopted the apparatus and the method of using it that were specifically illustrated and described in my patent."

The rejection of the torpedoplane in 1918 need not, however, be taken as marking the general character of the period that had elapsed since practical men looked askance at the typewriter. It was notoriously a period of sensational progress as regards invention and industry. It is interesting to look back from the vantage point of to-day upon things of older fashion. But Admiral Fiske can scarcely be said to look back; he seems, indeed, always to be looking forward; and though there is plenty of descriptive charm in his book, the main quality of the story is certainly a kind of urgent practical interest in getting things done rather than a contemplative delight in the past. One of the first to apply himself to the study of electricity, and later to aeronautics, realizing before any one else the importance of these things to naval efficiency; one of the first, moreover, fully to understand the need of large conceptions and of thorough organization and comprehensive war plans for the navy—the Admiral is throughout his narrative always eagerly looking forward to the solution of the next problem. And if any reader of this book thinks that, the war being over, there are now no naval problems to worry over, that there is no longer any need of the moral and intellectual strenuousness that enabled a few men to secure improvements and to bring about a measure of preparedness when it was still not too late, he misses the significance of the author's forward-looking point of view and of a good many hard facts as well. Nothing is more illuminating sometimes than to take a look at a thing along the line of sight of a man who is really trying to accomplish important results: such a view gives a real perspective. In Admiral Fiske's book, the "history of the question" is more convincing than argument or theory.

Is it not extraordinary in more ways than one that so many of the important improvements in naval warfare should be due to the individual efforts of one man? Admiral Fiske's inventions make a formidable array. They include the electric range-finder, the telescope sight, the stadimeter, engine telegraph, helm-indicator, speed and direction, indicator, steering telegraph, torpedoplane. Is it not a fact worth pondering, even by those outside naval circles, that in so many cases these inventions were opposed as unpractical? Does it not seem a sad absurdity that the man who claims, with apparent truth, to have invented more successful naval and military appliances than any other man in the world was not even put on the Naval Consulting Board, which had been established for the purpose of developing inventions, and which he himself had suggested?

When Admiral Fiske, in 1915, resigned his position as Aid for Operations under the Secretary of the Navy, he could feel that despite great difficulties he had accomplished, apart from his inventions, several distinct things for the good of his country. He had established the Division of Aeronautics, instituted strategic war problems for the fleet, proved that "the country trusts army and navy officers more than it trusts any one else," made Congress realize the needs of the navy, established the office of Chief of Naval Operations. Besides obtaining these results, he had put other undertakings in such a state that they were sure to become, within no long time, accomplished facts. Among these were the establishment of an agency for recognizing and developing new inventions, the recognition of the possibilities of the diving shell, and the putting into effect of the administrative section of the general war plan. The administrative plan was signed soon after the Admiral gave up his position as Aid for Operations. This plan and the office of Chief of Naval Operations are the means by which the Navy Department got ready for the war, and by means of which it operated during the war and has operated ever since.

It is no secret that the Admiral, during his tenure of office in the Navy Department, was at odds with his chief. While liking the Secretary personally, he found the latter anything but open to suggestions from the point of view of a progressive naval officer. Which of the two was right, the records, and subsequent events, seem to have indicated clearly enough. In reading Admiral Fiske's account of the matter, one gets, at least, a certain curious insight into the possible workings of our system of naval control. No items in the story are more convincing than certain extracts from the Admiral's diary. For instance, there is the following entry: "Sept. 1. Reported return to Sec. Had good talk with Sec. & tried to impress him with seriousness of fleet's unpreparedness. I doubt if I succeeded. I explained target practice, etc. Sec. has created office of 'Aid for Education,' & is much stuck on idea! Gosh!"

The homely expletive recurs more than once in these excerpts, with about the same degree of justification. To the reader, an occasional expression of hearty disgust is likely to seem, under all the circumstances, not wholly unnatural.

It should be said, however, that in no part of the Admiral's narrative is the spirit one of mere rebellion or of futile personal criticism. Al-

ways the author's thought is constructive—that is, in the only right sense of the term—" optimistic." The zest of work and the love of service are the prevailing feelings throughout. It is for this reason that Admiral Fiske's autobiography will continue to be read as an exemplary and stimulating book long after new controversies have thrown far into the background the precise issues between Fiske and Daniels in 1915, or for that matter between Daniels and Sims in 1920. Robert Louis Stevenson once wrote that " there is a strong feeling in favor of cowardly and prudential proverbs. The sentiments of a man while he is full of ardor and hope are to be received, it is supposed, with some qualification. But when the same person has ignominiously failed and begins to eat up his words, he should be listened to like an oracle." Admiral Fiske did not fail; and he did not have to " eat up his words." The life-wisdom expressed in his story has no affinity with " crabbed age," but rather appeals to ardent youth and enterprising young manhood. His book is primarily a book not for old men who delight in the past, but rather especially for young men and for stout hearted, forward-looking men of all ages. It is zestful, downright, frank and humorous narrative, full of original achievement. It confesses apprehension or distress in ticklish or unpleasant stiuations, but finds compensation in the sense of accomplishment and the tingle of life which the worst situation can give. Above all, it shows how those two prime motives, duty and self-expression, may be made to pull vigorously in the same direction.

The book, however, has a greater significance than that of its general attitude toward life. Of Admiral Fiske Theodore Roosevelt once said: " The Admiral is, with the sole exception of General Wood, the man who has suffered most from daring to tell the truth about our condition. Over three years ago the Admiral made the first big move for improving the condition of the Navy by telling the truth about the Navy, and was punished mercilessly because he did tell the truth. Every American owes a real and great debt to the Admiral. He rendered a substantial, affirmative service to the people of the United States at great personal cost."

A Labrador Doctor: The Autobiography of Wilfred Thomason Grenfell. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Dr. Grenfell's autobiography is at once a tale of adventure, appealing strongly to that " sporting instinct " which in its larger aspects is a very respectable emotion, and a record of moral strenuousness of a sort rarely equalled. Both these points claim the attention of the critic; but there is a third that claims it even more strongly. The story in a curious way bridges the gap between Victorian England and post-bellum America, and between the older and the newer ideas of religion and philanthropy.

Wilfred Thomason Grenfell was born in 1865, in Parkgate, near Chester. His father was a clergyman and for many years head of a private school at Parkgate. The elder Grenfell seems to have been something little short of a genius. " Father was waiting to get into the sixth form at Rugby when he was only thirteen years old. He was

a brilliant scholar at Balliol, but had been compelled to give up study and leave the University owing to brain trouble. He never published anything, but would reel off brilliant short poems or essays for friends at a moment's notice. . . . He could read and quote Greek and Latin like English, spoke German and French fluently, while he was an excellent geologist and Fellow of the Geographical Society." Wilfred Grenfell's paternal grandfather had been a house master under Dr. Arnold of Rugby. His mother was born in India, her father being a colonel of many campaigns, and her brother an engineer officer in charge during the siege of Lucknow till relieved by Sir Henry Havelock. "At the first Delhi Durbar," remarks Dr. Grenfell, "no less than forty-eight of my cousins met, all being officers either of the Indian or civil service."

In reading the opening chapters of the book, it is hard to shake off the impression that the story is to be that of a statesman, soldier or scholar. It is not, indeed, altogether easy to understand just what sent young Dr. Grenfell as a missionary to Labrador. Apparently, so far as our knowledge runs, it may be something of a toss-up whether a youth of parts goes in for personal glory or for unselfish service. Upon the psychological problem Dr. Grenfell's book throws very little light. His account of the matter is very simple.

After a childhood and youth mainly happy, surely fortunate, and perfectly "normal" for an English lad of good family, the young man found, as many others have found, that he did not know exactly what he wanted to make of himself. At last, after talking with the family physician, and after being shown a human brain preserved in alcohol, he became fascinated with the mysteries of physiology, and decided to study medicine. He went to London and took up work in the London Hospital and University. Moral conditions in the new environment were by no means the best. Though Grenfell and others ultimately had the advantage of association with some very great physicians, such as Sir Frederick Treves, the teaching system was slack, and some of the teaching was so ineffective that evasion of the requirement, being phenomenally easy, was the natural and, of course, to a "regular fellow" the only proper procedure. The university exercised no supervision over the lives of the pupils, and moral tragedies were common. Grenfell had opportunity to see the seamy side of life in the London slums. Under these circumstances, a healthy-minded young man with a great fondness for sports, and with more than ordinary skill in football and boxing, would naturally turn to athletics as a prime interest. There is quite as much about sport in the Doctor's reminiscences of this period as there is about medicine. One detects few signs of the scientific passion awakened in the doctor's office at Parkgate. Philanthropy and sport would seem to have been the ruling motives —science was simply the handmaid of philanthropy. But how did philanthropy come in?

"It was in my second year, 1885," writes Dr. Grenfell, "that, returning from an out-patient case one night, I turned into a large tent erected in a purlieu of Shadwell, the district to which I happened to have been called. It proved to be an evangelistic meeting of the then famous Moody and Sankey. It was so new to me that when a tedious prayer-

bore began with a long oration, I started to leave. Suddenly the leader, who I learned afterward was D. L. Moody, called out to the audience, 'Let us sing a hymn while our brother finishes his prayer.' His practicality interested me, and I stayed the service out. When eventually I left, it was with a determination either to make religion a real effort to do as I thought Christ would do in my place as a doctor, or frankly abandon it. That could have but one issue while I still lived with a mother like mine. For she had always been my ideal of unselfish love."

Thus Dwight L. Moody, in connection with some other causes not easy to define, set in motion a great moral force.

Dr. Grenfell immediately began to put his Christian resolutions into practice. He attempted Sunday School work with a lot of more or less incorrigible young scamps, and, not content with this, undertook missionary work in some of the underground lodging-houses along the Radcliffe Highway. Some of his methods with the young were of a modern and much approved kind. He taught the boys football and boxing and took them on long cruises at sea. He made them live cleanly, and had some charity for boyish escapades and for manifestations of the old Adam in his charges.

In 1886, after passing his examinations and becoming a member of the College of Physicians and of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, he was invited to act as physician for the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. On the advice of Sir Frederick Treves, who was himself very fond of sailing and was specially interested in the North Sea Fishermen, he accepted.

Dr. Grenfell passed about five years in this work, and then spent twenty-seven more years of his life in doing philanthropic work for the people of Labrador and northern Newfoundland. The story of his labors is full of pity and humor and adventure. A real love of outdoor life, a zest for hardships and dangers on the sea or on the snow is continually in evidence throughout the Doctor's narrative—and along with this a great love for humanity. To be a practical philanthropist in Labrador would seem to require something of the toughness of fibre, something of the same love of nature and the same appetite for hard work, that are necessary for the mountain-climber or the Arctic explorer. These qualifications seem not often to be joined with a high degree of culture and a burning zeal to do good. Dr. Grenfell never wanted to discover the North Pole, but that he thoroughly enjoys the Labrador life no one who reads his book can for an instant doubt.

His work has been big and constructive. It has included not merely medical attendance and the building of a hospital, but schools, cooperative stores, a fox farm, a sawmill, an experiment with reindeer, a hard fight against liquor-selling. "Love is dangerously near to sentimentality," writes the Doctor, "when we actually prefer remedial to prophylactic charity—and I personally feel that it is false economy even from the point of view of mission funds. The industrial mission, the educational mission, and the orphanage-work at least rank with and should go hand in hand with hospitals in any true interpretation of a gospel of love." Thus the interest of this religious-minded physician has come to be centered not so much upon the patching-up of decrepit bodies or the saving of souls through the preaching of a certain creed as upon charity in the larger sense.

The thrilling thing about the whole narrative is that it shows growth, constant widening of outlook and increase of power—and this without any loss of human touch or sacrifice of natural personal tastes and traits. The love of sports and the faith in its sanitative power holds its place along with a broad conception of practical Christianity. Speaking of a certain incident that occurred during his war service in France, the Doctor says: "Never in my life had I realized quite so keenly what a saving trait the sporting incident is in the Anglo-Saxon—a strain of it in the Teuton might even have averted the war." For Dr. Grenfell the change from the crowded life of London with its ready-made channels for endeavor was a change into a bigger world. The Doctor is one of those envied persons who has taken his own way, and it has been a way to a larger life.

THE REMAKING OF A MIND. By Henry de Man, C. de G., M. C., first lieutenant in the Belgian Army. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

There can be no question in the mind of any intelligent reader that Mr. De Man did well to write the kind of book he has actually written, even though he "realized perfectly well that a book of this type is going to appeal to a much smaller section of the public than would a miscellany of trench stories, or diplomatic revelations in the style of a war correspondent." He has produced, indeed, one of the few war books that have permanent, individual interest. What strikes one first about the treatise and recommends it most strongly from first to last, is its superior tone of manliness and maturity. The book is the result of a painful and courageous thinking-out of problems, the personal importance of which was no less keenly felt because they were general and theoretic. Such thinking is surely no less virtuous than valor in the field, and may require a greater expense of spirit. The result in Mr. De Man's case has been the attainment of convictions not too dogmatically held, but giving poise and sanity.

Originally a Socialist, in the European sense, the author was roused from his dream of brotherhood by the rape of Belgium. "The stronger my reluctance, as an internationalist and a socialist, to follow the lead of those who believed in 'my country right or wrong,' . . . the clearer was my realization that the wrong done Belgium was but a symbol of the menace of German aggression to what is an essential condition to socialism as I conceive it. Not until I shouldered a rifle, did I know what it meant to be a citizen of the world."

Further thinking released him from the spell of dogmatism; he saw that historical facts cannot be rightly criticised by means of *a priori* reasoning: the principles of criticism must be derived from a study of the facts themselves. Thus, while accepting the premises of the internationalists' thesis—the imperialist origin of the war—he came to the conclusion that the deduction they drew from this—the necessity of opposing war in every country—is entirely wrong, because of a defect in the method on which the reasoning was based. The same error, he points out, lies at the root of Bolshevism. Ceasing to be doctrinaire, he became empyrical—that is to say, really modern.

" There never has been a moment in history," he declares, " when one could say: now capitalism *is*. Nothing ever *is*, except an immense diversity of fluctuating facts." The internationalists had been trying to substitute categories for facts.

But in getting rid of one kind of dogmatism, Mr. De Man did not adopt, as he might easily have been tempted to do, another and a worse sort. The idea that national differences are due to ineradicable differences of *race*—a mere fallacy of hatred—he scornfully rejects.

The real differences are not due to race or to capitalism, but to varying stages of civilization. " England and Germany are about on an equal level of capitalist development. But the English mind has the culture that corresponds to it because it has had three centuries in which to form it; the German mind has not." What this difference of civilization meant for German socialism is strikingly illustrated by an anecdote about Liebknecht, which stands out among many critical notes that the author makes upon socialism from the point of view of one who has been inside the movement. " One afternoon, we, together with Karl Liebknecht, entered the exhibition building, where the Congress [the annual congress of the Social-Democratic Party at Mannheim] was then sitting. Two parallel corridors led from the vestibule to the hall. As we were about half way down one of these Liebknecht suddenly stopped and pointed to a board—'*Ausgang.*' We had taken the wrong corridor, but it made no difference to anybody, as the two corridors debouched into the same hall and there was nobody about except us three. Yet Liebknecht insisted on turning about, and we had to walk fifty yards back in order to enter by the '*Eingang*' corridor. The mere idea of entering by the '*Ausgang*' was so abhorrent to Liebknecht that he would rather waste a hundred paces on going back. He was a revolutionary and an anti-militarist; but he had once been a German soldier!"

An apostle, now, of what he calls the new socialism, Mr. De Man makes many valuable criticisms and constructive suggestions. Both as a soldier and as a thinker who has purged his mind of illusions, he speaks convincingly when he tells us, for example, that you cannot get men to kill each other without inspiring mutual hatred in them, or that the favorable influence of military discipline is at least balanced by its detrimental effect. One knows, too, that his general approval of what is called " industrial democracy " is not based on superficial reasoning. In short, there would appear to be a good deal of soundness and a good deal of rational hopefulness in those ideas of Mr. De Man's that have survived the process of " remaking."

His book is in large part a very able and acute dissection of European socialist thinking and motives before and during the war. The author's unsparing self-criticism lifts his work far above all ordinary idea-mongering, and gives it a literary value that will be appreciated by all persons of intellectual tastes and of sincere mind.

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MR. WILSON, PSYCHOLOGICALLY

BY JOSEPH COLLINS, M. D.

AFTER having lived two years in Italy I found many things about the Italians difficult to understand. After having lived fifty years in the United States of America I find some things about the Americans beyond comprehension.

Nothing is so enigmatic as their attitude toward Woodrow Wilson, the man who was accorded higher esteem in Europe than was ever vouchsafed mortal man, and who gave and has since given earnest of such accord. From the day he decided to represent our country in the Peace Conference the papers and magazines began to contain the material from which could readily be formulated a new Hymn of Hate. What was the genesis of this display? What was the cause of this distrust? From whence did this venom emanate? How could a man whose life was a mirror of integrity, whose ideals were of the loftiest and who conformed his conduct to them excite such contempt? Why should the only statesman who had revealed the ability to formulate a plan which, put in operation, led to cessation of hostilities, who was the leader in formulating the terms of peace, and who insisted, and had his insistence allowed, that it should incorporate a covenant whose enforcement would make for perpetual peace, be hated and distrusted, vilified and traduced, thwarted and misrepresented by so many of his countrymen? What had he done, by commission or omission, that such treatment should be accorded

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him? I know the replies usually given to these questions by his depreciators and defamers. His nature is so imperious and his temper so tyrannical that he cannot cooperate with others; he neither solicits advice nor heeds counsel; he selects his coadjutors, aides and advisers from those whom he knows he can dominate; the passport to his favor is flattery, and intimacy with him is maintained only by the cement of agreement; he neither made preparation for war when there was ample time for doing so nor did he wage war until months after repeated provocations; he is hypocritical in having sought and accomplished election under the slogan " He kept us out of war," and, immediately on being elected, " thrusting " the country into war; he was " too proud to fight " in 1916 but keen to fight in 1917; he has hebrewphilia and popophobia; he is a Socialist masquerading as a Liberal; he is a Bolshevist beneath the mask of a Radical. In brief, he is temperamentally unfit to be President of the United States; intellectually and morally unfit to represent its people, and withal so completely under the dominion of an insatiate ambition to be the greatest man the world has ever known that every kindly feeling has been crowded from him.

Intelligent, educated men who have never seen him, who know little of his career save that he was president of Princeton University and Governor of the State of New Jersey and twice President of the United States elected by the Democratic Party, hate him as if he were a bitter, personal enemy, malign him as if he had injured their reputation for honesty and probity, calumniate him as though he were a man without character, and depreciate him as though his career were barren of signal accomplishment, and distrust his motives and procedures as though he had once, or many times, betrayed them. Men who are unable to give the smallest specificity to their dislike of him feel that they add to their stature by detracting from his accomplishments and defaming him.

Not one of them with whom I have talked has been able to state the facts of his disagreement and rupture with the trustees of Princeton University. My understanding was that he insisted that the University should submit to certain reforms that would make it democratic in reality as well as in name and that would enhance its pedagogical usefulness, and that there should not be a privileged class in the

University, viz.: members of exclusive clubs whose portals were opened by money. He maintained that his training as an educator, his experience as an administrator, his accomplishment as a student of history and as an interpreter of events, his experience with men, entitled him to a judgment concerning the needs of such an institution that should be given a hearing, and he contended that his recommendations, rather than those of trustees whose training had been largely in the world of affairs, be put in operation and at least be given a trial. He had the courage to jeopardize his very bread and butter, and that of his family, at a time in his life when his physical forces had reached their zenith rather than sacrifice what he believed to be a principle. The men who were permitted to take Woodrow Wilson's measure in that contest had no more idea of his stature than if they were blind. They would have laughed to scorn the idea that five years later the people of the United States would select him for their President. It was in this episode that his repute not to be able to do teamwork with his equals and his inferiors originated. Time has shown that it isn't a question at all of not being able to do teamwork. He cannot do his best work in an atmosphere of friction and dissent, and since it is as impossible for him to yield a position which he has taken, and which we shall assume he believes to be right, as it is impossible for the magnet to yield the needle that it has attracted, he adopts the wise course of not entering contests, save golf with his physician; and we must commend his judgment.

His cabinet meetings are a farce, so say they who have never attended one and who have never even spoken to a cabinet member. He selects pygmies for his cabinet and for his aides in order that they may proffer him no advice, resent no contradiction or protest indignities to their offices. This in face of the fact that he and his cabinet and his aides have conditioned the only miracle of modern times, namely, throwing a whole country, millions of whose people were adverse to war, into a bellicose state which was never before witnessed; conditioning and transporting men and material resources of that country across the Atlantic and into the fighting lines at a crucial moment, at a time when the backs of the Allies were against the wall, according to the statements of their own authorized spokesmen; who succeeded in engendering in the composite mind of the American people

a determination to win the war that was more potent than men or weapons; who impregnated the composite soul of the Allies with a faith that the world would be an acceptable abode for the common people once the enemy was crushed that transcended in its intensity the faith of the Christian martyrs; who filled the heart of every statesman of the Allied nations with a hope and belief that there was within him the masterful mind that would conduct their legions to victory and salvation. If he and his pygmies accomplished this, I am one who maintains they are myrmidons and giants. But they didn't do it, his detractors say. The rejoinder to which is, "I know, a little bird did it!"

If we had entered the war after the sinking of the *Lusitania* when the wise men of the West say we should have gone in, countless lives and inestimable expenditures would have been spared. Where is the man in the United States of America today who has revealed the Jove-like mind that entitles him to make such sentient statement? When he is found, how can he possibly know? What delivery of thought, idea, conception, execution has he ever made that entitles him to be heard, not to say, believed? How can anyone possibly know what would have been the result of our entrance into the war at that time? If any one thing is responsible for America's efficiency in the war, it is that it had the American people fused into one man with one mind, determined to win the war. I am sure that I encountered nothing in the United States in my travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again in the Spring of 1916 that made me believe that the people of our country wanted war, or that there could be developed in them at that time a sentiment which would make for such internal resistance of the people as they displayed in the Spring of 1917 and continued to display until November 11, 1918. I cannot speak from personal knowledge for I was not in the United States during the year of its war efficiency, but I am told that there was never a whisper of disloyalty or a syllable of disparagement of the President personally during that time. But many of those who were silent then are strident now. Their enforced silence has enhanced the carrying-power of their voices, and their clamor prevents the harmony that the world is seeking. They not only defame Wilson but they contend that the part we played in the war has been overestimated. It has been, but not by us. It

has been evaluated by those whom it was our most sacred privilege to aid. They neither minimize our efforts nor underestimate our accomplishment. The British know that they were steadfast; the French realize that they were resolute; the Italians appreciate that they were brave. We know it, but that does not prevent us from realizing the magnitude of the rôle we played; and the man who was responsible for it is the man to whom the world, save a political party in the United States, gives thanks and expresses appreciation. His name is Woodrow Wilson. Americans do not boast of the part they played in winning the war, but they do encourage that which is far worse than boasting, lying about it, particularly when the motive for such perversion of truth is deprecation of their Chief Executive.

He is an idealist and a theorist. He is the kind of idealist who destroyed the Democratic machine in the State of New Jersey which had been the synonym for corruption in politics for a generation; the kind of idealist who put through the Underwood Tariff Bill which at one stroke did more to strangle the unnatural mother of privilege than any measure in the past twenty years; the kind of idealist who a few months ago when the transport system of the entire country threatened to be hopelessly paralyzed by reason of the determination of the railway magnates to refuse the demands of locomotive engineers that their working-day should consist of eight hours, sent for representatives of the plutocrats and the proletariat and told what they were to do and when they were to do it, and the whole civilized world approved. He is the idealist who has done more to make our Government a republican government representative of the people and not of the party bosses than anyone in the memory of man. He is the idealist who is a scholar, a thinker, a statesman, a creator, an administrator and a man of vision. More than that, he is an efficiency expert in the realm of world-ordering.

His Secretary of War is a failure; his Secretary of State is a figurehead; his Secretary of Finance is his family, and so on *ad nauseam*.

I am not a competent judge of whether Mr. Baker has been a good Secretary of War or not, but I am sure that he is not so unfit as Simon Cameron was. No one has said of him: "Cameron is utterly ignorant and regardless of the course of things and probable result. Selfish and openly

discourteous to the President. Obnoxious to the country. Incapable either of organizing details or conceiving and executing general plans." (Nicolay.) President Wilson has never had to say of any of his cabinet what Lincoln said of Seward:

> The point and pith of the Senators' complaint was that they charged him (Seward) if not with infidelity, with indifference, with want of earnestness in the war, with want of sympathy with the country, and especially with a too great ascendancy and control of the President and measures of administration. While they seemed to believe in my honesty, they also appeared to think that when I had in me any good purpose or intention Seward tried to suck it out of me unperceived.

So far as I know, no one has characterized President Wilson's mentality as " painful imbecility," as Stanton characterized Lincoln a few months before the latter appointed him Secretary of War.

He has been accused of not surrounding himself with the ablest men of his party or of the country in the conduct of the affairs of the nation during the period when the country was emerging from the position of aloofness from world politics which it had maintained from the time Washington warned of the danger of " entangling foreign alliances." But it does not convince me that a man is not competent to do the job that the President has given him because his training has been as a stockbroker and his activities on the bear side of the market. That is not the kind of training that one would give his son whom he wished to see become a statesman, but it occurs to me that the task entrusted to him may be one which a statesman is not best fitted to handle. It may be a job that a man with the mentality and training and moral possessions that he selected could do better than anyone else.

What earnest of superior constructive and intellectual powers has any public man in the United States displayed that justifies self-constituted critics in saying that the men selected by President Wilson are not their peers? It is universally admitted that President Wilson has a more masterful and comprehensive grasp of politics in America, using that word in its conventional, everyday sense and meaning, particularly a familiarity with bosses and the " machine," than any president ever had. No one denies his statesmanship. He is, therefore, a competent judge of who is best fitted to do the work which it is necessary to do in order that the programme which he has formulated for the bene-

fit of humanity may be executed, and particularly that the yoke may be lifted from the necks of the oppressed nations and that another world calamity in the shape of war may be avoided. His choice of aides and representatives may not be acceptable to men who put party interests before public interests, who are willing to sacrifice world weal for worldly advancement, and who lash themselves into a frenzied state by repetition of the admonitions of Washington or Monroe. It does not detract from the glory of the Father of his Country, or from the lustre of great interpreters of national law, to say that the principles that they enunciated and the practices that they initiated a century ago are not necessarily those that should guide us now. It would be just as legitimate to say that physicians should follow the teachings of Hippocrates or Galen because the one was the father of medicine and the other its greatest expositor, as it would be to say that we must follow slavishly the teachings of Washington and Monroe.

That the Peace delegation did not contain men of the mental calibre of Mr. Root or Mr. Lodge, that the reservoirs of expert knowledge were not drained and taken to Paris, that the American Peace Commission as a whole was less sophisticated, less perceptive and apperceptive than that of Great Britain, let us say, is to be regretted, just as we regret the effects of some fallacious judgment or specious decision of our youth. There are ways of offsetting them, however, and in this particular instance Congress is the way. The President did not go beyond his prerogative in selecting the Peace Commission. The public elected him to make these selections, as well as to do other things. If the people do not want that such selection should be his privilege and power they have only to say it at the polls. The Eighteenth Amendment was not difficult of accomplishment. Perhaps time will show that Mr. Wilson " guessed right " oftener in the selection of his cabinet than any predecessor.

Mr. Josephus Daniels was the target of scorn and the butt of ridicule from the time he went into the cabinet until he began to make preparations for war, but the rumor has reached me that his efforts were fairly satisfactory to the hypercritical American public. The President's critics are jealous of the prodigious powers which an unauthorized representative of the Government has in the affairs of the country, and they do not understand why, if he is the para-

gon of virtue that his position seems to indicate he is, the President did not put him on the Commission. But again I say the President knows his limitations and the public has only recently discovered them.

He is silent and ungetatable. Silence has been considered a sign of strength in man since the days of Hammurabi, and the greater the man the more solitary he is. If Mr. Wilson were twice as great, even Mr. Tumulty would not be allowed to see him!

Wilson has been accused of pilfering his idea of the League of Nations from the Duke DeSully and from the Abbé of Saint Pierre. Enemies animated by malice and fired by envy have striven to show that the famous fourteen statements or principles were his only by the right of possession or enunciation; that he has resurrected the doctrines of Mazzini, dressed them up, and parades them as his own. It would be difficult to be patient with such critics if one did not know the history of epoch-making events in the world's progress. In truth the public is resentful that it was not consulted. It is umbraged that it was not allowed to make suggestions. It is spiteful because it was treated with contempt. The public manifested the same quality of spleen toward Lincoln, only the quantity was greater. In brief, the public professes not to have any confidence in Mr. Wilson's wisdom, and this in face of the fact that up to date he has displayed more wisdom than all the Solons in America combined, and I can say this the more unprejudicedly as a Republican than I could if I were a member of the party that elected Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Wilson is disliked for emotional, not intellectual reasons. Although he has probably done more to engrave the graving upon the stone that will remove the iniquity of the land than any man who has ever lived, " we don't like " him. There must be some good reason for this other than envy, jealousy, and resentment, and I propose to inquire for these reasons in Mr. Wilson's emotional make-up.

Whether I " like " Mr. Wilson or not does not enter into it. I never knew Pascal or Voltaire or Benjamin Franklin, and still I am sure I could make a statement of their qualities and possessions that would elicit commendation from one who had known them. As a matter of fact, personal contact with men from whose activities the world dates epochs

is not conducive to personal liking. I cannot fancy liking Rousseau. I am sure I should not have liked Voltaire. I can even understand why Lincoln was despised and scoffed at by his contemporaries. I am one of those who believe Mr. Wilson is a great man but I am not concerned to convince others of it. I am concerned alone to explain why he is not beloved of the people.

The esteem or disesteem in which Mr. Wilson is held in this country is due to his personality, and this does not seem to me to be enigmatic. He has the mind of a Jove but the heart of a batrachian. It is to the former that he owed his rise, it is the latter that conditioned his fall. If we were not satisfied to have such a man sail our Ship of State in smooth as well as in turbulent seas, in calm and in tornado, we had opportunity to drop him gracefully from the bridge in 1916. Although his possessions and deficits were not so universally known then as now, still, they were generally recognized and widely discussed. Instead of dropping our pilot we re-elected him. This could only be construed by him as approval of his conduct. When he continued to display his inherent qualities he excited our ire. We called him names and neither forgave nor wished to forgive him.

Woodrow Wilson does not love his fellow-men. He loves them in the abstract but not in the flesh. He is concerned with their fate, their destiny, their travail en masse, but the predicaments, perplexities and prostrations of the individual or groups of individuals make no appeal to him. He does not refresh his soul by bathing it daily in the milk of human kindness. He says with his lips that he loves his fellow-men, but there is no accompanying emotional glow, none of the somatic or spiritual accompaniments which are the normal ancillæ of love's display. Hence he does not respect their convictions when they are opposed to his own, he does not value their counsels. His determination to put things through in the way he has convinced himself they should be put through is not susceptible to change from influences that originate without his own mind.

He has made many false steps, but none of them so conditioned his fall from the exalted position the world had given to him as his determination to go to Paris and represent this country at the Peace Conference. If one may judge what the verdict of all the voters in this country would have been had the question of his going been submitted to them from

the expressions of opinion of those one encounters in daily life, it would be no exaggeration to say that three-fourths of the voters would say he should not have gone. I think I may say truthfully that I never encountered a person who approved his decision. It is possible that his entourage or cabinet and counsellors did not contain a daring soul who volunteered such advice, but it is incredible that both they and the President did not sense the judgment of their countrymen as it was reflected in the newspapers. However, it is likely that he would have gone even had he known that the majority of the voters of this country were opposed to it.

In contact with people, he gives himself the air of listening with deference and indeed of being beholden to judgment and opinion, but in reality it is an artifice which he puts off when he returns to the dispensing center of the word and of the law just as he puts off his gloves and his hat. Nothing is so illustrative of this unwillingness to heed counsel emanating from authority and given wholly for his benefit as his conduct toward his physician during the trip around the country in September 1919. The newspaper representatives who accompanied him say that he often had severe and protracted headache, was often nervous and irritable, sometimes dizzy, and always looked ill. These symptoms conjoined with the fact that for a long time he had high blood pressure were danger signals which no physician would dare neglect. It is legitimate to infer that his physician apprised him and counselled him accordingly. Despite it he persisted until nature exacted the penalty and by so doing jeopardized his own life and the equilibrium of affairs of the country. Indeed, obstinacy is one of his most conspicuous characteristics.

The President attempts to mask with facial urbanity and a smile in verbal contact with people and with the subjunctive mood in written contact his third most deforming defect of character, namely: his inability to enter into a contest of any sort in which there is strife without revealing his true nature, that is, his emotional frigidity, his lack of love for his fellowmen. They explain why he did not win out to a larger degree in Paris and why he did not win out with Congress. When he attempts to play this game his artificed civility, cordiality, amiability are so discordant with the real man that they become as offensive as affectations of manner or

speech always are, and instead of placating the individual toward whom they are manifest, or facilitating a modus vivendi, they offend him and make rapport with him impossible.

Probably nothing would strike Mr. Wilson's family and intimates as so wholly untrue as the statement that he is cruel, yet nevertheless I feel convinced that there is much latent cruelty in his make-up, and every now and then he is powerless to inhibit it. He was undoubtedly wholly within his rights in dismissing Mr. Lansing from his cabinet, but the way he did it constituted the refinement of cruelty. He may have had a contempt for Lansing because the Secretary had not insisted on playing first fiddle in Mr. Wilson's orchestra, the part for which he was engaged, but that did not justify Mr. Wilson in flaying him publicly because he attempted to keep the orchestra together and tuned up, as it were, during Mr. Wilson's illness.

Selfishness is another conspicuous deforming trait of the President. He is more selfish than cruel. Undoubtedly his friends can point to many acts of generosity that deny the allegation. Some of the most selfish people in the world give freely of their counsel, money and time. Selfishness and miserliness are not interchangeable terms. Mr. Wilson is the apotheosis of selfishness because he puts his decisions and determinations above those of any or all others. It matters not who the others may be. Until someone comes forward to show that he has ever been known to yield his judgments and positions to those of others, I must hold to this view. He is ungenerous of sentiment and unfair by implication. Nothing better exemplifies his ungenerosity than his refusal to appear before the Senate or a committee of them previous to his return to Paris after his visit here and say to them that he had determined to incorporate all their suggestions in the Treaty and in the Covenant. He did incorporate them, but he did not give the Senate the satisfaction of telling them that he was going to do so or that the Instrument would be improved by so doing.

It has been said of him that he is the shrewdest politician who has been in the Presidential chair within the memory of man. That is a euphemistic way of saying he knows mob psychology and individual weakness, but his reputation in this respect has been injured by his failure to be generous and gracious to Congress.

The receptive side of his nature is neither sensitive nor intuitive, nor is his reactive side productive or creative. He is merely ratiocinative and constructive, consciously excogitative and inventive. In other words, he has talent, not genius. Genius does what it must, talent what it can. The man of genius does that which no one else can do. His work is the essential and unique expression of himself. He does it without being aware how he does it. It is as much an integral part of him as the pitch of his voice and his unconscious manner. He is conscious only of the throes of productive travail; of the antecedents of his creation he is ignorant.

Mr. Wilson is a man of measureless talent who has instructed himself to great purpose. He has made a careful review and digest of the world's history and he has attempted to survey the trackless forests and untrodden deserts of the future. From the activities in the former fields he has evolved a plan which he believes will make the latter a favorable place for the human race to display its activities and he has striven to put that plan into practice. He concedes that others have looked backward with as comprehensive an eye as his own; he grants that others have had visions of the future that are even more penetrating than his own; but *he* has the opportunity to try out his plan and *they* have not, and he is unwilling to take them into partnership in the development of the claim that he has staked out. He cannot do it. It is one of his emotional limitations. Were he generous, kindly and humble it would be difficult to find his like in the flesh or in history. He must be reconciled to the frowns of his contemporaries, the disparagements of his fellows and the scorn of those who have been scorned by him. The world has always made the possessor of limitations pay the penalty. In his hour of hurt, if sensitiveness adequate to feel it is still vouchsafed him, he may assuage the pain with the knowledge that posterity will judge him by his intellectual possessions, not by his emotional deficit.

If we are not satisfied with his conduct we must do one of two things: We must either curtail the powers of future Presidents or we must select Presidents for their qualities of heart as well as mind. Perhaps future candidates for the Presidency should be submitted to psychological tests to determine their intellectual and emotional coefficients. Those

who do not measure up to a certain standard shall be eliminated.

One of the most unsurmountable obstacles to advancement of an officer in the army or navy is an annotation of his record by a superior officer as "temperamentally unfit." From the day that appears underneath his pedigree there is scarcely any power that can advance him. It may be that Woodrow Wilson has been "temperamentally unfit" to be President of the United States, but for anyone to say that he has been intellectually unfit for that office is to utter an absurdity and an untruth. Had he been baptized in the waters of humility, had his parents or his pedagogues inoculated him with the vaccine of modesty, had he during the years of his spiritual growth come under the leavening influence of love of humanity, had he by taking thought been able to develop what are considered "human qualities," kindliness, sympathy and reverence for others, had he included in his matutinal prayers, "Let me accomplish, not by might, nor by power, but by spirit," had he had Lincoln's heart and his own brain, he would be, not one of the greatest men that America had ever produced, but the greatest. As it is, his emotional limitations have thwarted his career. The American people speak of this as his fault. It is in reality his misfortune. We laugh at the child who cries when she finds that her doll with outward appearance of pulchritude is filled with sawdust, but we wail when we find our gods are only human, and we resent it when our humans err.

Woodrow Wilson should consider himself particularly fortunate—for he owes his life to it—that he lives in the twentieth century. It is only a century or two ago, in reality, that they gave up burning at the stake prophets and reformers, and it is only a few decades ago that they allowed them to remain in their native land or even to visit it. Critics and self-constituted judges of Mr. Wilson's conduct will continue to pour their vials of wrath upon his head and purge themselves of their contempt for him, but these are the fertilizers of his intellectual stature.

JOSEPH COLLINS.

WHAT ABOUT SYRIA?

BY FREDERICK JONES BLISS

I

1914-1919

WAS it all a dream? So I ask myself in the wide, free security of my own dear Country. Were they real years, those years of indefinite apprehension, when, in very exasperation at the deadly quiet, we fairly shrieked for something to go off with a bang, even if we ourselves should be annihilated in the crash! Anything, we cried, anything but this menacing monotony. Always before us, to the West, the smiling, treacherous blue sea, changed by the blockade from a way for us to get out to a means to keep us in. Always behind us the great wall of the Lebanon, stately, beautiful, dotted with villages, flecked by sun and shade, but still a wall, shutting us in to the East. Were they real, those sights?—babies picking out and devouring on the spot the barley grains that might be found in the dung of beasts; women and children stretched rigid in the last article of death along the public square, froth at the lips, flies on the eyes, while the world, while *we,* for the very sake of preserving our sanity, had to pass by, chatting pleasantly as we passed. Were they real, those sounds?—the cries of "hungry—hungry—hungry" from which we could never escape, walk we never so fast or so far; cries pervading the city day and night, now faint, now loud, always despairing; cries from the stolid old man, from the frantic mother clutching the skeleton that was once her baby, from the bewildered little children. Was *she* real—that brave little woman, once tough and wiry, still fighting starvation with incredible energy, who dragged herself to our house, and, stabbing me with her dying eyes, said, "I have no one but God and you: don't *you* let me die." Yes, she *is* real to me by token of that

challenging look which still burns in my soul. For, though I tried to keep her alive, the challenge had come too late.

As may have been already gathered, our only real suffering during those long years was vicarious. To dwell on our own petty privations would be worse than irrelevant. Through the Red Cross and other philanthropic agencies, a certain alleviation in the economic situation was possible, but it was only a drop in the ocean of starvation, which reduced the population of the Lebanon, for example, by one-third, at the lowest calculation. Typhoid and typhus swelled the death-roll. It was terrible to assist consciously in carrying out the law of the Survival of the Fittest. We felt like Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, " pricking " those whom we doomed to die by eliminating them from the list of those whom it seemed wise to help.

But starvation was not the only menace to the Syrian population which, Moslem and Christian alike, was predominantly and, at first, almost openly, in sympathy with the enemy of the Turks. It is small wonder that the authorities made every attempt, fair and foul, to suppress the all but universal sedition. Hangings became frequent. The reign of terror reached its height in the Spring of 1916, when arbitrary deportation, for no reason alleged, became widespread in Syria and Palestine. Entire families were condemned to perpetual exile to some distant part of the Empire. When the head of the family, conscious of no overt offense, would ask the Governor what crime he was supposed to be guilty of, he would receive the laconic reply, " you know." Naturally no Syrian felt safe. Men began to guard their very thoughts. The pall over the land began to lift when Djemal Pasha, the military dictator, issued a proclamation, early in May, that no further deportations of Syrians, save on documentary evidence of treason, would be made.

Our first realization of the change that had come over our relations, as foreigners, with the ruling Powers was on September 10, 1914, a full month and a half before Turkey went into the war. In the small hours of the morning the police aroused the sleeping native inhabitants, bidding them to rise and celebrate their deliverance from foreign influence and interference. For on the day previous the Committee of Union and Progress at Constantinople had struck a *coup d'état,* abolishing the Capitulations, under which all

foreigners had for centuries enjoyed extra-territorial privileges in the Turkish Empire. For us Americans this sudden stroke meant that hereafter we were held to be subject to arrest by Turkish police; to be tried in Turkish Courts, rather than by our own Consul; to have our houses searched. Arrests of Americans soon became amusingly common. The present writer was brought to the Station House on the charge of communicating with the first " enemy " aeroplane that flew over the terrified city!

Before us Americans there always loomed three possibilities: evacuation, deportation, and the danger of being " lost in the shuffle," in case our town were left to anarchy during an interval between the flight of the Turks and the entrance of the conqueror. The horrors of deportation had been brought very close to us in the persons of our British and French friends. These horrors had been faced by the able-bodied with sturdy British pluck and traditional French *sang-froid,* but the case of invalids was a different matter. Picture to yourself some gentle elderly lady in your own American town or village—some invalid, who had not left her house for months; imagine a policeman arousing her at midnight and giving her thirty-six hours to prepare to be herded into a car and carried off to some undesignated town in Mexico, simply on the ground of her nationality—only thus can you form any sort of conception of the situation in Beyrout. As a matter of fact the friends of such ladies were enabled, by prompt action in securing official medical certificate of inability for the journey, to obtain immunity. But what kind of immunity! For months nothing could render these ladies immune from the feeling of being hunted. To hear a knock at the door was agony; to wait for a knock at the door was greater agony.

With two notable exceptions the Americans were favorably treated by the Turks in Syria. The exile of the Treasurer of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, whose activities resulted in the saving of thousands of lives, and of a fellow missionary, together with their cruel imprisonment at Constantinople, involving unimaginable horrors, forms a ghastly story. The College was closed for two weeks only. Our large community was permitted to get grain and some other commodities at government prices. Entertainments and meetings, public and private, went on almost as usual.

The Prologue to our Grand Drama of deliverance was

furnished by Nature herself. On Sunday the 29th of September, 1918, we were shaken by an earthquake, which seemed to last a full minute and which was quite different in quality from any that I have ever experienced. It was as if a super-Titanic Dog had taken the world by the scruff of its neck and was shaking it with violent rapidity from side to side. "Wake up!" it was probably saying, "you know nothing about it, but Allenby is near!" On that Sunday—the earthquake had nothing to do with it!—the President of the American College called on the Turkish Governor, Ismaîl Hakki Bey, who declared that he anticipated no imminent danger to the city, and who rather pooh-poohed the funk into which the local Germans had fallen. About thirty hours later the Governor was fleeing by car in one direction and the German Consul in another, though of this midnight flight we knew nothing until the next day. On that memorable Tuesday, October first, we woke up to find ourselves under an Arab Government. Admirable regulations for the preservation of order terminated with this supreme stroke of ironic humor: "Whereas the Turkish Officials, with their families and the rest of the foreigners, constitute for us a trust, it is incumbent on each individual to exercise every care for their happiness and comfort." This was indeed to heap coals of fire on the head of the oppressor of yesterday, who had been the oppressor of centuries, and doubtless they were meant to burn.

The meaning of the events of the strange week succeeding this proclamation was obscure to us at the time, and obscure it remained for many months. The events, briefly, were as follows: On that Tuesday we learned that the peaceful revolution had been precipitated by a telegram from Damascus to the Mayor of the city, Omar Bey Daûk, calling upon him to declare the Arab Government and that this telegram had resulted in the collapse of Turkish authority; on Thursday great crowds assembled in the Square to welcome the British troops, whose approach was supposed to be imminent, but who did not appear; on Friday the Arab Flag was raised on the Government House, to the accompaniment of speeches by Moslems and Christians declaring complete independence of foreign control; on Saturday the continued absence of any sign of connection of the Ententists with the *status quo* quickened our apprehension as to the nature of the authority of this provisional Government, backed by no

visible force. It was a week of outer tranquillity and happiness, but the thoughtful could not but recognize potential anarchy. However, the provisional Governor, Mayor Omar Bey, inspired confidence by his ubiquitous activity and by his grasp of the situation. He, indeed, may be called the hero of that week.

On Sunday morning, October 6th, at 7:30, I was called to the upper balcony of our house overlooking the sea. From that balcony we had watched bombs dropping within a half mile of the house. From that balcony we had watched the long, slim, German submarines emerging from the deep and submerging themselves therein. From that balcony we had watched the Entente men-of-war ominously patrolling the coast. But on this beautiful Sunday morning there flitted gaily past four little warships, two flying the French flag and two the British, coming as our friends, our deliverers! That was the moment when the long-forgotten sense of security gripped us. The French captain landed. The next day seven ships were in the harbor.

The second week, thus auspiciously begun, was not without its Gilbert and Sullivan element. Under which king? was the question we asked ourselves. On Monday Shukri Pasha Ul-Ayyubi, who had come from Damascus, was formally inaugurated as Arab Governor. British sanction appeared to be indicated by the presence of two officers, though it transpired later that these English visitors from Damascus had but stumbled accidentally on this function, staged without their knowledge. On Tuesday the British army, which had been advancing along the coast, began to pour in. The telegraph office was seized. The Arab flag still floated from the Government House, where Shukri Pasha still remained. On the night of Wednesday the flag was quietly removed by the British. On Thursday a French Civil Governor was functioning in the Government House. Omar Bey was requested to continue as Mayor. The British were in full military control. Shukri Pasha, finding himself *de trop,* officially evaporated, but not without protest. And thus ingloriously terminated our ten days of Arab rule.

Some months later I found an explanation for this topsy-turvy situation. From statements made to me by two of the Arab protagonists, it transpired that the citizens of Damascus had been anticipating the methods of d'Annunzio. A Committee of Four, including at least one Christian, to-

gether with the Moslems, Shukri Pasha and Emir Saîd the Algerian, sent a circular telegram in the name of the latter to the Syrian coast towns, to the Lebanon and to other places, announcing the establishment of an Arab Government and demanding that it be declared locally. It seems now quite clear that the plan of the Damascus patriots had been to forestall any disposition of the coast that might be detrimental to their chances for immediate autonomy, and that this plan collapsed when the British and French quietly took possession, calmly ignoring the *coup d'état.* Feisal, on arriving in Damascus, learned of the situation, and in so far recognized the *fait accompli* as to request this Committee to send Shukri Pasha to Beyrout to explain that the declaration of an Arab Government had preceded the arrival of the forces. Shukri, as we have seen, was installed as governor of Beyrout. Feisal, it is said, later explained his action to the British authorities as a yielding to overwhelming public opinion and in order to calm the populace.

The weeks that followed brought with them a series of resurrection-days. Friends whom we had not seen for years suddenly appeared, having sped from Jerusalem by motor. Very slowly and very irregularly letters began to drift in—some of them almost three years old. Once more we read newspapers written in English. British officers and privates gave us details of their great campaign. Indeed the story was told to us by General Allenby himself, who made a special visit to Beyrout to address our students of the American College. The stagnant life of the city was vivified by new elements: British and French uniforms, Algerians and Indians, Armenian volunteers, the Egyptian labor-corps, camel-corps from the Desert. Motor-lorries dashed through the streets in endless procession. Thousands of tents were scattered through the pine-groves and along the seashore. A British military band gave concerts in the public square. Once more signs in other languages than Turkish appeared over the places of business. Second only to the thrill I felt at the sight of the ships on that Sunday morning was the emotion evoked by the appearance of the long-suppressed sign, "Thomas Cook & Son"! Even thus may the commonplace have a high symbolic meaning. In a word, new life began to pulsate within our bodies and within our souls, though the latter still bore scars that will remain to our dying day.

II.

1920.

Over against the uncertainties which cloud the future of Syria and Palestine, two affirmations may be made with considerable confidence: first, the Turks have gone for good; second, the people will remain determined that no temporary occupation, mandate or coöperation on the part of foreigners shall imperil or prejudice their unity and their independence. These ideas have steadily increased and solidified since they were announced early last summer as the programme of the Emir Feisal whom the All-Syrian Congress elected King of Syria in March. Feisal is one of the now prominent figures unknown to the world before the war. In 1915 the British, acting through that "Scholar-Gipsy," Colonel Lawrence, gained the coöperation of his father, Hussein, the Sherîf of Mecca, a descendant of Mohammed, by promising him help in his ambition to create an Arab Empire extending from the border of Egypt to the Persian Gulf. So, at least, the arrangement was absolutely understood by Hussein (now King of the Hejaz) and by Feisal, his third son. Feisal, who is about thirty-five years old, has had no European training, but was educated at Constantinople, where he resided between the ages of seven and twenty-four. This residence gave him an outlook on life not afforded by Arabia, but it did not change his essential Arab nature. Controlling as he did the Bedawîn on the fringe of Syria and Palestine, he rendered invaluable service in Allenby's brilliant campaign, culminating in the entry to Damascus on September 30, 1918. Let me say in passing that my intimacy with Feisal, in matters both of public and private concern, has produced in my heart and mind a confidence in his ability, wisdom, patriotism and integrity.

Feisal has played the game squarely and openly. He believes, and I think rightly, that he has the majority of the inhabitants of Syria and Palestine behind him. He has, in London and Paris, patiently persisted in his attempts to get the British and French to stick by their pronouncements, by which the Syrians are to determine their ultimate form of government, and are to have an important voice in the choice of their advisers. These declarations are plain. In the *Palestine News* for November, 1918—the official

journal of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force under General Allenby—was published "the text of declaration agreed to between the British and French Governments and communicated to the President of the United States." Here, *inter alia,* we read:

> The aim which France and Great Britain have in view in waging in the East the war let loose on the world by German ambition, is to ensure the complete and final emancipation of all those peoples so long oppressed by the Turks, and to establish national governments and administrations which shall derive their authority from the initiative and free will of the peoples themselves.

This declaration was published (in translation) in the Arabic and French press of Beyrout.

The twenty-second section of the League of Nations Covenant, under which England and France are even now supposed to be working, directly implies that such lands as Syria and Palestine "have reached a state of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized," adding that "the wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory Power." These official declarations theoretically render null and void the provisions of the secret treaty, negotiated in 1916 between the late Sir Mark Sykes and Monsieur Georges Picot, by which, among other matters considered, France is recognized as the practical master of Syria; and England, of Palestine. I have it on first hand authority that Sir Mark confessed as much before his death. But theory is one thing and practical politics is, alas!, another. A prominent French ecclesiastic indignantly declared to me that to set aside the Sykes-Picot Treaty would be another case of "a scrap of paper"!

During the winter and spring of 1919, disinterested friends of Syria and Palestine strove hard to secure the appointment in Paris of a mixed Allied Commission, which should seek to find out the wishes of the Syrians in their own land. France objected to taking part in this Commission, probably foreseeing that a plebiscite would go against herself for a Mandatory Power. Great Britain felt she could not send representatives if France did not. Wisely or unwisely—I think wisely—the American members, Messrs. Crane and King, proceeded alone, landing at Jaffa in June and remaining in the country some five weeks. As it was my privilege to follow their methods at close range, I can

testify to their thoroughness, caution and impartiality. No publicity has been given to their report. I understand that apparently six-sevenths of the population expressed a wish for independence, immediate and complete. Failing this, they chose America as the Mandatory Power, with England as second choice. The remaining seventh included the solid block of Maronites, mainly inhabiting the northern part of the Lebanon, but also scattered in the southern part and in the coast towns. They are very numerous in Beyrout. With these in the demand for France are associated other bodies affiliated with the Roman Catholic Church.

But, as I have repeatedly told Feisal's followers, passionately determined on an American Mandate, it is one thing to feel that you can't get along without a girl, and it is quite another to insist that she marry you. America shows no disposition to take over the administration of Syria. England, for a year after the Occupation, kept the military control of both Syria and Palestine, but confined her civil administration to the latter. In December 1919 she withdrew her forces from Syria, where today France controls the seaboard with its hinterland both in a military and a civil sense; and Feisal, subject to France's nebulous oversight, is responsible for the interior, with Damascus as headquarters.

It was probably Feisal's recognition of the inevitable connection which France is apparently destined to have with Syria that precipitated his acceptance of the crown. Was it perhaps a checkmate to possible plans of aggression? Little reliance can be placed on the daily and newspaper dispatches regarding the Near East, and on the local correspondence, but the following alleged quotations from his speeches appear to show the trend of his ideas: " Both England and America refuse to help us." " It is to France that we would turn." " France can ask anything but one thing —to compromise our independence, which is unthinkable."

How Feisal can reconcile an acceptance of French superintendence in Northern Syria with his fundamental idea of a unity of control extending over Greater Syria, it is not easy to see. The hope of the Nationalists was for one mandate over Syria and Palestine. It is hard to conceive how the French would be allowed a mandate over Palestine, even if they wanted it. Their interest has always been in the Greater Lebanon. When I say that this interest is fundamentally sentimental, the word is not used in any deroga-

tory sense. This sentiment of friendship is cordially reciprocated. The roots thereof strike deep into history.

If France is to continue coöperation in the civil administration of Northern Syria, it is profoundly to be hoped that this administration will improve. At present it is not as efficient as the one it replaced. For most of the war-period the Beyrout *vilayet* was ruled by Azmi Bey, formerly Prefect of Police at Constantinople. Without for a moment extenuating his cruel and unscrupulous methods, one may maintain that this strong administrator was methodic, industrious, firm, enterprising, demanding similar qualities from his subordinates. Current reports from Beyrout picture appalling conditions: trade is stagnant, the Custom House is disorganized, the police are described as "a mere name," the Lebanon which I remember as being as safe as the New England of my childhood has become the scene of brigandage. These conditions are partly due to the paralyzing uncertainties of the situation. Will they improve when the relations between the Syrians and the French are definitely fixed? I, for one, see grounds for hope, when distrust and suspicion are replaced by clearly defined coöperation.

Whatever arrangements may be made for future foreign assistance in the administration and development of Palestine proper, it is clear that Feisal expects his sovereignty to extend over that land. But this opens up questions touching Zionism, which is another story, too long to be included here.

FREDERICK JONES BLISS.

REVOLUTION OR EVOLUTION IN BELGIUM?

BY HENRY DE MAN

OF all European countries, Belgium, that seemed the hardest hit by the war, has been the quickest to recover.

One year after the armistice, the output in all but a few industries had again reached the pre-war level. The number of unemployed workmen, which was about 700,000 in November, 1918, was less than 100,000 a year later. Emigration of labor is hardly above the pre-war rate. The cost of living is only about two-thirds of what it was a year ago, and in spite of the unfavorable foreign exchange, the downward trend continues.

The most characteristic fact of all is perhaps that the output of coal, which in most other countries is going down steadily, has continuously increased and is now practically as high as before the war. The latest returns (for October, 1919) show an output of 98.6 per cent of the monthly average, in 1913, in spite of the shortening of the shifts from 9 to 8½ hours. This figure is of double significance, both because coal mining is Belgium's economic mainstay, and also as an index of the return of transportation conditions, and of the demand for industrial fuel to a normal level.

The most striking feature of the condition of Belgium in 1919 is undoubtedly the absence of serious industrial disturbances and the immunity of the labor movement from extremist tendencies. Although the Belgian Labor Party, now the biggest single political force in the country, is outspokenly socialistic, and has a historical record as the initiator of the national strike for political purposes, as actually conducted in 1893, 1902 and 1913, the industrial life of the nation has been much less disturbed of late than that of any other industrial country. Bolshevism, Spartacism, Communism, I. W. W.ism are unknown in Belgium. There is

not a single group, paper, or known industrial, whom these extreme manifestations of social discontent might claim as their exponent.

As industry had been practically at a standstill for the duration of the war, the readjustment of wages to the cost of living after the armistice has been more abrupt and radical than elsewhere. The recent progress of trade unionism has been faster than even in England, the unions having increased their membership by about 400 per cent in one year. Collective bargaining on a national scale has been introduced in the two main industries, mining and metallurgy, in which it was practically unknown before the war. It has become the rule in most others. The eight hour day prevails where the nine or ten hour day existed until 1914. The railroadmen, who, until 1918, had been deprived of the right to form trade unions, are now almost to a man affiliated with the union movement. The national Government, which before the war had practically refused recognition to the labor unions, now consists of their representatives to the extent of one third, and stands pledged to a policy of " recognizing the participation of the labor unions in the management of industry."

The plural voting system has been suppressed. Consequently, the Conservative (Roman Catholic) party, which had governed uninterruptedly for twenty-eight years, has been deprived of its majority. The Socialists, who had been outcast until 1914 so that none of them was allowed to become a mayor, now hold the Presidency of the Chamber of Deputies, and four out of the twelve seats in the Cabinet. This Cabinet only came into existence after its programme had been endorsed by a regular convention of the Labor Party.

The story of how such a revolution could be accomplished in quiet and orderly fashion, together with the actual reconstruction of a little country that, a year ago, was faced by problems much more acute and complicated than those of the neighboring nations, may interest those Americans who are anxious to see democracy made an instrument of social progress and readjustment.

I, for one, am quite prepared to admit that I did not believe in the possibility of such a speedy and easy recovery of my country when, in November, 1918, I returned with the Belgian army on the heels of the retreating Germans,

who had occupied practically all of it for more than four years. I need not describe here the extent of the damage done by the invaders, especially to some of our main industries, like the textiles, which had been almost completely deprived of their machinery. It seems to me that too much attention has been paid by public opinion at large, especially in America, to the spectacular side of the devastation that followed in the wake of the German armies, whilst some other, much more important consequences of the occupation were ignored.

The sensationalism and atrocity-mongering of the newspapers has resulted in giving the general public abroad a quite false idea of what the real problem of Belgium's reconstruction eventually proved to be. In this highly industrialized country, with nearly eight million inhabitants living on 11,000 square miles, that has to import more than half of its food in exchange for manufactured products, the reopening of the international tradeways upon which the country's prosperity mainly depends, was an immeasurably more difficult and more complicated task than to rebuild destroyed villages or to reequip an agricultural, self-supporting nation like, say, the Serbs. There were 700,000 unemployed workmen, with no machinery and no raw materials to set them to work on. There were all the problems connected with the sudden withdrawal of the German currency, which had been used for four years, and the enormous discount on the foreign exchange that followed the importation *en masse* of food and manufactured goods.

But one task was bigger even than the repairing of the insolvent fabric of a modern manufacturing nation's economic life after four years of coma. That was the psychological readjustment needed, the curing of the nation's soul of the effects of four years of idleness, pauperism, underfeeding, political oppression, and intellectual isolation.

What made the latter problem the crucial issue in Belgium was the unparalleled condition of the country under German occupation. With the exception of the occupied industrial districts of the North of France, no other country has been through an ordeal so destructive of the popular *morale* as Belgium. In an agricultural country under enemy occupation, life goes on as usual in the rear of the armies, and the greater the demand for food the greater the activity and prosperity. So it was in the agricultural

districts of Belgium, with the exception of the small part that had been devastated by warfare. The value of agricultural land was doubled or trebled, and every farmer became a profiteer at the expense both of the Germans and of the industrial population, and ultimately a miniature *nouveau riche*. But fully two-thirds of Belgium's population live in cities or great industrial centers and depend on industry and trade. In some instances, they were forced into idleness by the interruption of international trade. But in most cases, they stopped work because their production would have helped the Germans. It is no exaggeration to say that three quarters of a million of Belgian workers were on strike against the German occupants for four years, in spite of every inducement to work for them, and of the terrorizing effect of the deportations—the biggest and most prolonged general strike in history. This involved all the railwaymen and transport workers, most metal and textile workers, and, to a smaller extent, the miners, as the output of coal had been voluntarily reduced to the minimum needed for home consumption.

Few things are more amazing in the history of the World War than the almost superhuman tenacity with which these masses continued their "passive resistance," and the unreasoning, and to all appearances unreasonable hope with which they clung to the idea that "they" would have to go —some day. Ignorance of all that happened elsewhere was complete, except for what the Germans would tell. Besides, with the Government gone abroad, the papers suppressed, no books or magazines admitted but from Germany, political activities prohibited, the frontiers fenced off, and communication between the various cities and parts of the country made practically impossible, individual and local isolation had been carried as far as it was possible for any power to carry it. Yet the powerful machine of German administration, designed to bend the will of a nation that had been thus reduced to atoms, failed. Surely a surprising indication of the power of a collective human will!

This power, however, after the early stage, when the initial active impulse to resist was formed and heroically asserted itself, naturally became a power of inertia. In view of what we know of the strength of human nerves, it would have been impossible, for example, for the mass of Belgian workmen to remain voluntarily unemployed for

four years, and resist the continual attempts of bribing and bullying by the occupant, in the face of increasing starvation and misery, if the power of the original resolution had not been supplemented by the supreme power of habit. After four years of heroic idleness, the hero had become an idler.

Still there was no truth in the charge that was made by some of our employers and capitalists after the armistice that most workmen would rather go on drawing the unemployment pay and do nothing than to make a few francs more by going to work. The best proof of the falsity of the charge was that, in those earlier stages of industrial reconstruction when some short-sighted employers tried to speculate on the misery of the masses, tens of thousands of workmen were emigrating into France and Holland, where they would get decent wages for hard work.

The truth of the matter is that, immediately after the withdrawal of the Germans, and the return of the Belgian army, everybody, the workmen included, wanted but to enjoy himself. Since there was not much to feast on, the feasting was soon over; and the immense majority of the workmen then had no greater desire than to go back to work for a living wage. The labor unions took a leading part in encouraging the resumption of work, whilst demanding higher wages to meet the increased cost of living, and shorter hours to avoid still further weakening of the debilitated men's strength. They had no real difficulty in getting the men started wherever conditions were decent; but the long enforced idleness, the consequent loss of skill, the nervous strain of four years of anxiety and moral quasi-prostration, the weakening of bodies through underfeeding, made themselves felt once work had been resumed, and accounted for a reduced output. This reduction of working power, both physical and nervous, affected all classes alike.

The real tragedy of Belgian life under the occupation was the absolute intellectual stagnation. It was as though people had gone asleep in the fall of 1914 and waked up again, after bad dreams, in the fall of 1918. Those Belgians who have been with the army or lived in England or France as refugees, all declare that they felt, after the first joy of returning to the old place and the old people, the same shock of disappointment at finding that nothing had changed. Nothing could better bring home to them the importance of the changes in the fermenting world in which they had them-

selves been living these four years, than the contrast between their own mentality and that of the people who had stayed in Belgium. Even to a moderately sensitive person, this contrast would reveal itself painfully at every step, at every word, in every trivial little incident that would bring the "homestayers" and "those of the Yser" in contact with each other. To me, the most pathetic thing in Belgium after the return in 1918 was neither the sight of destroyed homes —I had become used to that sort of thing since 1914—nor that of the empty factory walls or wrecked blast furnaces— I knew they would soon come back to life. It was in the faces and in the eyes of the people who had lived there, faces and eyes that spoke of getting four years older—and what a four years!—without having *lived* them.

The immediate effect of the absolute ignorance of what had been going on in the world—save a few outstanding facts about the military situation, which the Germans could not have withheld from them—was that, after the first few weeks of rejoicings, bitter dissatisfaction with the "fruits of the victory" set in. This was long before President Wilson's surrender at Paris, and had nothing to do with the disappointment in the failure to conclude a democratic peace that spread in progressive circles all over the world. The dissatisfaction of the Belgians was due to ignorance more than to knowledge, and originated in the narrowness of a national outlook that had not been widened since August, 1914. It had shrunk instead, since the silent suffering under German occupation had transformed the fervent hope of the restoration of Belgium's freedom into a fixed area, which was as exclusive and narrow as it was intense. In their ignorance of all that had happened since 1914 to widen the character and the issues of the conflict, the Belgians of 1919 still viewed it as they had viewed it in 1914. Then France and England had come to Belgium's help. They were victorious now, and so they would see to it that everything was restored to the same state as before. The mass of the people undoubtedly believed that once the Germans were gone, Belgium would be immediately restored, so that everybody might go back to work. They thought that Belgium's allies would have no other concern than to provide them with everything they would need, which they felt sure would be sent along in myriads of trainloads and barges from places where it had been kept in store behind the front.

They knew nothing of the problems that had to be faced in every other country, and were unable to look at Belgium's restoration as what it had become, namely, one part of the reconstruction of the whole world.

These are but a few indications of the very low national "*morale*" that prevailed in the winter of 1918-'19. The main causes of discontent were the practically undiminished extent of the unemployment, the differences over wages and labor conditions when work was resumed, the antagonism between the industrial population and the profiteering farmer, the difficulties which the Government encountered with its necessary policy of price fixing and licensing the exterior trade, and last but not least, the old conflict about the use of the Flemish and French languages, which the Germans had embittered and poisoned by using Flemish as a means to foster dissension.

The effect of all this was aggravated by a general lowering of the level of public morality, similar in many of its causes and manifestations to what happened in Germany at the same time. It was marked by a distinct relaxation of the rules of sexual ethics and a formidable increase of all forms of criminality, from petty larceny to armed robbery and common murder. The intensity of the prolonged nervous strain, combined with underfeeding, probably had a good deal to do with it. Its main cause, however, seemed to be the German policy of food requisition and distribution. The Germans requisitioned the main agricultural products, using most of them for their own purposes, and leaving the rest on the Belgian market, without fixing maximum rations, so that most of it went to the rich, who bought it at exorbitant prices, instead of to the neediest. This resulted in extensive smuggling and stealing. Smuggling, and trading in goods and food, stolen from the German commissariat or obtained by bribery from German soldiers and officials, became a regular institution. Everybody did it. The food thus obtained made life a little more bearable. Quite a number of people made a regular living by smuggling. Unemployment, misery and the presence of a large army of occupation also encouraged prostitution. Looting of German dumps of every description was a normal occurrence in all parts of the country for several weeks after the Germans had gone. The discharged soldier, who often had become an unemployed workman, with very inadequate allowances,

further complicated the problem. Hatred of the profiteering farmer frequently tempered popular condemnation of the attacks and robbery of farms by armed bands, which were a daily occurrence the winter before last.

The general demoralization also extended to the army, where complaints about undue slowness in demobilization and inadequate allowances for the discharged soldiers were universal, while most of the officers made matters worse by trying to maintain by force an exterior discipline which the soldiers felt had become unnecessary since the fighting had ceased.

To sum up, there was such an amount of incendiary material accumulated in Belgium in the earlier part of 1919, that a spark might have set the whole country aflame. Everyone who was familiar with the temper of the Belgian people at that time, especially that of the workman and the soldier, knew that if anyone not altogether unfit to act as a leader, with some semblance of an organization behind him, had got up then and preached the gospel of revolution and proletarian dictatorship, and if the official leaders of the Labor Party and the trade unions had but kept neutral in the matter, a seizure of power by the masses would have been as easy in Brussels as it was in Petrograd.

Belgium was ripe for Bolshevism; but there were no Bolsheviki. The reason was that the Labor Party, which represents the mass of Belgian labor to a greater extent even than German Social-Democracy ever represented the German proletariat, or than the British Labor Party now represents the British worker, would not have it. The party leaders deliberately put a brake on all manifestations of social discontent save those that were useful for the orderly reconstruction of the country as a democratic industrial commonwealth.

What made this task comparatively easy for the Labor Party was that it had not been split, like the Socialist and Labor organizations in all other countries, over its policy in the war. Perfect unanimity had prevailed, from the 3rd of August, 1914, on, about the duty of the Belgian proletariat to take part in the defence of the national independence. Some slight differences of opinion had occurred in 1917 and 1918, about the desirability of supporting the proposed Stockholm conference, a minority being in favor, while the majority claimed that it was useless and dangerous to meet

the German majority Social-Democrats as long as they supported the war policy of their government. The same cleavage of opinion occurred after the armistice when the question of resuming international relations came up. But this was a mere difference of opinion in tactics which never affected the fundamental issue.

Perhaps it is useful to say here that the Belgian Labor Party is not a party in the ordinary sense, not a mere political organization. It is in fact a federation of every form of militant labor organization in the country, with a socialistic programme, aiming at public ownership of all means of production. Besides a nucleus of purely political and educational organizations, it consists in the main of trade unions, cooperative consumer's organizations, and mutual insurance societies. Although there is a small sprinkling of bourgeois intellectuals among its leaders—represented by 17 out of 70 of its representatives in the Chamber of Deputies—it is purely a labor body. The average workingman belongs to the Labor Party in many more ways than are expressed by his vote or his political affiliation. His trade union, the cooperative store where his family buys, the " Mutual Benefit " society that insures him against unemployment through sickness, the library where he gets his books, the fire and life insurance society where he carries a policy, the " labor bank " in which he deposits his savings, the theatrical or musical club where he spends his Sunday evenings, the café and the cinema of the *" Maison du Peuple "* which he haunts —all that and a good deal more, is part and parcel of the Labor Party which is the living embodiment of all his aspirations, political and otherwise, as a workingman. This is another reason why the prestige of the Labor Party and its hold on the masses have increased during the war. Although most of the trade unions were " asleep " those four years owing to the stagnation of industry, their leaders were active as labor representatives on the many boards and committees that were responsible for the local and national relief work and the payments of grants to the unemployed. The cooperative consumers' societies, on the other hand, played an essential part in the distribution of supplies. The successful endeavors of the cooperative bakeries in keeping the price of bread low, against the wishes of the private bakers, would alone have justified their existence. No wonder that the *" Maison du Peuple,"* as the headquarters of these co-

operative associations, which also harbor most of the other forms of labor organizations, are called, were more than ever the rallying points of Belgian Labor. More than 600 new cooperative societies were formed during the war. Today they are, in spite of the lack of capital which the extension of their business had made them feel more acutely, more numerous and more prosperous than ever.

When the Labor Party resumed its political activity after the evacuation of Belgium by the Germans, it had to choose between two policies. It could have used the widespread discontent, due to the causes which I have attempted to sketch, to increase its power as a party of opposition to the present social order. Without assuming any responsibility itself in the reconstruction of the country, its criticism of the ruling classes and parties would have been all the more effective as the problem of reorganizing the economic fabric was obviously insoluble without the goodwill and support of the working class. It can hardly be doubted that by following this course it would have precipitated an upheaval leading to some form of proletarian dictatorship. Even if the ruling classes had had the power to prevent this—which I do not think they had, as they were demoralized and disunited, and could not have relied on the army—they would probably have been glad to let things go ahead that way, and see the Labor Party alone try to extricate itself from the mess of national disorganization and carry the blame of its probable failure.

The alternative policy, to which the Labor Party unanimously and practically without discussion committed itself, as the logical outcome of its attitude during the war, was to renounce the propagandistic advantage of a purely critical attitude, and to collaborate with the other parties in reorganizing the country, while using its power to secure as square a deal for labor as circumstances would permit. Consequently three socialists, acting as delegates of the Labor Party, entered the Cabinet, together with representatives of the two "bourgeois" parties. Vandervelde took the portfolio of Justice, Anseele that of Public Works, and Wauters that of Industry and Labor, to which was attached the administration of food, fuel and supplies. The latter department was by far the most important and carried the heaviest burden in the reconstruction work. A good deal of the credit for its success is due to the energetic and businesslike

way in which Minister Wauters acquitted himself of his task.

The Labor Party thus gave its support to the Government after agreement had been reached on a programme of reforms which had been on the labor platform for years. They were:

1. The suppression of plural suffrage, with the granting of a single vote to every male citizen of 21 years of age, the question of woman suffrage to be decided later by the new constituent assembly. This was carried out immediately by ministerial decree, in an extra-legal way for which the lack of constitutional validity of all legislative authorities since the war was quoted as a justification.

2. The suppression of article 310 of the Penal Code, which puts extra penalties on acts of violence or intimidation when perpetrated in connection with labor disputes. This law is still on the statute book, but is no longer applied, and the new Government stands pledged to its abrogation.

3. The granting of unlimited right of coalition to all state employees. This includes all the railway workers, who had been thus far prevented from forming militant unions. This was done immediately (granting them the basic eight-hour day at the same time) with the result that the railwaymen are practically all organized with the Labor Party, or "red" unions.

In addition to these reforms, the Ministry for Industry and Labor played a great part in reorganizing industry on a new basis, with collective bargaining and direct representation of the labor unions in industrial councils for the prevention and settlement of labor disputes as its cornerstones. These industrial councils now exist, both nationally and locally, in the coal-mining and metallurgic industries, in the Flanders textile industry, at the port of Antwerp, and in many other instances. They succeeded in averting or settling a large number of labor disputes, so that the total number of strikes in Belgium in the first seven months of 1919 (the latest figure available) was only 194, involving 55,370 workmen, a very low total considering the circumstances; 108 of these strikes were settled by conciliation, and a large number of potential struggles involving a very much greater number of men were averted in the same way through the intervention of the Government.

Collective bargaining with government support resulted

in the acceptance of the eight-hour day (though mitigated in some cases by gradual introduction extending over a period of one year), the minimum wage principle and national wage tariffs, in such basic industries as mining and metallurgy, with many other applications in smaller departments.

Simultaneously, the "red" labor unions (the usual designation of the "socialist and independent unions" directly or indirectly affiliated with the Labor Party as opposed to the comparatively insignificant Roman Catholic or neutral unions) went ahead with gigantic strides. Their national federation, which comprised about 160,000 members at the outbreak of the war, mustered more than six hundred thousand in November last.

The political progress made by Belgian labor, as exemplified by the general elections held in November last, is none the less important for not being as much in the nature of a landslide as the headway made by the trade unions. This is due to the fact that before the war, the labor unions had remained somewhat behind the development of the political and cooperative strength of labor. The fact that the number of Socialist deputies increased from 34 to 70 is due in large measure to the suppression of plural suffrage whilst the same circumstance makes a comparison of the number of votes with the previous returns impossible. On the other hand, the Belgian system of proportional representation, with its extremely minute adjustment of the number of deputies to the number of voters for each party, makes the shifting of power from one party to another very much less sudden and catastrophic than it would be under similar circumstances in England or the United States. But even so, the result of the elections marks a fundamental change in national politics. It has deprived the Roman Catholic (conservative) party of the majority which it had held for twenty-eight years. It severely crippled the Liberal (bourgeois progressive) party. It gave the Labor Party more than one-third of the votes and of the seats in the Chamber of Deputies. Out of a total of 1,743,157 votes the Labor Party polled 644,499, the Catholic conservatives 618,505, the dissident Catholics 45,197, the Liberals 309,463, and the smaller groups together 124,493. As no party thus had a majority, the question of participating in the new Government naturally arose again before the Labor Party, which

had become the umpire of the situation. The definite formation of the Cabinet was postponed till after the special convention of the Labor Party, which assembled on November 30th, 1919, and before which the tentative programme evolved by the members of the old cabinet was put for approval. The problem was solved in the same spirit as when the first "reconstruction cabinet" was formed after the armistice. Perhaps the most enjoyable feature of the new conditions was that the old issue between "clericals" (the Roman Catholic party) and "anticlericals" (the Liberal and Labor parties) was dead as the natural consequence of the disappearance of the Catholic majority. Some of the Liberals tried to revive it, as they desired to form an "anticlerical" cabinet with the Labor Party, but they found no support with the latter. This has cleared the road for a Government with a programme limited to problems of economic and administrative reconstruction, in a democratic spirit and along constructive lines. The Convention of the Labor Party, after two days of discussion, remarkably free from heat or personal animosity, decided with a majority of 1,415 votes to 146 in favor of supporting the cabinet and delegating four representatives to be its members, the new Socialist minister being Jules Destree, receiving the portfolio of Education. The minority, whilst disclaiming any extremist or destructive tendencies, opposed participation in the Government on the ground, mainly based on doctrinal consideration, that the Labor Party would have a stronger influence in favor of social reform if it remained in the opposition.

The present Government programme has taken over from the previous cabinet the suppression of article 310 of the Penal Code, (the anti-picketing clause) which the former Government had failed, for technical reasons, to carry out. In addition, it stands pledged to the introduction in the Constitution of the same form of equal male suffrage that was already in operation at the last election, whilst removing all constitutional obstacles to its extension to women. It has further promised legal enactment of the resolutions of the international Labor Conference, especially as regards the eight-hour day, and tentative nationalization of the coal mines in the new Campine coal district, as an experiment by future policies in that direction may be decided.

With regard to the settlement of labor disputes, it has

committed itself to the principle that "organized labor should be given a right to cooperate in the management of industry." On other important issues, like the democratic reform of the army and of the system of taxation, provision for the housing of workmen, etc., its programme is rather vague, and the effort to conciliate the interests of various classes without commitment to anything too definite is visible. It is felt by everybody, of course, that the future policy of the Government will correspond to what the balance of power, especially of industrial power, will be in the country. But the outlook of the Labor Party is all the more hopeful as the whole situation is now dominated by the fear of the other parties to see the next elections give a square majority to labor should the Government fail to satisfy the present expectations of the workers, who form the majority of the population, and the largest homogeneous political power in the country.

As it stands now, the Belgian record is remarkable enough as an experiment in constructive industrial democracy to deserve being heeded abroad, not only by Democrats and Socialists, but by all those who are interested in the solution of the dilemma: Revolution or Evolution?

HENRY DE MAN.

PHASES OF UNREST

I—THE RIVETS OF SOCIETY

BY SAMUEL CROWTHER

THE radical agitators, the I. W. W., and the growing number of people in this world who would set up the rule of the proletariat, have a remarkably easy propaganda, with a simple but most effective prescription. It is this: tell a crowd that they are not getting their just rights, that something is being withheld from them which they should have, that they are the real working force of the world, that all things come from them, and that instead of cashing in according to ability, they are but slaves to a sinister system called " capitalism." The remedy is plain. The way to gain all of the good things in the world, to possess what each individual may want, is not to work, but simply to take from capital.

Nearly everyone has a smarting sense of some injustice done him. It is nice to bundle up all wrongs and send them to " capital." It is the exquisitely human course, and the solution suggested is so simple, the wonder is not that Bolshevism has gone so far, but rather that it has not gone farther.

Lenin and the Bolshevist leaders know perfectly what capital is; they would abolish the use of money and the private ownership of the means of production. They quarrel with the ownership of capital, not with capital. They would do away with the money idea of capital, but they are far too skilled in the ways of human nature to go counter to the world-old habit of having a medium of exchange. Instead, they confiscate goods for the benefit of the State, and also gold—for gold may be used outside of the borders of Russia—and then teach the uselessness of money by issuing it just as fast as the presses will turn it out. They know full well that the value of a national paper currency de-

pends wholly upon what it is covered by, and that it will not be covered by anything at all unless it is issued in direct ratio to production. They are issuing money without regard to the fundamental laws, so that soon there will be so much of it that it will represent nothing at all and people will stop thinking in terms of money. There is real propaganda!

"It would be nonsense," says Lenin, in effect, "to tell people that money is useless when anyone may go down to the market place and buy what he likes provided he has the money. But if money is rendered useless by over-issue, the people, failing to understand that the fault is not with the money but with the way of issuing it, will put the blame on money as such and be ready to abolish it."

But how is Lenin being answered? We all know that capital accumulates only as production outstrips consumption. During the war years consumption has been outrunning production—we have not been producing, but destroying. Although the world's factories have been working night and day, a good part of what they made was to destroy and to be destroyed while destroying. England and the United States were the big producing countries, but it is doubtful if either country now has as much real wealth as it had in 1914, in spite of all the production. But without trying to answer the question as to England and the United States, certainly France, Germany, Belgium, Austria, and Europe generally are poorer in real wealth than before the war. But everyone of them has much more money! And everyone speaks of this money just as though it were wealth—as though it were capital—as though great sums of new capital had been created, when all that has been done is to use a new kind of arithmetic. The Governments have just demonstrated conclusively to the man who thinks that capital is money, that not work alone creates it, but that a very fair job may be done with the pen and the printing press, and that, really, work is not so important as it was assumed to be. A man doing less work than ever before (for the working man is not over-exerting himself in these days) finds himself with a hundred dollars in his hand—and in all of his previous life of hard work he had never been able to hold a hundred dollar bill and call it his own. If money comes so easy, why then work?

But that man cannot be made to recognize why the pur-

chasing power of money is less—why we have so many dollars that buy so little—without letting him know what capital is. And here all of our nomenclature is in favor of the Bolshevist and against the proponent of the fundamentals of the present system. You say that capital does not mean the corporate term "capitalization," but that in the case of a corporation its real capital is its assets and not the amount of its capital stock. Then he answers, Why do so many legislators and public officers declaim about the evils of "combinations of capital" and cite the wealth of individuals or the capitalization of companies in support? You have to tell him that human nature demands an anthropomorphous evil—something with personal horns on it—and that putting a man into public office does not make an economist out of him, whatever else it may make. All of which is unconvincing in the extreme.

If the fundamental relation between labor and capital is sound, if the present basis of society is reasonable, then why cannot its argument be put forth with even a fraction of the potency of the anti-capitalists? Instead of attacking revolutionary socialism as organized robbery of the thrifty, for the benefit of the shiftless, it is answered by more or less insane denunciations and by investigations conducted through Congressional and other committees, who parade all of the commonplaces, and give anarchistic theories many times as much publicity as they would otherwise have had. The remedies suggested are deportation and jail.

It does not require any deep-seated erudition to discover, for all practical purposes, what capital is and what capital does.

For instance, take the prevailing idea, preached from every soap-box, that capital pays wages. Every thinking man knows that it does nothing of the kind. Wages must be paid out of production; what capital does is to provide the means for production.

If the worker knew that production alone pays wages and that capital, properly managed, facilitates production, then he would not so gladly embrace the doctrine now so extensively advocated in England, that in the future, "work is to be a mere incident to life" and play will be the big thing. He would know that the I. W. W. orator was talking nonsense when he declared that one hour's work a day would be sufficient for all the needs of the world, and that

after the worker had put in the single hour, all the remaining fruits of his labor went to capital. He would know that capital rarely consists of money and that, when it is money, it is non-productive and of no use to its owner, even though that owner, with equal ignorance, asserts that the money is worth 6 per cent. A very slight knowledge of what capital is and does would have avoided the recent coal situation in Great Britain; it would have taught the workers of England that, in advocating the stand of the miners which resulted in an addition of six shillings to a ton, they were taking bread out of the mouths of themselves and their children, and it would have made unnecessary this pointed statement to the workers of England by W. A. Appleton, president of the International Confederation of Labor:

> The price we pay for coal will be measured by the number of unemployed and the rates of sickness we shall have to deal with . . . and by the cost of food and raw materials.
>
> There are some who hope to escape the consequence by means of Government subsidies. Their hopes are futile. The State has reached its limit in this direction. Already it subsidizes bread (fifty millions of pounds), railways (sixty millions), and housing (amount undetermined); and it has on its hands about a million men whom the war has left derelict. Any further grants will but hasten the bankruptcy of Britain. Yesterday we lived on our savings and our earnings; today we are living on credit; tomorrow, if we live at all, we shall be living on charity. That is the price we shall pay for dear coal and dear transport.
>
> Is there any way out? There is; but it will be via the mine, the mill, and the workshop, and not via Westminster. Work, rather than politics, will save the situation, though it will not save the suffering which the past three years' economic foolishness has stored up. Revolution, if you like; strike, if you like! But neither revolution nor strike will fill empty stomachs, nor clothe the unclothed bodies, nor provide houses. These will but add to the price we pay for coal.

But the workers do not know what capital is, for the most excellent reason that there has been no one to teach them. The study of economics in America has been shunned as though it were one of the black arts. The whole economics of business has been shrouded in mystery—probably because for so many years this country took an abundant living out of the ground.

We have relied greatly upon the sanctity of property rights as a substitute for the teaching of economics. Those who have taught this sanctity with the greatest earnestness

have been those who have had the greatest amount of property. So thoroughly did this sanctity impress them that they deluded themselves into thinking that rights of property were greater than the rights of humanity—more particularly when the rights of property were theirs and the rights of humanity belonged to someone else. Now there is evinced considerable surprise that these teachings of the rights of property have not impressed those who have no property nearly as strongly as they impress the sponsors for property.

To the man without property the agitator cries:

"Come with me and you shall have property," while the capitalist, on the other side of the street, murmurs, almost inaudibly:

"Come with me and you may have a look at my property."

Is there any reason why the agitator should not get the audience?

I have yet to know of any campaign, of any sustained, or even any sporadic attempt, to show to the working man, with demagogic vehemence, that his future welfare, that his progress in life, that the comfort of his wife, and that the careers of his children, depend upon his getting into the capitalistic class just as quickly as possible. That being a capitalist is not a matter of abdominal girth; that the *amount* of money has nothing to do with the classification; but that being a capitalist is just a matter of having money go out to work for you and bring home its wage.

The idea of thrift has been preached, but more commonly in a negative rather than a positive way. More emphasis has been put upon the self-denial than upon any other feature. It is the moral side—the discipline of character through thrift and all that sort of thing—which has been fondly dwelt on, rather than the fact that there are two ways of making money: the one by your own personal exertions, and the other by having money work for you.

You cannot take away the desire to rail at capital as such, unless you destroy the mystery surrounding it. The best way to destroy that mystery is to have every man, woman, and child a capitalist. If there is such a thing as a capitalist class, then let us all be members of it—we are practically all of us members of the working class as it is. It is essentially a matter of education (which word is among the most abused in our language). But we can educate backward as well as forward.

And it is the backward-looking sort of education that probably the majority of people have had on capital in business. They know it only from the lurid pictures of the agitators, and when they do see the thing, they are mightily surprised to discover that it stands for something very different from what they thought.

The only way that people in general can receive an education in economics is from their own experience. They will not get it out of books. They have to be taught; they have to be taught by providing them with the ways and means to become familiar with what the ownership of capital means, by owning some of it themselves. It cannot be expected that people will care about the preservation of society unless they have a worth-while interest in it.

That this is a fact, is shown conclusively by the anti-Bolshevistic record of those countries whose peoples have something at stake, as contrasted with those countries where the most of the people have nothing at all at stake. In those countries where the people own, Bolshevism has made no progress. Where they do not own, but merely work for others, and live from day to day, Bolshevism is a welcome respite from labor.

First take Russia. The average Russian has nothing; a few have a great deal. Savings deposits give an idea—not exact but symptomatic: the number of depositors was only slightly over nine million out of a total population of 176 million. Spain has only about half a million depositors out of 20 millions of people.

Take these figures in connection with the progress of Bolshevism. Russia, although the average deposit per inhabitant is by no means the lowest in the world, has a very small number of depositors as compared with the numerous population—roughly, only one person out of twenty has any money at all. Those who know money only by hearsay greatly outnumber those who know it by touch and smell. Is it at all surprising that the twenty without property enthusiastically grasped at taking away the money from the one?

It is further to be noted in the progress of the proletariat in Russia that, although the division of the large tracts of land was held to be a splendid idea, none of the small holders are recorded as coming forward cheerfully to chip in

their land so that a complete new deal might be had all around. Communism in practice seems to mean taking what the other fellow has, while keeping a firm hold on your own.

Spain's *per capita* savings are very low and the distribution among the inhabitants is even worse than that of Russia. Consequently, one would expect to find, and does find, Spain so seething with Bolshevism that, had she entered the war, undoubtedly the organized Government would have fallen. Spain needed only a taste of the rigors of war to translate discontent into rebellion. As it was, she kept out of the war and managed, by high wages drawn from the sale of supplies to the Allies at exorbitant prices, to etherize the people for the time being.

Hungary's *per capita* deposits are four times greater than those of Russia and one in every ten persons has some kind of a bank account. And, although in the present state of the Hungarian currency those bank accounts are well nigh worthless, that realization has not as yet dawned upon the people. They solidly resisted Bolshevistic rule. The coup of Bela Kun was planned and financed in Russia; it had behind it all the cleverness gained in the Russian experience; it was altogether the best-planned thing of the kind that the world has ever known. By all calculations, the people, beaten in war, half-starved, and frantic with despair, should eagerly have embraced the proletarian doctrine. But they did nothing of the kind. Too many of them knew capital by ownership—not by hearsay; the owning minority constituted a sufficient leaven in the mass of the populace to cause them to resist the movement which had as its final object the destruction of all capital. Where Lenin and Trotzky gained Russia almost with a gesture, Bela Kun, in spite of the terrible condition of Hungary, in spite of having a splendidly organized propaganda behind him, never really gained a foothold.

But the remarkable example of the bulwark of savings is Germany. We heard a great deal about revolution in Germany; we have all of us read lurid accounts of the activities of the Spartacists, of the Soldiers' and Workers' Councils everywhere set up, of the capture of Hamburg, Bremen, Essen, Düsseldorf, Munich, and of the imminence of an out and out proletarian Government for the country. Ger-

many is the home of Socialism. The Marx theories which dominated the Russian upheaval were born in Germany; the Germans winked at and covertly aided Lenin and Trotzky in their final descent upon Russia. Hundreds of thousands of their soldiers were exposed to Bolshevistic propaganda; their people were half starved, their currency had depreciated, and *morale* had sunk very low. But, in spite of all this, the Spartacists, who correspond, chapter and verse, to the Bolshevists, never gained anything that might be called headway in Germany.

The accounts which we received were grossly exaggerated; I travelled the length and breadth of the country when it was supposed to be in revolution, 1918-1919. There was not at any time, before or after the Armistice, a strike even approaching the importance of the Winnipeg strike; there was never the slightest danger that proletarian rule would be set up in a permanent way. Of the various well-planned attempts, the most successful—that in Munich—lasted less than a month. The " revolutionary " flurries since that time have been magnified by the incompetence of the Government and the propaganda that wants garrisons on the Rhine banks. The truth about Germany is not news. Why should Germany, with every pro-Bolshevistic factor present, have been able to throw off the rule almost without effort?

Here is one reason: Germany, with less than 70 million people, has more than 25 million depositors, and the average deposit is the highest in the world. There is a savings account to every three people! The Bolshevists had almost nothing to work on. They got nowhere. There were too many people inside looking out to bother with those outside looking in. And the workers who had no savings were mostly members of trade unions, and they were equally against the Spartacists—for the Spartacists wanted the union funds.

Take the case of Holland. It is not generally known that, outside of Russia, one of the strongest of drives to overthrow the government and set up a proletariat was made in the Netherlands. The Hague has always been a sink to catch the political riff-raff of the whole world; the radicals of Europe drifted into Holland, and they planned to take over the Government. It does not need more than a couple of hundred armed and determined men to seize the seat of any Government, cut all means of communication, and

occupy the railroad stations. A few determined spirits will quickly frighten thousands into joining them and, in addition, there is always a considerable floating mass of population waiting around for something to turn up. A coup requires determination—not numbers.

The Dutch are a thrifty nation; they do not put money in the banks or savings institutions, simply because they have never acquired that habit. Instead, they have deeply ingrained the investing and speculating habits. That Dutchman is poor, indeed, who is not possessed of at least a few certificates of stock in something or other, and the Amsterdam Exchange is, in proportion to the population it serves, the most active in the world. The ordinary middle-class Hollander will have all of his personal fortune either in cash in his pocket or in securities in his strong box; unless he is a man of great means, or his business requires a certain amount of discount, he will not have a bank account. He has figured out that he can invest as well as the bank can and, therefore, why should he take a low rate of interest from a bank in preference to a high rate which he can get by buying stocks, bonds, or commercial paper? Whether his financial habits are good or bad is beside the point here, but it is a fact which stands out that every person above the age of ten in that flat, green country which we call the Netherlands, knows what capital is. He knows that it is not held by anyone in particular, but by everybody in general. For he has himself sent his own mite, perhaps only a hundred florins, to the Dutch East Indies, and has seen it come back greater than when it started. He does not waste his time quarreling with phantom windmills, he does not attack capital as such—for he knows what it is. If those to whom he entrusts his money are faithless, then he attacks them as individuals, and not as a class. For, in Holland, more than in any other country in Europe, is capitalism democratic.

Consider what happened. The Bolshevists made their plans; they made great headway with the boys composing the army—for guarding the border had become most monotonous and the army was discontented. It looked as though the radicals would gain control. But not a bit of it. The plain people gathered around the banks as defense headquarters; they organized military companies of their own, thoroughly armed and equipped; they put up private wire-

less stations so that communication could not be interrupted. In any house that had a window commanding a vital stretch of street, they planted a machine gun or two. And, having done all this, they felt themselves perfectly qualified to discuss any plan by which their possessions were to be given over to the Communists.

It is scarcely necessary to add that something most convenient happened to the revolutionary schedule and that the revolution did not arrive.

Take the case of England. The English worker is not thrifty. Years ago he had no opportunity to become thrifty, because he scarcely made enough money to live, let alone to save. But, now that he is making more money, he is better pleased to work only long enough to provide sustenance and a little over; instead of working the extra days for his savings account, he prefers to spend them in idleness. He hardly knows what saving is. He has never been introduced to it. Is there any reason for our wonder that Bolshevism has made such startling progress throughout England? Or that the miners, the ship workers, and other large classes, are closer to the Social Democrats than to the Trade Unionists?

The extreme radicals of England—the people who believe in direct action—and preach it with eloquence, are not foreigners. Most of them are Scotchmen; the number of foreigners in the English working population is so small as almost to be negligible. It is worse than foolish to talk about radical socialism as a foreign product. Discontent is indigenous to all soils, and it only needs someone to raise the bogey of capitalism to center that discontent against capital.

Capitalists may be individual bogeys. A capitalistic dictatorship may or may not be worse than a proletarian dictatorship, but that is beside the point and is a deal like deciding between hanging and electrocution; the normal man does not have to decide between either. What we do know is that those countries where the holdings of capital are widespread do not want any form of communism, while those countries where the people know property only as something for them to respect from afar, rather welcome communism, for it to them represents a getting and not a giving. Perhaps this would seem to put the formation of society on a basis of ultimate selfishness and to abandon idealism. Unfortunately idealism reaches its maximum ex-

pression when the idealist is dealing with something that belongs to somebody else. But without pursuing the inquiry into what is the animating force of society, it is surely quite logical to hold that a full knowledge of the exact system under which this country is now living—quite apart from the individuals who happen to be most prominent in the system—is pre-requisite to deciding that some other system is better. Would it not be well for as many as possible of us to know what we are now about before we try something that is as yet unproven?

And it is equally evident that a person does not become an understanding part of the capitalistic system unless he has capital; nearly everyone knows the system from the worker's side, for nearly everyone is now or has been a worker. But by no means all of the people—in fact very few workers—know the system from the capitalistic side.

Is it feasible for everyone to know both sides? Would it be possible without making an arbitrary division of the world's goods to let those who will become capitalists? I say " those who will," for those who will not, those who prefer to be drones, cannot be taken into account. Communism would compel all to work; capitalism says " work or starve " and then provides that those who cannot work may be saved from starvation. In no conception of society can the drone exist in complete comfort; even where inherited wealth seems to banish work, nature usually steps in to make the inheritor's lot none too happy.

It is possible for all who will eventually to have an amount of capital in accord with the ability and zeal which they show, but it is not possible to have a grand division, if for no other reason than that the productive wealth of the world—the capital—is not in divisible form. But suppose a division were possible, would it be wise? Would the people be better off?

The universal experience of industry (to narrow the field) is that giving away money induces a desire among the recipients that the donations be continued and also opens up the vista of a life without work, but that it does not give any notion of capital or property—and for this reason:

Capital is generated only by an excess of production over consumption. Unless the individual thus gains his own capital, he will not know what it is that he has. Making

a gift to a man—giving him something that he does not even remotely earn, whether it be in the form of a bonus not related to work or a share in profits which he did not help make—promotes spending but not ownership. Saving is not induced by giving—many amiable souls to the contrary.

Capital is generated by thrift and by nothing else. Thrift is not merely an abstract virtue. The whole system of our society is founded on thrift.

Any effective teaching of thrift must include the provision of an easily comprehended way to practice it. If we teach thrift both in word and in deed, do we not also put steel rivets into the whole framework of society? For Marx himself declares that his theories cannot gain ground in any community when wealth is diffused. The great enemy of Bolshevism is the bank account.

SAMUEL CROWTHER.

THE PROHIBITION PARADOX

BY LOUIS E. BISCH, M. D.

If one attempts to evaluate current opinion it would appear that a paradox has occurred in the United States. To be sure, it is a gigantic paradox but, since what is true of an individual can likewise be true of a nation, a little reflection does not make it seem quite so impossible that one hundred million people can earnestly and quite according to rule pass a nation-wide prohibition amendment and yet not really want it.

There is something decidedly mysterious in the way the amendment was pushed through to completion. Not that any unusual politics was played, nor that its victorious passage was the result of trickery, but later events—pro and con discussions rendered privately and publicly—tend to indicate that the amendment does not actually represent in an exhaustive way the full and accurate wishes or feelings of the country as a whole.

Whether prohibition is wise or unwise, whether it can be enforced or whether it will become a dead letter, whether or not it is a potential menace because it will lead persons into other forms of excess, are all questions beside the point here. The premise assumed is that the American people have done something they don't want to do and that they are not doing anything very direct or vital to change it now. What are the hidden motivating forces—the mental mechanisms—that have brought about this condition of apparent contradiction?

One naturally looks to psychology for an explanation —and then, not to the old-time, didactic, laboratory, effect psychology, but rather to the more recent developments that stress the causative factors of human behavior, character

traits, and unconscious emotional adjustments. The newer psychology of Psychoanalysis has interesting explanations to offer.

Man's conscious life is a very variable thing, a sort of photographic plate taken instantaneously, which changes to some degree every successive instant that a new exposure is made. In other words, a study confined merely to our conscious reactions gives a very misleading idea of what we really think and are. Our actual selves, that which represents us as distinct and characteristic personalities, is something deeper than the conscious. It embodies the resultant of forces from our very conception up to the moment of time the study is made, and it includes various tendencies, ideas and mental processes of every kind which have been modified by our heredity, instincts, parental training, schooling, culture, and other environmental influences. All these are to be found in the unconscious. The unconscious constitutes our real true selves. The conscious is only that portion of our unconscious that happens to be on the surface and in contact for the time being with the outside world. A study of the conscious alone would therefore be misleading in any case. For an understanding of our actual selves we must disentangle the unconscious.

The feeling of the average individual concerning prohibition is apparently that of a man who is impelled to do something by forces unknown to himself, and later, when he comes to realize the consequences of his act, he is at a loss to understand how it all happened. In other words, the conscious is unable to fathom the unconscious. Therefore, one may seek the explanation of the prohibition paradox in an unbiased scientific analysis of the unconscious.

The present time is a fit stage, already set, for calling forth overwhelming emotions on a large scale. Intellectually considered, the war is over, yet we all still feel the war emotionally, and none of us has completely recovered from the various shocks that have had to be endured for the past few years. We have had many a rude awakening; we have made huge sacrifices. In being forced to contend with so much, in being compelled to rearrange so many of our former concepts and ideals, we have had to make many kinds of new adjustments in order to exist at all. And here perhaps is our first analytical consideration. What have we done with all the disagreeable and even heart-rending

circumstances that have been forced into our conscious thinking?

The mind tries to heal itself just as does a broken bone. And the mind tries to rid itself of a disturbing thought just as the phagocytes act when germs enter the blood stream. Whenever the mind has to deal with upsetting ideas it attempts to remove them from consciousness, it endeavors to forget them, and it rids itself of them by pushing them into the unconscious. This is the process of repression. Repression constitutes the safeguard of our conscious thinking apparatus. It follows then that all of us have more repressions now, during this post-war era, than we would have had during normal times.

A person does not need to be familiar with mental analysis to appreciate the tremendous emotional momentum which manifests itself in the explosions of ordinary hysterical states. One feels intuitively that it represents overwhelming pent-up feeling. Technically, a repression will always fasten itself upon any external circumstance that opportunity affords, provided consciousness will admit it into its realms and let it by. That is why the unconscious of the hysteric often chooses a dinner party. A certain amount of dramatics is necessary to compensate for the degree and depth of the emotional repression. Thus we, collectively considered, try to project our war repressions and fasten them upon likely and timely universal externals. It relieves the strain to objectify, for it tends to put outside of us much that is shut up inside. Prohibition gives us such an opportunity.

What has just been said may be considered from another angle. If there has been a great deal of repression, there must of necessity also be a great deal of unconscious turmoil, and this unconscious unrest must also of necessity have a certain amount of dynamic momentum about it. It is like dropping a "depth bomb" into the Atlantic Ocean in order to get it out of sight. By throwing it overboard you no longer see it, but being a mechanism that goes on working it is bound to explode whether you see it or not. Energy of any description tends to keep on going when once it is started. In like manner, when many mental repressions are forced into the unconscious during a comparatively short period of time, they develop an accumulative momentum effect.

But supposing these considerations to be true and that all of us are suffering from a state of unconscious unrest which is attempting to adjust itself through some form of external expression, why is it that alcoholic abstinence has been chosen? Upon this rests the crucial explanation of the prohibition paradox.

It must not be forgotten that although we like to consider ourselves cultured human beings, fundamentally we are all animals. The human being is just a certain form of animal life, and although in ordinary social relationship he tends to modify and supplant his animal tendencies by various types and degrees of developed refinement, the fact remains that deep-rooted animal instincts are inherently present and that these frequently constitute a large part of the repressed material to be found in the unconscious.

One of the effects of war upon human character is to permit animal instincts to override culture. Furthermore, the two most fundamental instincts we possess are the instinct of nutrition and the instinct of reproduction, and among the lower forms are living things that feed until they become mature, reproduce their kind, and then die. Their cycle of life is complete when the instincts of nutrition and reproduction have been fulfilled.

We see then, that even before the war many phases of our animal instincts had been repressed through habit. The advent of war added new repressions in the way of many self-denials of one type or another. Yet on the other hand, although new repressions were superimposed, some of the most salient animal traits were first allowed to come to the fore to greater or lesser degree.

This latter was particularly true concerning the instinct of reproduction, which constituted a preliminary safeguard against decimation of the race—an integral part of the larger instinct of self-preservation which everywhere became predominant. Here the compensatory reaction took the form of a sudden increase in marriages on all sides and this, in effect, was simply the reproductive instinct put into practise. Many social taboos and hindrances were swept aside in fulfilling this instinct, and many men and women wondered at their own courage in actually doing what they had hesitated to do so long—their unconscious strivings and repression driving them relentlessly forward to objectification.

The nutrition instinct, which is so closely allied to that of sex, also sought an outlet. At first it tried to objectify itself by hoarding whatever could be bought. Before long this had to stop. The fulfillment of the instinct which in olden times would have meant the conquering of a neighboring tribe and the pillaging of its food supply was nipped in the bud by the Allies early in the war. Persons were soon taught to save food and curb gastronomic license. In fact, the very process of thus emphasizing the food problem brought nutritive instincts into special prominence—into objective consideration.

Now we can emphasize the nutritional factor of alcohol. We know that alcohol is produced in small amounts when carbohydrates are digested, and a box of chocolates produces in some persons a very mild form of intoxication not unlike that obtained from alcohol. We also know that alcohol is a digestive stimulant. Furthermore, its factor in social relationship goes without saying, and even here we can find a nutrition correlate in the fact that conviviality is an outgrowth of the herding instinct, which simply means the getting together of a group by common consent for the purpose of producing and protecting food supply.

Another factor which suggests itself in this connection is that if alcohol be considered a food any attempt to conserve this particular food would be quite in line with saving all other kinds. Again, it would be natural to cut down the demand for any stimulant that is an appetite producer.

Alcoholism—that is, alcohol taken in excess—was sometimes seen in Europe during the war but it was not really common. When it did occur it represented the breaking down of social barriers (objectification of a nutrition instinct correlate) on the part of individuals in utter disregard of the welfare of others. This article has not concerned itself however with drunkenness or with any of the forms of chronic alcoholism, but rather it has tried to ignore the extremes and abnormalities and has considered it only in its relation to all persons. Generally speaking every adult in this country has had to take a stand concerning alcohol. Either he drinks or he doesn't drink. The frequency and amount do not matter. Many of the people drink at least some of the time, and from now on, most of these same individuals will not drink at all.

Among the aftermaths of this great war the food prob-

lem still looms large. In some ways it is even more important than before. Although Food Commissions have been abolished and more latitude has been given in eating, the conservation of the supply is still being preached everywhere, while the high cost of foodstuffs is a very convenient substitute for Government edicts.

Alcohol, in its relation to the nutrition instinct outlined above, is also just as important as during the war. And it is just as necessary to repress its mental correlates now as it was then. Like its progenitor, the instinct itself, it attempted to objectify itself. Failing in this, it underwent a secondary repression, which, as is often the case, is a more severe, deep, and sweeping repression than the original, the food conservation as such.

When hostilities suddenly ceased we were keyed up to big things that never happened. The relationship between our conscious and unconscious stood in unstable harmony, while decided turmoil—efforts at new adjustments and attempts to objectify—was the issue in the unconscious. We were in a stage of metamorphosis reaching and towering upward to higher social planes characterized by mutual and joint sacrifices and self-denials. The mechanisms of these gigantic changes were too great, too new, for consciousness to grasp. The dynamics of the unconscious kept on going—a thing which the conscious only vaguely sensed.

We still are in this same stage of unconscious readjustments. We are striving to get settled. Our nutrition instinct was most disturbed and most repressed after trying to objectify, and today it remains, as formerly, an intensely practical issue. The problem of alcohol is intimately linked with that of nutrition. If repression of the latter must be continued, so must repression of the former be continued also.

The prohibition amendment represents these unrecognized, unconscious, dynamic repressions. In a way, it is a symptom or indicator of what is going on inside. These are deep feelings which the average individual does not realize, yet they are none the less relentlessly compelling. That would seem to explain how a nation can do something it really does not want to do. It would seem to explain the prohibition paradox.

LOUIS E. BISCH.

BIOGRAPHY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—I

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

A GOOD many years ago, when Mr. Howells was fighting manfully his campaign for realism, he remarked that if the novelist could get inside of the heart and brain of a moke, smoking his corn cob pipe on a log, he could produce a portrait which would throw Shakespeare's *Hamlet,* or any other masterpiece, into the shade. I do not believe that this is literally true. I do not believe that the brain of any moke, or of any person now living, be he white, black, or yellow, or mottled, could match Shakespeare's brain in interest. Providence has ordered it so that, although we are all made of the same stuff, that stuff has innumerable varieties, and, humanly speaking, those varieties are not equal in interest, in charm, or in beauty or significance. But we see what Mr. Howells meant, and the fragment of truth in his meaning. And there are many biographies to prove that the excellence and interest of a biography do not depend upon the high position of its subject. If only the biographer can pluck out the heart of a man or a woman, no matter how humble, and reveal it truly, the world will rejoice.

The modicum of truth which the realist's doctrine contained, passed into fiction and other forms of literature, and into painting and into sculpture. The penalty exacted for establishing any truth, is exaggeration, and for a good while realism ran to all lengths. No matter how inane or sordid or putrescent a story might be, if it were one sufficiently strewn with dirt, the realists hailed it as a masterpiece, but in the long run, the taste of the human soul is more to be relied upon, than is that of any doctrinaire, and the time came, when the human soul repudiated the creed of dirt for dirt's sake. But the good which realism had to offer remained, and we see the result in biography not less than in fiction.

The best biographies written since 1870 are much closer to life than those of the middle and earlier part of the nineteenth century. Of course the adoption of the scientific method, in following which men studied other men, including celebrities, as dispassionately as they studied animals or chemical elements, exerted a structural influence over biography.

Formerly if a biographer were writing about a statesman, for instance, he instinctively carried in his mind the ideal of how a statesman ought to be portrayed; in like fashion the sculptor draped him in a toga, holding a scroll of orations in his left hand. This served as well as a signboard to warn you that the subject was a statesman and orator, and to prepare you to examine the statue properly. If you will compare Stanhope's *Life of William Pitt the Younger,* with John Morley's *Life of Gladstone,* you will perceive the change that had come about in less than a hundred years, in the writing of biographies of statesmen; and even Mr. Morley was less " realistic " than is Mr. Winston Churchill in his life of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill. This was to be expected for Mr. Gladstone was almost a symbol, and in his life he passed through the typical English experiences at school, at the University, in the Anglican Church, and in Parliament which made him in some respects rather the carrier-on and embodiment of traditions, than a highly individualized person. In their conservatism the English still cling to the medieval habit of setting the place above the man. They write about the Regius Professor at Oxford, or the Dean of St. Paul's, or the Archbishop of Canterbury, without giving their family names, so that unless you have these and a thousand others stored away in your memory, you must consult some reference book in order to discover who the professor was, or the dean in 1830, or in 1860.

This English practice partly accounts, I think, for the difference between English and American biographies of officials. We speak of John C. Calhoun and not of the Senator from South Carolina, of Phillips Brooks, and not of the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, of John Marshall, and not of the Chief Justice of the United States, and so of all the rest, whom we refer to by name and not by title, unless there is a particular reason for giving the title. The texture of the lives led by the Americans

was also so fresh and unconventional that it furnished little excuse for imitating the English practice in terminology. In England the successful man, whatever his profession, rose to this or that office, which may have existed for generations, and so it was natural for him to be known by the office or rank. In the United States, on the other hand, the pioneer in one decade, might be a State Governor or a bishop or a general in the next, and so he was known for himself, and not for his office. A perfect example is Abraham Lincoln whom the most conventional of English biographers would find it impossible to de-individualize. Speaking of Lincoln let me commend in passing a recent biography of him by Lord Charnwood, who though not an American, has succeeded in a remarkable way, in understanding, what I may call the *Americanism* of Lincoln and of his environment.

The nineteenth century and our own have produced many sorts of biography which call for our attention. It took a long time for Boswell's example to influence other biographers. The traditional idea continued that biographies must be constructed according to well-recognized patterns. Just as the " dignity of history " had to be respected, so respect for the " proprieties " had to be observed. The intimate life of a man, his everyday doings, his weaknesses and follies and mistakes, must not be mentioned. But he must be described as being perpetually on parade, the counterpart of the portraits of men in their best apparel. This fashion has by no means passed away. I read, recently, a book on General Robert E. Lee which was so stuffed with virtues that I began to doubt the existence of any virtue, and only when the author stated that General Lee used to take his ease in a rocking-chair, sitting in his stocking-feet, did I perceive that he was a real person.

I must forego any attempt to criticise in detail even the foremost of modern biographies, but I shall touch upon several of them which are representative. Earliest among the British is *Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, With Notices of his Life,* by Thomas Moore, which was published in 1830. I can hardly overpraise Byron's own material which forms a considerable part of this work. To me, he seems the best of English letter writers, in the sense that he was the most spontaneous and, so to speak, reckless, uttering his thought or whim of the moment without concern

for publication or discretion. Most of the other famous letter writers are conscious that posterity is looking over their shoulder while they write. With Stevenson, a letter was not like a private, unpremeditated chat with a friend, but a set, literary performance in which all was premeditated and wrought with his highest skill as a literary artist.

The substance of Byron's letters is often disappointing, because it belongs to the baser side of his nature, and we are irritated and grieved to find a genius like his seemingly to prefer the lower levels. But as human documents his journals, and especially his letters, are invaluable. Moore's connecting narrative, though in the main, good, is not remarkable. He wrote as a practiced literary man, not as a born biographer. His style is smooth, and rather graceful, but more antiquated now than Boswell's, and he evidently suffers by contrast with the rush and vividness and humor and finality of Byron's. Like most of us, Moore used a trowel, Byron carried a poniard. We smile now or moralize, as we remember that, a century ago, some of the critics esteemed Moore as superior to Byron, even in poetry, and they regarded Byron as the luckiest of men to have Moore for a biographer.

This merely illustrates the widespread fallacy which still survives, that anybody can write a biography. Moore, being a popular poet, must necessarily be a great biographer; but they would not have predicted that he would be the best man to choose to compose a symphony or to paint a portrait. Formerly, when any distinguished citizen—lawyer or judge, merchant or writer—died, it was taken for granted that his clergyman, if he had one, would write his life, unless his wife, sister, or cousin were preferred—a still more foolish custom. I recall only one biography by a widow which was really successful, Mrs. Kingsley's *Life of Charles Kingsley*. On the other hand, I could mention several which were marred because the widow interfered with the biographer, or even guided the pen while he wrote. After the family have found a writer whose judgment and discretion they can trust, they should religiously refrain from meddling. A witty English friend of mine, whose cousin, Sir Alfred Lyall, was writing the life of Lord Dufferin, said to me: "I think Sir Alfred would agree with you that suttee should be made compulsory on the widows of celebrities."

The next important biography in English to follow that of Byron, was Lockhart's *Life of Scott.* It added no new variety to the art, but it is an admirable example of excellence without originality. Lockhart wrote well. He avoided passing fashions in style; he adhered to a chosen vocabulary and to a chosen scale. He felt emotions himself and he could describe them in Scott, and he possessed the rare gift of being simple, when the emotions themselves were most intense.

But Lockhart's defect was in drawing his portrait on too vast a scale. His biography stretches to nine volumes, some four thousand octavo pages. What an elephantine gift to hand on to poor posterity, our after-comer, imaginary like Sairey Gamp's Mrs. Harris, who is to read all the books which we leave unread, to crown with laurel the innumerable heads of genius which we have neglected, to convert, by some strange alchemy, our mountains of lies into truth, and to do justice to unhonored reputations!

Lockhart narrates in too great detail; he lacks that power of selection, which stamps the man of genius in any art. He quotes too copiously from Scott's letters and journals. Scott, unlike Byron, not being a vivacious and swift letter writer, does not provide first-rate biographical material in his correspondence. He is informational rather than imaginative or temperamental. A wiser selector than Lockhart would have made a separate work of Scott's journals of travel—as Boswell published Johnson's *Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland.* But, after all, Scott was so nobly human in nature, so true in heart, so wholesome, that I find it hard to blame Lockhart for telling us too much about him.

Selection! The discerning Greeks did not make a muse of her because they took it for granted that she was a necessary part of every muse. During the past century she has been the most neglected of all. Time was, when an author or other artist worked only under the stress of a compelling inspiration. But, among moderns, authorship, or the other arts, is a trade. Only early death can prevent a novelist today from filling a ten-foot book shelf. Our leading American master of fiction has eighty volumes or more to his credit. Carlyle, as has been well said, preached the fatuity of speech and the excellence of silence, in twenty large volumes. Balzac left three times that number, and the pro-

lific Alexandre Dumas *Père,* has been explained as a syndicate and not as an individual. Victor Hugo—but why go on? The multi-vocal H. G. Wells gets out three books a year; much must be allowed, however, to the pioneer who, as early as 1918, amazed the world by discovering God; and since Mr. Wells has a remarkable business sense, we may be sure that he took out a patent on his discovery.

Does not this volubility imply that writing no longer waits on inspiration? Your successful novelist turns out his 2000 or 2500 words a day, as regularly and with as little wear and tear on his brain, as your popular baker achieves his daily stint of mixing, cutting and frying a thousand doughnuts. Writing and baking have become trades. This result is confirmed by biographies also; for modern biography has been noticeably affected by fiction. In England, financial motives have also caused biographies, as well as novels, to swell in bulk. For a long time three volumes was the accepted limit of a novel, that limit being fixed by the willingness of a sufficient number of buyers to pay a guinea for a three-volume novel. Latterly, when four or five shillings, or seven and six, mark the price which the greatest number of readers will pay for their fiction, the text is correspondingly shortened. For a long time past, a guinea has been the traditional sum to be paid for a biography, and as no publisher could, with blushing, give less than two volumes of paper, binding and presswork for that figure, biographies have been written to fill two volumes. Hence the appalling list of two-volume lives of British statesmen and ecclesiastics, irrespective of the fact that many of them could be adequately embalmed in a hundred pages, whereas a few of the others might deserve a thousand pages. The standard of biography is set by fashion and the publishers, at two volumes, but Mr. Gladstone and some bishops and archbishops be so strong that they come to three volumes.

What becomes of the artist—and, as I have so often insisted, the biographer must be an artist—if he is forced for the pecuniary profit of his publisher, to ignore his art and to inflate three or four signatures of text into a thousand pages? Even biographers who are above sacrificing any ideal for commercial reasons, often fail because they have neither the requirements of art nor any training. Mrs. Charles Kingsley, for example, wrote her life of her husband

in two volumes, but she subsequently reduced it to one, and the improvement must be evident to every reader.

In judging novelists and biographers, therefore, we must understand what size convention prescribed for their works. Suppose that a sculptor had to make his statues, irrespective of their subjects, of the same dimensions, because he could procure packing-boxes of only one size to ship them in, what would become of the art of sculpture? The true biographer, however, writes neither to fill out nor to curtail, but to present his subject in just proportion.

The reaction of fiction on biography conduced to improve the substance of biographical writing, by forcing it to be more vivid, more lifelike. Readers, who found the phantoms which the imagination of Thackeray and Dickens and George Eliot created, as lifelike as themselves, would not tolerate the biographies in which real persons were more unsubstantial than phantoms. Why, they ask, should Colonel Newcome and Becky Sharpe, David Copperfield, and Lady Dedlock, Tito Melemma and Maggie Tulliver, or George Meredith's Richard Feverel and Sir Willoughby Patterne, live and breathe and be as actually our companions as are our most intimate friends, while the lay figures whom biographers set up and call by the names of historic persons are as dead as mummies or even as fossils? Insensibly, therefore, fiction set an example in vitality to the biographers.

Further, from the middle of the nineteenth century on, science began visibly to affect both these arts. For science studied an animal, a flower, a tree, dispassionately, and with the utmost thoroughness. Science used a microscope, and the public, becoming gradually accustomed to the way in which science described its specimens, instinctively looked for a similar method when biographers and novelists portrayed *their* subject. In the end, the scientific method applied to the arts, defeated its purpose by substituting material and mechanical standards for spiritual. Science can vivisect bodies, but up to the present the soul of man eludes the microscope and the scalpel. The essential subject of the biographer is the soul of man.

I do not like to fix dates, because in the transition between one social or intellectual or religious season and another, there is the same elasticity as in the passage from Spring to Summer, or from Autumn to Winter. You cannot say absolutely that any day marked the line of division.

The year 1859, which saw the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species,* stands out in the retrospect as the beginning of the new epoch and the end of the old; but we perceive now that for several years before 1859 the new ideas were in the air (to use a vague term of that time) and that for a decade or more after 1859, the old ideas survived, even if they did not prevail. In biography, I think, the most characteristic specimens of the changing ideals as to substance and method appeared in John Morley's Studies of Voltaire and of Rousseau. Nothing better of its kind exists in English so far as I know. Morley does not attempt to write a consecutive story of the events which made up the external life of either man. He gives us, rather, a survey of the intellectual and moral development of each, and, as any of us can verify by looking over his own experience, this development does not coincide with external happenings. It was the discovery of Wordsworth's Poems which revolutionized John Stuart Mill's inner life, and so almost every important man acknowledges that he got a great impetus or permanent spiritual direction from some book or person.

Morley works by what I may call the oblique method in biography. He seems to be more bent on criticising than on describing, but when his portrait is complete you recognize its lifelikeness. If you watched Monet paint you would wonder why he splashed on one stroke or another, but when you viewed his finished picture at the proper distance, you would see that every drop of paint had its purpose, and that not a stroke was superfluous. Similarly, Morley, who was by no means an impressionist and never splashes on his colors, achieves the portrait which he meant to paint.

His evolution as a biographer was remarkable. From those two early monographs of Voltaire and Rousseau, he passed on to not less searching, though less considerable, studies of Diderot and other Frenchmen, and of Edmund Burke. This last seems to me to be the finest sketch in English of a political philosopher. But Mr. Morley went on, and in his *Life of Oliver Cromwell* he chose the dramatic rather than the philosophical method, and in his *Gladstone* he combined both kinds in a work which some persons regard as a salient masterpiece in recent biography. Perhaps it is hardly that; it is packed with information, much of which Morley only could give, but does it not belong to the

encyclopedic works like Nicolay and Hay's *Abraham Lincoln,* rather than to the really biographical works of which Boswell's *Johnson* is the model? In his *Life of Cobden* Morley again presents to us the ebb and flow of great political and economic forces with their frequent clash, rather than the intimate biography of the free trade champion. But this, too, is legitimate, and indeed, in the life of any statesman the problem of his biographer is to reach a balance between history and biography, between the person and the cause.

(*To be Concluded*)

MEN AND TREES

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I DO not see that Nature is any more solicitous about the well-being of man than she is, say, about the well-being of trees. She is solicitous about the well-being of all life, so far as the conditions of life favor its development and continuance—men and trees alike. But all have to run the gauntlet of some form of hostile forces—the trees one kind, man another. What I mean is that evil in some form waits upon all—hindrances, accidents, defeat, failure, death.

The trees and the forests have their enemies and accidents and set-backs, and men and communities of men have analogous evils. The trees are attacked by worms, blight, tornadoes, lightning, and men are attacked by pestilence, famine, wars, and all manner of diseases. Every tree struggles to stand perfectly upright; it is the easiest and only normal position. Men aspire to uprightness of thought and conduct, but a thousand accidental conditions prevent most of them from attaining it. One tree in falling is likely to bring down, or to mutilate, other trees, as the moral or business downfall of a strong man in a community is quite sure to bring evil to many others around him. Trees struggle with one another for moisture and sustenance from the soil, and for a place in the sun, as men do in the community, and the most lucky, or the most fit, survive. Nature plans for a perfect tree as she plans for a perfect man, but both tree and man have to take their chances in running the gamut of hostile forces and conditions amid which their lot falls, so that an absolutely perfect oak or elm or pine is about as rare as a perfect man. Of course Nature has endowed man with mental and spiritual powers which she has not bestowed upon trees. These powers give man an advantage over trees, but not the same advantage over men—his own kind of tree—because his fellows are similarly endowed. His struggle

with his own kind is as inevitable as the struggle of trees with their kind, with this advantage in favor of the trees: it is always a peaceful competition; it never takes the form of destructive wars. Trees of opposite kinds will draw away from one another, a pine will draw away from a maple or an oak, not, I suppose, because of any natural antagonism, but because it is less mobile, and its tender but more rigid branches cannot stand the buffetings of the more mobile and flexible deciduous trees. Pine loves to associate with pine, and spruce with spruce. The spirit, the atmosphere of a pine or a hemlock forest, how different from that of a beech or a maple! Most trees tend to associate themselves together in large bodies, as did primitive man, and civilized man, too, for that matter. The conifers flock by themselves more than the deciduous trees.

Are not a generation of leaves and a generation of men subject to about the same laws of chance? The baby leaves have their enemies in insects that devour them, in blight that withers them, in frost that cuts them short, and when they are matured, how the winds buffet them (Nature doesn't temper the wind to the tender leaf), how the gales lash them, how the hail riddles them! If they had powers of thought, into what a struggling, agitated, unstable world they would think themselves born! When a summer tempest strikes a maple or an oak tree, the strain and stress of the foliage is almost painful to witness. Yet when the tempest subsides, hardly a leaf is torn or detached, and when autumn comes, the ranks of the vast army of leaves are but little thinned, the great majority of leaves ripen and fall to the ground unscathed. They have come through the campaign of life and have experienced many ups and downs, and yet, on the whole, they have each had an active and useful life. The leaf-rollers have made their nests in a few of certain kinds, the leaf-cutters have made holes in certain other kinds, the gall insects have made their nurseries at the expense of still other kinds; but all these things amount to a mere fraction of the whole. When a plague of forest worms comes and strips the maples or the beeches, or a plague of elm beetles strips the elms, and the invasion of a foreign deadly fungus kills all the chestnuts, these calamities are paralleled by the plagues that in past times have swept away large numbers of human beings and depopulated whole countries, or by epidemic diseases,

such as infantile paralysis, that now and then rage over wide-spread areas.

Go and sit down in our mixed beech, maple, birch, and oak woods and witness the varying fortunes of the trees. How many of them have had misfortunes of one kind or another! How few, if any, have reached their ideal! How many are diseased or dying at the top, or decaying at the root! Some have been mutilated by the fall of other trees. Though all strive to stand upright, all do not succeed. Youth and age meet and mingle. Some trees in their teens, as it were, are very thrifty, others are old and decrepit. In fact, the fortunes of the individual trees are much like those of men and women in a human community—struggle, competition, defeat, decay, and death on all sides. All, or nearly all, the evils that afflict men have their counterpart in the evils that afflict the trees of the forest. When some species of forest worm threatens the destruction of our beech or maple forests some other form of insect life steps in and puts an end to their increase, and the plague vanishes. The gypsy- and the brown-tailed moths which have so ravished the groves and forests of the eastern States will doubtless in time be held in check by their natural enemies. The plague of tent caterpillars that got such headway in New York State that it threatened to become a public calamity was effectually checked by the cold and rain of the May of 1917. Not one tent caterpillar have I seen during the past three years. The plague of current worms was checked in the same way. Sooner or later any excess is sure to be corrected. But so far as we can see, such things as the chestnut blight and hickory blight must rage like a fire till they have spent themselves and there are no more chestnut or hickory trees to be destroyed. Throughout the course of the biological history of the globe, both plants and animals have dropped out in some such way, and new forms come in—come in through the slow action of the evolutionary impulse.

The providence I see at work in the case of the trees does not differ at all from the providence I see at work in the case of men. It is one and the same, and that one is wholesale, indiscriminating, regardless of individuals, regardless of waste, delays, pain, suffering, failure, yet insuring success on a universal scale, the scale of centuries and geologic periods. Our standards of time com-

pared with Nature's standards, are like our interplanetary spaces compared with the inconceivable abysses of the sidereal heavens—minutes compared to centuries. Our little family of planets moves around the fireside of our little sun— a small chimney-corner in the vast out-of-doors of astronomic space, where suns and systems and whole universes of worlds drift like bubbles on the sea. Give Nature time enough, and the world of today, or of any day, becomes an entire stranger to us. Orion will no longer stalk across the winter skies, the pole-star will no longer guide our ships, if, indeed, there remain any ocean for our ships to sail upon.

The Natural Providence is not concerned about you and me. In comparison it is concerned only about our race, and not lastingly concerned about that, since races, too, shall go.

> Races rise and fall,
> Nations come and go;
> Time doth gently cover all
> With violets and with snow.

As I sit here under an old heavy-topped apple tree on a hot midsummer day, a yellow leaf lets go its hold upon the branch over my head and comes softly down upon the open book I am reading. It is a perfect leaf, but it has had its day. The huge family of leaves of which it was a member are still rank and green and active in sustaining the life of the tree, but this one has dropped out of the leafy ranks. There are a few small dark spots upon it, which, I see with my pocket glass, are fungus growths, or else some germ disease of apple tree leaves, perhaps, like pneumonia, or diphtheria, or tuberculosis among men. One leaf out of ten thousand has fallen. Was Fate cruel to it? From the point of view of the leaf, yes—could a leaf have a point of view; from the point of view of Nature, no. The tree has leaves enough left to manufacture the needed chlorophyl, and that satisfies the law. If all the leaves were blighted, or were swept off by insect enemies, or stripped by hail and storm, that were a calamity to the tree. But one leaf, though all the myriad forces of Nature went to its production, though it is a marvel of delicate structure and function, though the sun's rays have beaten upon it and used it, and been kind to it, though evolution worked for untold ages to bring its

kind to perfection,—what matters it? It will go back into the soil and the air from which it came, and contribute its mite to another crop of leaves, and maybe it has rendered the molecules of carbon and hydrogen and oxygen of which it is composed more ready and willing to enter into other living combinations. And the fungus germs that have preyed upon it, they, too, have had their period of activity, and have justified themselves. Nature thus pits one form against another, and her great drama of life and death goes on. Are her stakes more in the one than in the other, since she favors both? Yes, she has more at stake in health than in disease. If disease always triumphed, all life would go out. Of course, in the sum total of things, the life of this old tree counts for but little, but if it failed to bear apples, its chief end would be defeated. Evil is limited; it is a minor counter-current, but it is just as real as the good; it is a phase of the good; we have evil because we first have good. Both are relative terms. We are prone to speak of good and evil as if they were something absolute, like gravity or chemical affinity. But are they any more absolute than heat and cold, or than big and little? What pleases us, and is conducive to our well-being, we call good, and its opposite we call evil. We are not to make our wants and dislikes, our pleasures and our pain, the measure of the universe, as we do mathematics and physics. We can think of things in terms of art and literature, of beauty or ugliness, or in terms of morality and religion, or we may think of them in terms of science and of exact knowledge. When we say they are good or bad, we are thinking of them in terms of morals or of religion; when we say they are beautiful or ugly, we are describing them in terms of esthetics; when we say they are true or false, real or delusive, we are talking of them in terms of science.

This sere and prematurely ripened leaf appeals to my literary and imaginative faculties through its beauty and its symbolic character, it appeals to my understanding, my love of accurate knowledge, by reason of the blight that caused its fall.

Our going out of the world seems equally fortuitous and haphazard in infancy, youth, middle life, old age; before we have fairly lived, or after life has lost its value, or in the height of our powers, or in the decrepitude of old age: which shall it be?

The naturalist sees all life as a whole. Man is not an exception, but part of the total scheme. The life principle is the same in him as in all else below him—the principle that organizes matter into countless new forms, that crosses and uses the mechanical and chemical forces, and begets numberless new compounds, that develops organs and functions, and separates the living world so sharply from the non-living. In the weed, the tree, and in man, the principle is the same. What has set up this organizing power and so impressed it that it goes on from lower to higher forms, and unfolds the whole drama of evolution through the geologic ages is the mystery of mysteries. To solve this mystery, mankind invented God, and acts of creation. But a God apart from Nature is to me unthinkable, and science finds no beginning of anything. It finds change, transformation, only. When or where did man begin? Where does the circle begin? Self-beginning—who can think of that? Can we think of a stick with only one end? We can think of a motion as beginning and ending, but not of substance as beginning and ending. When the metabolism of the body ceases, death comes. Do we think of life, or the organizing principle, as then leaving the body? It ceases, but does it leave the body in any other sense than that the flame leaves the candle when it is blown out? And is this any different in the case of man than it is in the case of a tree, or a dog? We postulate what we call a soul in man, which we deny to all other forms of life—an independent entity which separates from the body and lives after it. But we run into difficulties the moment we do so. In the biologic history of man, when and where did the soul appear? Did the men of the old Stone Age, of whom Professor Osborn writes so graphically and convincingly, have it? Did the Piltdown man, the Neanderthal man, the Java man of DuBois, have it? Did our ancestral forms still lower down have it? Do babies have it? Do idiots and half-witted persons have it?

All we can claim for man above the lower orders is higher intelligence, greater brain power, the power of reflection, and the logical process. His dog has perceptive intelligence, but not reflective; animals act from inherited impulse; man from impulse, thought, ideation. Man's instinctive impulses are guided or restrained by thought; his emotions—anger, love—wait upon thought; his migratory instinct waits as that of the lower animals does not. But

when this extra power began, who can say? It had no beginning, it dawned by insensible degrees, as do all things in Nature. We have only to heighten our conception of Nature and matter to see the difficulties vanish—and the stigma of materialism loses its terrors.

In these later centuries, mankind has steadily grown bolder and bolder in dealing with its deities and its devils. A few heroic spirits have always questioned the truth of the popular creeds, but in our day a very large majority question or even deny them. Fear of the wrath above or the wrath below has fled. Men are fast coming to see that devotion to the truth is the essence of true religion, and that the worst form of irreligion is the acceptance of creeds and forms without examining them, or upon the sole authority of some book or sect. The truth-loving man is the God-loving man. We no longer talk of God-fearing men—this negative attitude has given place to the positive attitude of love and enjoyment. The wrath of God no longer makes us tremble. The swift and sure vengeance of violated law, both in the physical world without us and the physiological world within us, we understand and appreciate, but the fury and revenge of the offended gods no longer disturb our dreams. Nature has no mercy, is no respector of persons, is one to the just and the unjust. Only the moral nature of man knows right from wrong; only the reason of man knows truth from falsehood. When or how man got this moral and intellectual nature is a question upon which men themselves will never agree. Did it come from without or from within—through evolution or revelation? The naturalist or naturist is bound to believe that it came from within through the long process of evolution. Whatever favored man's development became a biological law and had survival value. Without some degree of right conduct and fair dealing—some degree of perception of the true and the false, the race of man could never have attained its present high position in the scale of animate nature. Through some inherent impulse or tendency in matter, man arose out of the earth, climbing through the many lowly forms to his full estate of a rational being. It has been a long and toilsome journey. But here we are, and when we look back through the geologic vistas we are incredulous that we came that road. We incline to the short cut through the Garden of Eden. But the study of the ways of Nature as we see them in all

living things opens our eyes to the truth of evolution. Of course the great puzzle and mystery is, Who or what stamped upon matter this organizing and developing impulse and caused the first unicellular life in the old Azoic or Paleozoic seas to branch and grow and increase in complexity till it gave birth to all the myriad living forms, high and low, that now fill the earth? But here again I am using the language of half truth—the language of our experience which makes us think of some external agent as stamping an impulse upon matter. If we say the impulse was always there, that it is inseparable from matter and the laws of matter, just as creation is without beginning and end, center or circumference, we come no nearer speaking the unspeakable. But it seems to me we do, in a measure, satisfy the reason; we make it see or realize its own limitations; reason guides reason.

The Infinite knows neither time nor space, neither extension, nor duration—it knows only the here and the now. It does not wait for time to pass or for eternity to begin. Eternity is now. Man, and all that has arisen out of him, is a part of universal nature. Are we not held to the sphere? Can we disturb it in its orbit? Can we banish one atom from it, or add one atom to it? We are a fragment of it, its laws pervade our minds, and we cannot get away from the necessity of putting our thoughts and emotions in the terms of our experience as dwellers upon this astronomic globe. We may fancy that we get away from it in moments of abstract thought, but we do not; we do not get away from ourselves any more than we can outrun our shadow. We can let our imaginations course with the spheres that circle through the abysmal depths of space, but we can put our emotions only in the words that we have invented to describe our experiences in this little three-dimensional corner of creation. If our terms were formed from our experiences amid the spheres we might be able to give some hint of the Infinite. We might learn how to describe our sensations when emancipated from the standards and limitations of the world in which we live.

Conventionally religious persons shrink from having their spiritual life discussed in terms of psychology, because psychology smacks of science and science acts like a blight upon religion. It dispels mystery and lets the light of day—the garish, irreligious day—into the twilight or the darkness

of religious emotion. They do not want their relation to the spiritual world explained in terms of common knowledge—such is our hankering after the unknown, the mysterious, the transcendent.

One side of our nature fears the Infinite, and we experience a chill when the methods of this world obtrude themselves there. We have convinced ourselves that the part of our inner life which we call the soul is something more sacred and mysterious and nearer to the Infinite than are our ordinary faculties. What victims we are of words! What is the value of this feeling, and how did it arise? Our appreciation of the beautiful, in Art and Nature, is equally extra and transcends our practical faculties. Man's belief in another world—an ideal world of the absolute good—is of course, the result of his strong reaction from the pain, the struggle, the incompleteness of this world. Evolution is a hard road to travel. Being born is evidently not a pleasant experience for the baby, and in this world man is constantly struggling through new experiences into a higher and larger life. His measure of happiness is never full and he looks for compensation in another and better world. He does not see that there can be no better world—that pain and struggle and disappointment are necessary for his development, and that to long for a state in which these things do not exist is like the stream longing for a dead equilibrium. All power and all growth come from a break in the repose of the physical forces. There is no power in a uniform temperature, nor in water at a dead level. Mechanical power comes down an incline, vital power is a lift on an up-grade—all growing things struggle upward; the vegetable and animal world lift the earth elements up against gravity into an unstable equilibrium. Mechanical things run down the scale towards a stable equilibrium.

Our life goes on by virtue of some principle or force in matter that tends constantly to break up the stable into the unstable, to force the elements into new chemical combinations. Our machines dissipate energy in doing work, the living body conserves energy in the same process. It grows strong by the obstacles it overcomes, up to the limits of its powers. The clock runs down, the energy we put into it in winding it up is dissipated; but the growth of a living body is a winding-up process, a drawing-in and a storing-up process. In the wood and coal we burn is stored up the heat of

the sun. In burning it and driving machinery by means of the heat developed, energy is dissipated. In manual labor the human body dissipates energy also, and it is the same solar energy that the engine dissipates, and it does it in the same mechanical way; and it is constantly replenished from without through the food consumed. But the human or living engine stokes itself. It is a clock that winds itself up, a gun that loads and points itself. Because the living body in its final analysis turns out to be a machine as absolutely dependent upon mechanical and chemical principles as any other machine, there are those who see no radical difference between the mechanical and the vital.

I conclude that it is equally up-grade from the vital, or physiological, to the psychical. How the two connect we can never know, but that the thinking man dissipates energy there can be no doubt. The body and the soul are one in a way past our finding out. When we discuss these things in terms of metaphysics, we launch upon a boundless sea and reach no real port.

When we project ourselves into Nature, out of which we came, or when we see ourselves there objectively—our virtues, our aspirations, our vices, and our wickedness—we sow the seeds of our religion. We grow a crop of gods and of devils, and heaven and hell become fixed realities to us. So do we make the world in which we live, and it in turn makes us. So does the divine in us keep pace with the divine we see in Nature. So does the beauty of our own characters grow as we see beauty in the character of others. So do our love, faith, hope, charity, develop and augment as we see these things in the world about us. The universe is thus constituted, and that is all we can say about it.

That right, human right, in the end and on a large scale, prevails, I believe to be true; the right that in long periods of time means, or rather secures, the well-being of the race—the greatest good to the greatest number.

In discussing the final problems of the universe, we are attempting to describe the Infinite in terms of the finite—an impossible task. We think and speak of God as a person, because our experience gives us no other terms in which to conceive him. We say that he sees, hears, plans, governs, creates, loves, suffers, is angry—in fact, has all human attributes and characteristics vastly magnified. He is an omnipotent and omnipresent man. He is the creator

and organizer and director of the universe, and hence is responsible for everything in it, the evil as well as the good. Our attitude toward him is that of a subject toward his king, or toward a supreme judge. We must praise, exalt, supplicate, propitiate him.

There is lying upon my table a recent volume of sermons by an English divine called *The Justification of God* —his justification in the face of the terrible World War which he might have prevented. Thus, just as soon as we conceive of God in terms of our human nature, these baffling problems thrust themselves upon us. We must seek some grounds upon which we can excuse or vindicate or justify this supreme man for permitting these terrible happenings which darken the world. As this is not an easy task, men say in their hearts, and often with their lips: There is no God. Better no God, than a being who would permit the sin and suffering we see daily all about us, and that history reveals to us.

The only alternative I see is to conceive of God in terms of universal Nature; a nature God in whom we really live and move and have our being, with whom our relation is as intimate and constant as that of the babe in its mother's womb, or the apple upon the bough. This is the God that science and reason reveal to us—the God we touch with our hands, see with our eyes, hear with our ears, and from whom there is no escape—a God whom we serve and please by works and not by words, whose worship is deeds, and whose justification is in adjusting ourselves to his laws and availing ourselves of his bounty, a God who is indeed from everlasting to everlasting. Of course in the light of the old theology this is no God at all. It was to emancipate us from the rule of this God that the old conceptions of a being above and far removed from Nature were wrought out and formulated. The old teaching was that Nature is carnal and unholy. This theory compels us to say to matter and the laws of matter, " Get thee behind me, Satan." We struggle in this debasing world for a season, says the theologian, and then escape from it to a better one. In all the dark, pre-scientific ages during our own era—dark in regard to man's real relation to the universe in which he finds himself, but often luminous with flashes of insight into the nature of man himself—these conceptions ruled man's religious aspirations. In our own times they still largely rule in various modi-

fied forms. The old theological dogmas are more or less discredited now, still a religion founded upon science makes little headway with the average man. Nevertheless we are shaping our practical lives—our social, our economical relations, more and more according to scientific deductions. We seek more and more a scientific or naturalistic basis for our rules of conduct, for our altruism, for our charitable organizations, for our whole ethical system. Any principle that squares with natural law is indeed founded upon a rock. The stars in their courses fight for the cause that is founded upon natural right, which in human relations does not mean the right of the strong to trample upon the weak, but the right of all to their full measure of free development.

Right and wrong are of course finite terms, and apply only in the human sphere. Universal Nature as it appears among non-living bodies and forces, knows neither right nor wrong; it knows only might. As it appears among the orders below man, it knows neither right nor wrong. Physics and chemistry have no consciousness; neither have beasts or bacteria; but man has, and this fact will in time determine the whole course of human history. Naturalism makes for righteousness, or right-mindedness, as surely as it makes for health and longevity.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE KNIFE

BY JOSEPH ANDREW GALAHAD

Pain—a nightmare of pain:
In a white room,
A little room . . .
A nurse's hands, deft and kind,
The blade of a razor, quick and keen,
Smoothing the surface of an aching side;
A tired moan, a lowered blind,
Stiff, white garments, a rolling cot—
The doctor and his stethoscope.
Your voice:
He answers, "What?
Oh, your heart's all right,
Sit tight!"

Then a short passage through a narrow hall,
Past white-capped nurses
Who never sense your pain at all
(Pain is so old to them!) and so you pass
To the table,
The table
Of glass.

Then in your ears a jumble
And crowding of sounds,
And another room—white.
An odor, sickish sweet:
Inwardly, unnoticed, you mumble,
"It's like a thousand dying flowers . . ."
A cheering "Now, old man!"
An ether can,
Then a quick strangling fight for breath,
Then ease——
Grateful ease and closing eyes.
A steady, relentless death
Of all consciousness,
And, in your ears, voices,
Foolish old voices, for hours
And hours . . .

Oblivion,
A struggle for thought, and then
Oblivion again.
Queer words, "Strap up . . . he's wandering . . . he's going . . .
He's under . . ."
Amen.

Long, slow journey back:
Outside, the clack,
The clatter
Of the elevator door.
Feet a-patter
In the hall, someone's light,
A blur before your sight,
One face that is clear
To your gaze,
Then blurs, then clears, and stays;
The face of the Great Man.
Things vague, like a dream—
A voice you don't know, and a scream;
(What a scream!).
Who screams like that?

The voice of the Great Man
Speaking to you:
"Boy, don't yell like that,
I'll see you through."
Then again that scream,
And pain . . . pain . . .

Doctors and nurses pleading in vain
For quiet, and near
Stands the Great Man, holding your hand.
A nurse holds the other.
That scream!
"I can't stand it!
Hell's fire . . . do something . . . you . . .
I can't—stand—the pain. . . ."

A breeze, wanton, sweet,
Blowing through the window;
A dull sense of relief,
A nurse at your side,
The Great Man and three doctors grouped near,
Seem to sense your struggle, and clear
Away down the hall
Some other poor devil screams out.
Drowsily you murmur,
"God! Did I yell like that, too?"

He speaks, then, the Great Man—
" Well, lad, feeling better? "
A look in his eyes . . .
" Doc, can I write a letter? "
A laugh of relief. " Write? Lord, no, boy! No! "
" Doc, please loosen these bands? "
" Can't do it, son; sleep—
That's what you need now."
As he goes out, it strikes you
He's weary,
Somehow.

" Nurse, give me a drink? "
You watch her dissolve a tablet in water,
By the light through the door;
Then the jab of a needle—
Both arms are sore.
And sleep, at last, sleep . . .
That's what needles
Are for!

Sleep.
Sleep, day and night.
Sleep and rest.
So go the days,
Slowly, more blest
With the lessening of pain . . .
On a day comes the Great Man,
Lean as a fife,
And his touch is so light,
As he binds up the dressing.
He passes from sight
Out of the door.
Comes the thought
You may see him
A few brief days more,
And then from your life,
As he passed, he may pass,
Gone like a shadow that melts
In the grass . . .
Little man,
Great Man,
Who wielded
The knife. . . .

CEDAR HILL

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

Wearily up the unfamiliar way,
A traveller that cannot cease to crave
The happiness your welcome ever gave,
I come, Belovèd, at the ebb of day,
To keep my promised tryst with your far grave.

The sunset lingers on the serried stones
Of your home-gathering kindred, those who quaffed
Life's fullest cup, and babies epitaphed
For love, not deeds. Fluting his twilight tones
A robin perches on the tapering shaft.

O ashes, memory of mortal love,
Sealed in your urn beneath the greensward, pure
From all disease and all decay, secure
From evil, what am I to weep above
Your beautiful and tranquil sepulture?

The shadowy cedars climb the hill, all rife
With whispers, that are less the wings of birds
And stir of sprays than murmurous, dim words.
Ah, death may comprehend them, but not life,
Dark embryo that still the shell engirds.

The two tall, sentinel white birches sift
The soft blue skylight through serrated leaves,
Lest shadow should too soon, too deeply drift
Between your silence and my heart that heaves
With its vain longing, while the quails uplift

Their ringing calls from the dusk fields below,
Heralds of joy on very edge of night.
The eternal tide of stars begins to flow,
Flecking the gloom with points of golden light,
And I, whose task is long, arise and go.

Is it you that follow me and fold me fast
With your old comfort, quieting the strife
Of stormy pulses, as in sorrows past?
There is no sorrow but is peace at last.
God grant there be no death that is not life!

EXILE

BY WINIFRED WELLES

I have made grief a gorgeous, queenly thing,
And worn my melancholy with an air.
My tears were big as stars to deck my hair,
My silence stunning as a sapphire ring.
Oh, more than any light the dark could fling
A glamour over me to make me rare,
Better than any color I could wear
The pearly grandeur that the shadows bring.
What is there left to joy for such as I?
What throne can dawn upraise for me who found
The dusk so royal and so rich a one?
Laughter will whirl and whistle on the sky—
Far from his riot I shall stand uncrowned,
Disrobed, bereft, an outcast in the sun.

EPISODE

BY WINIFRED BRYHER

If I bring my loneliness
To your arms,—
This is not love.
If I bend my head,
Heavy with life, to meet your strength, forgive me,—
(Would you hold me for a moment without speaking)
This is not love.
It is rest.
A truth in dream,
To slip aside our solitude at meeting,
It is an hour we give to one another,—
Not love.

THE REPUTATION OF EZRA POUND

BY MAY SINCLAIR

IF the views of some of our more conservative reviewers were immortal Posterity would have an odd idea of Ezra Pound. It would know him, if it were allowed to know him at all, as a literary mountebank; a masquerader looking for something to wear, ransacking the wardrobes of every century but his own; an impudent schoolboy letting off squibs in his back garden.

But what, after all, has Mr. Pound really done? It is true that he has let off squibs, lots of squibs, and some of them have hit one or two respectable persons in the eye. Mr. Pound is not a respecter of respectable persons. He has displayed a certain literary frightfulness in the manner of Laurent Tailhade. He has shown an arrogant indifference to many admired masterpieces of his day. And he has associated himself with unpopular movements. His appearance in *Blast* blasted him in the eyes of respectable persons not hitherto hostile to his manifestations. People become unpopular through association with him. In the interval between the disappearance of *Blast* and the re-emergence of *The Little Review* he published some negligible trifles, which were held up as representative of a trivial talent. Worse still, when various people were forming little groups and creating little organs of their own, Ezra Pound had the temerity to form a group and create an organ more or less his own.

If *The Little Review* had never printed anything but what came to it through its foreign editor it might by this time have ranked as an important international concern; unfortunately it printed many things for which Mr. Pound was not responsible, and when it trespassed, its iniquities were laid on him. Besides he gave opportunities. His critical manner was deceptive. When *The Little Review* announced its Henry James number with an article by Ezra

Pound some of us had visions of an irresponsible and agile animal shinning up a monument to hang by his feet from the top. What actually happened?

I do not know any book yet written on Henry James of more solid value than Mr. Pound's "Brief Note" in *The Little Review.*

> I am tired of hearing pettiness talked about Henry James's style. The subject has been discussed enough in all conscience, along with the minor James. What I have not heard is any word of the major James, of the hater of tyranny, book after early book against oppression, against all the sordid petty personal crushing oppression, the domination of modern life, not worked out in the diagrams of Greek tragedy, not labelled "epos," or "Æschylus." The outbursts in *The Tragic Muse,* the whole of *The Turn of the Screw,* human liberty, personal liberty, the rights of the individual against all sorts of intangible bondage. The passion of it, the continual passion of it in this man who, fools said, didn't "feel." I have never found a man of emotion against whom idiots didn't raise this cry. . . .

Is not that admirable? Is it not the essential serious truth of his subject? For the sake of it one can forgive Mr. Pound his minor perversities, for example, his dismissal of the beautiful *Spoils of Poynton* as "all that damned fuss about furniture."

And in relation to his actual *confrères* what has happened? No contemporary critic has done more than Ezra Pound for the work of Gaudier Brzeska, of Mr. James Joyce, of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, of Mr. T. S. Eliot, to admit only four of the names associated with him. For the last seven years he has been more concerned to obtain recognition for other people than to capture any sort of hearing for himself. In this he has shown an absolutely incorruptible devotion to his craft. He may have been guilty of a few blunders, a few indiscretions and impertinences, but he has rendered services to modern international art that in any society less feral than our own would have earned him the gratitude of his contemporaries.

They have not even earned him moderate protection against prejudice.

It has been said of this poet—almost, if not quite the most original, the most individual poet of his century—that he has no originality, no hot, inspired genius, only talent, only an uncanny and prodigious dexterity; that his sources are purely and coldly literary; that he speaks behind a mask and without his mask he is nothing.

Well, Mr. Pound never denied his sources and the author of *Personae* would hardly disclaim his mask. There never was a poet more susceptible to influence, more sensitive to cadences, to the subtle flavors and flying gestures of words; never one who has so absorbed into his system three diverse literatures: of the langue d'Oc, of old China, of Augustan Rome. With a snatch at the Anglo-Saxon, at Sappho, at the Greek epigrammatists. But there is one literature that he rejects, that by no possibility could he assimilate; the literature of the Edwardian and Georgian eras.

As it happened, Mr. Pound's first poems, in *Personae* and *Exultations,* were so amazingly original, so violently individual, that nothing but violent individuality was expected of him. He wrote *Le Fraisne.*

> By the still pool of Mar-nan-otha
> Have I found me a bride
> That was a dog-wood tree some syne,
> She hath called me from mine old ways,
> She hath hushed my rancour of council,
> Bidding me praise
> Naught but the wind that flutters in the leaves.

He wrote the beautiful *Praise of Ysolt.*

> Lo, I am worn with travail
> And the wandering of many roads hath made my eyes
> As dark red circles filled with dust.
> Yet there is a trembling upon me in the twilight,
> And little red elf words crying "A song,"
> Little grey elf words crying, "A song,"
> Little brown leaf words crying, "A song,"
> Little green leaf words crying, "A song,"
> The words are as leaves, old brown leaves in the spring-time,
> Blowing they know not whither, seeking a song.

He wrote the *Ballad of the Goodly Fere.*

> A master of men was the Goodly Fere,
> A man of the wind and sea,
> If they think they have slain our Goodly Fere
> They are fools eternally.
>
> I ha' seen him eat of the honey-comb
> Sin' they nailed him to the tree.

Here was a voice that had not been heard before. Here was a strange, foreign beauty. They made Mr. Pound's reputation.

Then followed the *Canzoni.* In spite of *The Yearly Slain* and *The Vision,* the *Canzoni* were a set-back to ex-

travagant expectations. The elaborate form, the artificial sweetness, the dexterous technique, the sheer convention of the thing, were felt to be incompatible with unfettered, unpremeditative genius. Instead of warbling native wood-notes wild Mr. Pound was thinking of his metric. Obviously, Mr. Pound was not a warbler.

There followed the *Sonnets* and *Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti* to suggest that Mr. Pound was a translator (not too accurate) rather than a poet. And to complete the disillusion people remembered that even in *Exultations* the influence of Mr. W. B. Yeats was discernible in at least four lines.

> But if one should look at me with the old hunger in her eyes
> How will I be answering her eyes?
> * * * * * * *
> And it's a deep hunger I have when I see them a-gliding
> And a-flickering there where the trees stand apart.

There followed *Ripostes. Ripostes* with the grave, uncanny beauty of *The Tomb at Akr Caar;* the poignant, almost unbearable passion of *The Return;* the magic of *Apparuit.*

> Green the ways, the breath of the fields is thine there,
> open lies the land, yet the steely going
> darkly hast thou dared and the dreaded æther parted before thee.
> * * * * * * * *
> Clothed in goldish weft, delicately perfect,
> gone as wind! The cloth of the magical hands!
> Thou a slight thing, thou in access of cunning
> daredst to assume this?

Undoubtedly *Ripostes* contains some of his very finest work. It also includes some *opusculi* not so fine which have been remembered against him. Then came his somewhat invidious connection with *Poetry* and his appearance in *Blast.* Mr. Pound there made himself sponsor for Vorticism, and from that day to this alternate fury and indifference have been his portion. Or if any favor comes his way it wears the cold air of controversy and reservation. And, with one exception, every serious and self-respecting magazine is closed to this most serious and self-respecting artist.

He has not been at any pains to open them. It would have been easy enough. He had only to leave Vorticism and every other "ism" alone. It would have been far the

more profitable course. With his uncanny capacity for saturating himself with various styles, his genius for impersonation, he could, if he had chosen, have become one of the most popular poets of his day; he had only to stand on the alert, to snare the familiar sentimental lilt, the familiar charm, the odor and cadence and the sensual thrill; only to follow the strong trail of the bloody realist—you can imagine the exquisite dexterity with which he would have sustained the rôle — only to write war-songs, to catch the note—he could so easily have caught it—of delicate yearning, or of stark, frightful, abominable truth. Why not? It would have paid him a hundred times over in cash and credit, and he would never have been found out, or not till he was too old and cynical to care.

Instead of which he has adopted the mark of fantastic intellectual Inhumanism. He has written what he has written *Quia Pauper Amavi*. His title is a signboard warning sentimental trespassers that they will not find what they want in his preserves. It points also to his limitations. You cannot conceive him taking a great, passionate human theme and treating it greatly, passionately, tenderly. He would tell you that the great passionate human themes are not to be taken; they no longer stand out nakedly with a simple, immediate appeal. They are caught in a net-work of association. The atmosphere that sustains them has been used up; every breather of the sacred air contributes his share of corruption. This being so, it is obvious that without some reaction art is bound to become an affair of generalized emotions. Imagism, the substitution of the concrete image for the generalized emotion was one reaction, Vorticism, the release of intellectual energy, another.

In associating himself with this movement Mr. Pound increased his natural inaccessibility. All the approaches to this twentieth century poet are difficult. Unless you love sudden, strange, disconcerting beauty and certain qualities that he has brought into literature, of bright hardness, of harshness, of intellectual flame.

In no other volume are these qualities so marked as in his *Lustra* and *Cathay*.

It is, to say the least, surprising that in the years that saw the publication of these poems one should have heard it said that Ezra Pound was " finished," so clear it seems that he was only just beginning, only just discovering the me-

dium, plastic, yet capable of the hardness of crystal or of bronze, that was to serve him henceforth. You perceive that between *Lustra* and *Cathay* something has happened to him.

That something was his discovery through Ernest Fenollosa of the old literatures of China and Japan. (Here again, his paraphrases from Fenollosa's translation of the *Noh* plays would have made a noble reputation for any man less dogged by invidious misfortune.)

Of all the influences that he has come under, that of the Chinese poets has been the most beneficent. It has made for clearness, for vividness and precision, for concentration, for the more and more perfect realization of his ideal, the finding of his ultimate self.

Go, my songs, seek your praise from the young and from the intolerant,
Move among the lovers of perfection alone,
Seek ever to stand in the hard Sophoclean light
And take your wounds from it gladly.

Barring one or two poems in *Ripostes* there is nothing in his earlier work to compare with his translations—or are they paraphrases—of Bunno and Mei-Sheng and Rihaku; of Kakuhaku, Rosoriu and T'ao Yuan Ming.

Take this: Rihaku's *Lament of the Frontier Guard.*

By the North Gate, the wind blows full of sand,
Lonely from the beginning of time until now!
Trees fall, the grass grows yellow with autumn.
I climb the towers and towers
to watch out the barbarous land:
Desolate castle, the sky, the wide desert.
There is no wall left to this village.
Bones white with a thousand frosts,
High heaps covered with trees and grass;
Who has brought this to pass?
Who has brought the flaming imperial anger?
Who has brought the army with drums and with kettle-drums?
Barbarous kings.
A gracious spring, turned to blood-ravenous autumn,
A turmoil of wars—men spread over the middle kingdom,
Three hundred and sixty thousand,
And sorrow, sorrow like rain.
Sorrow to go, and sorrow, sorrow returning.
Desolate, desolate fields,
And no children of warfare upon them,
No longer the men for offence and defence.
Ah, how shall you know the dreary sorrow at the North Gate,
With Rihaku's name forgotten,
And we guardsmen fed to the tigers.

Observe the certainty with which Mr. Pound gets his effect, by the placing of a copula,

> And sorrow, sorrow like rain;

by the cadence of his repetitions,

> Sorrow to go and sorrow, sorrow returning;

by sheer plain statement,

> There is no wall left to this village.

Observe the firm perfection of his own *Liu Ch'e,* written, as if in anticipation, before Fenollosa's work came into his hands.

> The rustling of the silk is discontinued,
> Dust drifts over the courtyard,
> There is no sound of foot-fall, and the leaves
> Scurry into heaps and lie still,
> And she, the rejoicer of the heart is beneath them.
>
> A wet leaf that clings to the threshold.

Or his *Fan-Piece for her Imperial Lord.* It is but three lines.

> O fan of white silk,
> Clear as frost on the grass blade,
> You also are laid aside.

After *Cathay, Quia Pauper Amavi* with his *Three Cantos.*

> Hang it all, there can be but the one Sordello,
> But say I want to, say I take your whole bag of tricks,
> Let in your quirks and tweeks and say the thing's an art form. . . .

Imitating Browning now? Perhaps; but, feature for feature, the new mask fits. Ezra Pound was never more himself than in this "art-form." You can see him chuckling as the idea dawned on him. "At last I can do what I 'want to'"! The form gives scope to his worst qualities and his best; his obscurity, his inconsequence, his caprice; his directness, his ease in the attack, his quickness, the shining, darkening turn and return as of a bird in the air or a fish in water; the baffling play of a spirit flying between darkness and light; the resurgence of abrupt, surprising beauty:

> . . . . . here the sunlight
> Glints on the shaken waters and the rain
> Comes forth with delicate tread, walking from Isola Garda
> . . . .

It is the sun rains, and a spatter of fire
Darts from the "Lydian" ripples, *lacus undae*
And the place is full of spirits. . . .

Mr. Pound has poured into his Cantos the contents of what he calls his "phantastikon." Anything may happen in this art-form. You may come upon anything, from "Couci's rabbits" to the wars of the Cid. There are as yet but three Cantos published: there may be three hundred before Mr. Pound has done, and no reason beyond the reader's convenience why the endless rhapsody should be divided into Cantos at all. The third proceeds, with no intelligible transition from

John Heyden,
Worker of miracles, dealer in levitation,

to a chunk of the *Odyssey,* translated so incomparably well that one wishes Mr. Pound would finish what he has begun.

You may pass over the *Moeurs Contemporaines.* The thing has been done better by Jules Laforgue and Laurent Tailhade. You might even pass the *Langue d'Oc,* but that it has something that the earlier translations lacked: a rough hardness, a twist, a sharp tang overlying the artificial sweetness. The translator has escaped from the first enchantment of this literature. He is at pains to show up its essential artifice. By every possible device—the use of strange words like "gentrice" and "plasmatour"—he throws it seven centuries back in time. It is to sound as different from modern speech as he can make it, because it belongs to a world that by the very nature of its conventions is inconceivably remote, inconceivably different from our own, a world that we can no longer reconstruct in its reality.

By this device, this thickening of the veil that hangs between us and the dead world of the Langue d'Oc, Mr. Pound sets in relief the reality, the modernity of his Propertius. It is as if he said, "There is the echoed falsetto of a voice that never rang quite true; here—a thousand years before it—is the voice of a live man, a man you might meet in Piccadilly today." There is no essential difference between Rome in the Augustan and London in the Georgian age.

Annalists will continue to record Roman reputations,
Celebrities from the Trans-Caucasus will belaud Roman celebrities
And expound the distensions of Empire,
But for something to read in normal circumstance?
For a few pages brought down from the forked hill unsullied?

I ask a wreath which will not crush my head.
And there is no hurry about it;
I shall have, doubtless, a boom after my funeral. . . .

Mr. Pound gives light English for the light Latin. Propertius's Roman irony rings fresh and English, a modern irony that mocks at everything, at love and death:

Midnight and a letter comes to me from our mistress;
Telling me to come to Tibur, "*AT* once!"
Bright tips reach up from twin towers,
Anienan spring water falls into flat-spread pools.

What is to be done about it?
Shall I entrust myself to tangled shadows
Where bold hands may do violence to my person?

Yet if I postpone my obedience
because of this respectable terror
I shall be prey to lamentations worse than a nocturnal assailant.

And I shall be in the wrong,
and it will last a twelvemonth,
For her hands have no kindness me-wards. . . .

Nor is there anyone to whom lovers are not sacred at midnight
And in the via Sciro.

* * * * * * * *

What if undertakers follow my track? such a death is worth dying.
She would bring frankincense and wreaths to my tomb,
She would sit like an ornament on my pyre.

Again:

When, when and whenever death closes our eyelids,
Moving naked upon Acheron
Upon the one raft, victor and conquered together,
Marius and Jugurtha together, one tangle of shadows,
Cæsar plots against India,
Tigris and Euphrates shall from now on, flow at his bidding,
Tibet shall be full of Roman policemen,
The Parthians shall get used to our statuary and acquire a Roman religion;

One raft, Marius and Jugurtha together, on the veiled flood of Acheron.
Nor at my funeral either will there be any long trail, bearing ancestral lares and images;
No trumpets filled with my emptiness,
Nor shall it be on an Atalic bed; the perfumed cloths shall be absent.
A small plebeian procession,
Enough, enough and in plenty

There will be three books at my obsequies
Which I take, my not unworthy gift, to Persephone.

His irony laughs equally at himself and at the conquests of Augustus.

Oh august Pierides! Now for a large mouthed product.
Thus:
"The Euphrates denies its protection to the Parthian
And apologies for Crassus,"
And "It is, I think, India which now gives necks to your triumph,"
And so forth, Augustus, "Virgin Arabia shakes in her inmost dwelling."
* * * * * * * *
And I shall follow the camp, I shall be duly celebrated for singing the affairs of your cavalry.

Or take *A Difference of Opinion with Lygdamus.* Not even the reference to the "other woman's" incantations disturbs the bright impression of modernity.

Nor should this surprise us. Our imperial politics bring us very near to Augustan Rome. Our intelligentsia, by its psychology, by its ironic detachment, its disenchantments, the melancholy that overlies its increasingly intellectual view of life, is nearer to the intelligentsia of the Augustan era than, say, to that of the Eighteenth Century. And Ezra Pound has never found a mask that fitted him better than his Propertius. In all his adventures he goes out to the encounter with himself; he maintains himself, a salient, abrupt, unmistakable entity, through all his transformations.

On this account his translation is not to be recommended to students cramming Propertius for an exam. He has made blunders here and there that any schoolmaster would have avoided. His "night-dogs" for *nocturnaeque canes* procured him a rating from at least one professorial chair. There always will be a certain number of inverted minds for which microscopic errors assume supreme importance. Mr. Pound is a poet and he knows that in a foreign poet the essential thing is not always his literal sense, nor yet the structure and agreeable cadence of his verse, but his manner, the way he says things, his gesture, his tone and accent. With rather more brusquerie in this manner, it is this living gesture and tone and accent that Mr. Pound's paraphrasing conveys. You know that it is right because you feel that it is alive; that this *is* an actual Propertius. Mr. Pound should

be tried by a jury, not of professors, but of his peers: his defense should be to read aloud Odes VII and IX: and X.

If he had never written anything else: if he had never appeared in *Blast,* never helped to edit *The Little Review,* never expressed his inmost opinion of his contemporaries, but had burst upon the town in innocence with his *Homage to Sextus Propertius,* he would have achieved a reputation, a more solid and enduring reputation than he made by *Personae* and *Exultations.*

To praise Ezra Pound is not to deny that Mr. Drinkwater has charm, that Mr. de la Mare has grace and glamour, Mr. Harold Munro a subtle sense of the ways of trees and animals, that Mr. Siegfried Sassoon is one of the most satisfactory of our war-poets, that there is more passion in four lines of Mr. D. H. Lawrence than in all Elizabeth Barrett Browning, or that Mr. Masefield really can conjure up the smell of a fine hunting morning and the cold, savage magic of the sea. But in this immense and hospitable universe there is room, not only for magic and delight and terror, but for the clear hardness, the civilised polished beauty, the Augustan irony of Ezra Pound.

A poet without passion? There is passion enough in *The Return.*

> See, they return! ah, see the tentative
> Movements, and the slow feet,
> The trouble in the pace and the uncertain
> Wavering!
>
> See, they return, one, and by one,
> With fear, as half-awakened;
> As if the snow should hesitate
> And murmur in the wind, and half turn back;
> These were the "Winged-with-Awe,"
> Inviolable.
>
> Gods of the winged shoe!
> With them the silver hounds sniffing the trace of air!
>
> Haie! Haie!
> These were the swift to harry;
> These the keen scented;
> These were the souls of blood.
>
> Slow on the leash pallid the leash men!

MAY SINCLAIR.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS

BERNARD SHAW AND J. M. SYNGE

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

I

THERE is a kind of shy, embarrassed man of merit who cannot keep or even reach to his proper position in the world without making some sort of pretence about himself. Bernard Shaw is such a man. He has created his legend with such extraordinary skill that those who know him well have great difficulty in persuading the general public, which has neither the time nor the intelligence to understand a man of marked personality, to believe that the legend *is* a legend, that the reputed Bernard Shaw is not the real Bernard Shaw. The common notion is that he has an insatiable craving for publicity, is immensely conceited and self-centered, and does not care what folly of thought or conduct he commits if by so doing he draws attention to himself. The truth about him is that he is a shy and nervous man, singularly humble-minded and sincere, very courageous and full of quick, penetrating wisdom, and so generous and kindly that he may be said to be willing to do more for his friends than his friends will do for themselves. He is a Don Quixote without illusions. When he tilts at windmills, he does so because they are *wind*mills, and he wishes them to be modernized and worked by electricity. In print and on platforms, Bernard Shaw brags and boasts and lays claim to an omniscience that would scandalize most deities, but no one who has the ability to distinguish between sincerity and mere capering is in the least deceived by his platform conceit. He is one of the very few men in the world who can brag in public without being offensive to his auditors. He can even insult his audience without hurting its feelings. There is a quality of geniality and kindliness in his most violent and denunciatory utterance that reconciles all but

the completely fat-headed to a patient submission to his chastisement; and his most perverse statements are so swiftly followed by things profoundly true and sincerely said that those who listen to him are less conscious of his platform tricks than are those who merely read newspaper reports of his speeches. This is largely due to the fact that the newspapers print only his flippant and fantastic stuff, and omit his vital matter. I have seen reporters at one of his meetings sitting with their pencils loosely dangling from their fingers while Shaw spoke wisely and deeply, and then, when he uttered some trivial or outrageous thing, coming to life and hastily scribbling the jape into their notebooks.

It is my purpose here to insist that Bernard Shaw is a shy man with a large element of the gawky schoolboy in him, so that he is awkward and embarrassed when he comes suddenly into the presence of strangers without having been warned that strangers are to be encountered. I have seen him blush like a boy on finding people in a room which he had expected to find unoccupied, and when one meets him casually in the street he is at first nonplussed and without conversation or power to do more than smile amiably. It is not easy to make this shyness of his plain to those who have met him once or twice because he has remarkable powers of recovery and can cover up his initial embarrassment with very great skill; and also because his platform manners are very easy and his general social manners are exceedingly gracious. He has made many pretences in his life, but the one pretence that he has never succeeded in maintaining is the pretence that he is a bad-mannered man. There are stories told of him that seem to show him in a graceless, even cruel, character, but these are no more than might be expected from a man of nervous temperament who is being bothered excessively by the demands of people who have no right to make demands on him at all. Against those stories may be set far more stories of acts of exceptional kindliness to those who are in trouble or in need of advice and encouragement. Very few great men have given so generously of their time and strength to helping young men of talent to obtain recognition as Bernard Shaw has done.

His awkwardness of manner when taken unawares is very different from that of Mr. Yeats in similar circumstances. Shaw is shy and awkward with strangers, but Yeats, who has never been shy in his life, is only awkward.

Shaw, because he is naturally gracious, recovers himself more quickly than Yeats, who has cultivated his graciousness; and it may be said of them that Shaw has the manners of a man instinctively gentle, whereas Yeats has the manners of a man who has practiced deportment before a cheval glass.

II.

It is obvious that a man so shy and easily embarrassed as Bernard Shaw is cannot hope to make a swift impression upon his contemporaries unless he commits an outrage upon his own nature. A world which regards modesty as a sign of incompetence, if not of actual imbecility, is slow to recognize the real merits of a man unless he lays claim to merits which he has not got. In the long run, the crowd pays tribute to great men, but Bernard Shaw was anxious that tribute should be paid to him immediately. Fame at the age of eighty offered few inducements to him, and posthumous fame offered no inducements at all. He had something to say to a world disinclined to listen to him, and he felt that he could not persuade it to do so unless he first of all performed some unusual platform tricks to catch its attention. Something of his principle seemed to be in the mind of a tipster whom I saw on Epsom racecourse before the war began. I was walking in the crowd on the course, which the police were not yet clearing, when suddenly a very well-dressed man in my neighborhood seemed to go out of his mind. He whirled violently round, uttered a fierce yell, flung an expensive silk hat into the air and waved his gold-headed cane in a very disturbing fashion. He then began to chant in a manner not unlike the way in which Mr. Vachel Lindsay recites his poem on the Congo! . . . By the time he had finished this performance, a considerable crowd had collected around him. I was in the forefront of it, and while I was wondering how long it would be before the police arrived to take charge of the demented man, he recovered his sanity and proceeded to sell tips for the two-thirty race. I bought one of them. I put money that was rare and precious on the horse which he commended to my patronage. And the horse lost the race! . . .

Bernard Shaw climbed on to platforms and into newspapers, shouting at the top of his voice, "I am better than Shakespeare" in the hope that he might convince the world

that he had merit as Bernard Shaw. He performed tricks in public in order to make people believe that he could think in the theatre. He wore comic clothes and refused to shave and conducted a rebellion against evening dress and silk hats and boiled shirts. He declined to eat meat, to smoke tobacco or to drink wine. He said that he was an atheist and an immoral writer. He tried to train his eyebrows into the shape which is called Mephistophelian. He saw himself in the role of the Fat Boy in *Pickwick Papers* trying to make men's flesh creep, and was disgusted to find that the Fat Boy's most valuable asset, his obesity, had been denied to him and given to Gilbert Chesterton, who would not make anyone's flesh creep for the value of the world! Finally, he announced that he was a Socialist. His Socialism was not a platform trick: it was his serious faith; but it became so associated in the public mind with his platform tricks that he had only to say in public that he was a Socialist and his audience would giggle as if that were the most amusing thing they had ever heard. This habit of performing platform tricks undoubtedly drew a large crowd to listen to Shaw, and he did not fail to deliver himself of his peculiar faith to that crowd when he had collected it; but there were considerable drawbacks to his method of securing attention. The crowd could never quite rid itself of the belief that Shaw was "one of those comic chaps." It admitted that he was a very clever "comic chap," but firmly at the back of the popular mind was the belief that Shaw did not mean one half of what he said and was not entirely sincere about the remaining half. It liked to see him performing in public, and it paid large sums of money to hear him lecture in behalf of causes that were abhorrent to it. Duchesses, for example, contributed heavily to the funds of Socialist societies simply for the privilege of hearing him speak, and duchesses do not love Socialist societies. The crowd talked about him to a remarkable extent; it read his books; it attended performances of his plays; it went to hear him lecture . . . but it insisted that what was important about him was, not his advocacy of this or that, but his power to excite laughter. When he was most in earnest, the crowd said, "He's so witty!" and left the matter there. That, perhaps, is why *Common Sense and the War* aroused so much wrath in England. The crowd, accustomed to tittering behind its hand or laughing outright at Shaw's wit, was dis-

concerted by the serious way in which he dealt with the War in that notorious pamphlet. It was so shocked by what he said that it professed to be indignant that any man could cut comic capers at so awful a moment. Shaw was not cutting any capers, comic or otherwise, but the crowd, trained by him to believe that he was a comedian, could not believe that he was capable of being anything else. That pamphlet, ill-timed, perhaps, in some respects, was yet well-timed in this respect, that it reminded the British people of their most priceless privilege, the right of free speech. The whole of the British press collapsed before the Press Censor, and editors were afraid to open their mouths about things which were scandalous. Bernard Shaw restored the freedom of the press. He said what he had to say and he said it with the utmost courage and force, and within a week or two from the date of publication of his pamphlet, the timid editors were rearing up their heads and daring to say "Boo!" to the political geese.

There were times, perhaps, when Shaw seemed to be yielding to the mob's desire to be tickled, when the one thing apparently that moved him was his delight in making the crowd giggle and guffaw; and now and then his friends felt that he was overdoing the tricks, that he was monotonously informing people that he was "better than Shakespeare" . . . a statement that seemed as idle as if Anatole France were to say that he was "better than" Victor Hugo, when in fact the men are so dissimilar that there is no means of comparing them . . . but the danger, such as it was, amounted to little: for when all the discount is made that can be made for possible charlatanry in Shaw's character, there remains this indisputable fact that he has left a mark on the thought and life not only of the English-speaking world, but of the whole of Western civilization, which cannot be eradicated. We may go to the theatre to laugh at Bernard Shaw, but we remain to think with him.

III.

Oddly enough, there was another dramatist, also an Irishman, whose practice was precisely the opposite of Bernard Shaw's: a shy, nervous man who permitted himself to be cheated of a position of authority because of his modesty. John Millington Synge was what Bernard Shaw might have been had he allowed his nature to run off to

dark corners and hide itself. Synge could not compel himself to climb on to platforms or make extravagant boasts. He may have had the desire to make boasts, but he had not the courage to do so. An excellent comrade for an individual on a country road, he was so nervous in the presence of an audience of more than six people that he was in danger of physical sickness, and he may be said to have died of sheer inability to assert himself. Had it not been that Yeats was by to do Synge's boasting for him, the world might never have heard of that singular man of twisted talent. Yeats, indeed, boasted so loudly of Synge's gifts that superficial persons began to believe that Synge was a greater man than Yeats, and I remember on one occasion hearing young women, fresh from Newnham, boldly declaring that Yeats' chief title to remembrance would lie in the fact that he had discovered Synge! I have never been able to convince myself that Synge was a great man of genius; it is not necessary to convince oneself that Yeats is a great man of genius . . . the thing is obvious. Synge was a man of peculiar and interesting talent whose work smelt too strongly of the medicine bottle to be of supreme merit. He was the sick man in literature, and he had the sick man's interest in cruelty and harshness and violent temperaments. He had the weak man's envy of strength and the weak man's liability to mistake violence for strength. His plays were better than Yeats' plays . . . *Riders to the Sea* is immeasurably better than *Kathleen ni Houlihan* . . . but Yeats is a greater poet than Synge was a dramatist. I am disinclined to believe that Synge was a *great* dramatist. He brought a desirable element of bitterness and acrid beauty into the sticky mess of self-satisfaction and sentimentalism which is known as Irish Literature, but I feel that he was lacking in staying-power. He shot his bolt when he wrote *The Playboy of the Western World,* the chief value of which lay in the fact that it ripped up the smugness of the Irish people, than whom there are no other people in the world so pleased with themselves on such slender grounds, and taught them the much-needed lesson that they are very like the rest of God's creatures. Synge portrayed the Irish people faithfully as he saw them: he put in the element of poetry in the Celtic character, but he also put in the element of cruelty; he put in the wit and generosity, but he also put in the dullness and the greed; he put in the gallantry, but

he also put in the cowardice; he put in the nobility, but he also put in the gross brutality. In other words, he saw at the same time the idealism of Padraic Pearse and Thomas MacDonagh permeated by the incredible brutality of some of Mr. De Valera's ruffians, who lately tore an old man of seventy years of age from a tramcar and foully murdered him in the street, while terrified Irishmen and women, destitute of physical and moral courage, stood by and watched them do it. He knew the delicate sense of beauty which suffuses the poetry of Padraic Colum and he smelt the odor of the charnel-house that rises from the work of James Joyce, and had he been able to keep the two sides of Irish character justly poised, he would have been a great man of genius; but he was not able to keep the balance between them . . . he tended more and more to see merit in cruelty and harshness, and he turned away from the sensitive and delicate beauty of Padraic Colum to the sewer-revelations of James Joyce. People tell me that *Deirdre of the Sorrows,* his unfinished play, is the greatest of all the plays that have been written about that unhappy and romantic lady; and perhaps what they say is true, for none of the plays that have been written about her, Herbert Trench's or A. E.'s or W. B. Yeats's, are in the great line, though all of them are interesting. But judged by itself or in relation to plays generally, it does not seem to me to be a great drama nor is it so meritable as some of Synge's own plays of earlier origin. It marks to me the limit of his range, and shows signs of drooping energy. Some may say that I am attributing to failing powers what should be attributed to sickness and the imminence of death, but I think I am dealing justly with this odd intruder into the realm of letters when I say that his talent was a small one and that had he lived for twice as many years as he actually did live, he would not have produced anything of greater note than he had written when he died.

IV.

Platform tricks saved Bernard Shaw from falling to the Synge level. Contact with rude men and ruder women in public places kept him in familiar alliance with normal things, and so it came about that his genius, though it soared, never soared out of sight. He marched ahead of the crowd, but he never went so far ahead of it that it could not catch up with him. He urged reluctant men and women to fol-

low him along paths that were obscure and difficult, but he never urged them to try a path which he had not himself explored. Not all of his advice was accepted . . . not all of it was worthy of acceptance . . . but all of it, accepted or rejected, was listened to. He would have found a readier agreement to take his advice if he had been less logical in his arguments, but his mind governs his life so completely that he cannot make any allowances for the wayward character of the average man. He has given himself so completely to his mind that his feelings seem to have atrophied. He is incapable, apparently, of understanding the beauty and fascination of mere irrelevancy. A study of his work reveals no consciousness on his part of natural beauty. He seems not to know that a tree is a lovely thing, that its loveliness is entirely without moral or sociological significance. He would probably agree with Dr. Johnson that one field is very like another field, that water in one part of the world is identical with water in another part of the world . . . and would be just as remote from the truth as Dr. Johnson was: for one field is not like another field, and water in one place can be very dissimilar in look from water in some other place. Shaw would not suffer one pang at the destruction of St. Paul's Cathedral if he felt that its destruction made the processes of life slightly more convenient to the ordinary citizen. If he had to choose between Reims Cathedral and an improved drainage system for France . . . a thing which France very badly needs, as anyone with a nose can tell . . . he would choose the drainage system. The College of Cardinals is less lovely in the eyes of Bernard Shaw than the members of a Borough Council. He would rather possess a good fountain-pen than the first folio of Shakespeare's plays. There was a man in Dublin who singularly resembled him in everything except wit. Francis Sheehy Skeffington, who was wrongly executed in the Easter Rebellion in Dublin in 1916, had Shaw's logical faculty without Shaw's redeeming wit. He was a very honest, courageous, and personally attractive man, just as Bernard Shaw is, but he was also a very wrong-headed man and totally incapable of any sort of concerted action with other people. Bernard Shaw's wit brings him into more cordial relationship with other human beings than Sheehy Skeffington would ever have achieved. I remember, just before the war began, meeting Skeffington in North Wales. He, too,

was insensible to natural beauty and was without respect for tradition or ancient institutions. I took him one evening to a lake in Anglesey where many reeds grew. I asked him to watch while I clapped my hands, and when I had done so, thousands of starlings flew out of the reeds with a great fluttering of wings, making a tremendous disturbance because they had been roused from their sleep. Skeffington gazed at these birds as if he had never seen a starling before. I judged by the look of astonishment in his face that if he could have persuaded himself to believe in magic, he would have regarded me as a magician. By merely smiting my hands, I had filled the air with fluttering birds! This experience so interested me that I decided to make other experiments with Skeffington, and so, on the following day, I took him to a field outside the village where some very fine druidical remains were to be seen. I led him up to the stones and waited to see what effect they would have upon him. He looked at them for a few moments, and then, quite unmoved by the fact that they had been standing there for more than a thousand years and were all that was left of an ancient religion, he took a piece of paper from his pocket and, murmuring in his high-pitched Ulster voice, "I think I'll do a little propaganda!" thrust it into a crevice of the old altar. The paper had VOTES FOR WOMEN on it! He was totally incapable of understanding why this act of his disgusted me. His mind was indifferent to such things as tradition . . . he simply could not visualize those stones as anything other than a remarkably useful hoarding on which to advertise his latest enthusiasm. I suppose that if he thought of the druids at all, he thought contemptuously of them as barbarians to whom had been denied the enlightenment that he had; and his desperately logical mind, working on the fact that many persons would visit these remains, suggested to him that here was an excellent opportunity of thrusting his propaganda upon the attention of people reluctant to give any heed to it! . . .

I cannot conceive of Bernard Shaw doing just that thing because his wit would save him from it; but I feel that if his wit were taken from him or had been denied to him, he would have behaved exactly as Sheehy Skeffington behaved then. It is his superb, spontaneous wit that keeps him in continuous contact with normal men. Synge had no wit,

and because he had not, was thrust into solitude. Skeffington had no wit . . . there never was on earth a man so destitute of a sense of humor as Francis Skeffington . . . and because he had not, he lived a life of intellectual isolation from his fellows in spite of the fact that most people liked him. Skeffington's courage and honesty . . . and I have known few men so courageous and honest as he was . . . served him partly, but not wholly, as Bernard Shaw's wit serves him. Shaw has great intellectual courage and is a very honest man, but these qualities, though they win respect in the long run, have an isolating effect on a man in such a world as this, and were it not for his wit, G. B. S. would be an Ishmael, too. Take the wit from Shaw and the courage from Sheehy Skeffington, substitute for them a fractious sense of beauty, and the result is . . . John Millington Synge.

V.

Gilbert Chesterton has illustrated the peculiar quality of the English mind by comparing the roads of France with the roads of England; and the comparison might be used to illustrate the difference between the mind of Bernard Shaw and the mind of the average man. Chesterton, with that startling profundity that is to be discovered in much of his writing that seems at first merely to be conjuring stuff, asserts that the design of English and French roads, the first all winding and irregular, the second straight as if drawn with the aid of a ruler, shows a fundamental difference between the two races: the English as wayward and casual as their roads, going lazily and easily to their journey's end; the French as logical and well-defined as their roads, going without any circumlocution to their journey's end. Shaw's mind goes directly to its goal, and he tries to persuade the rest of mankind to follow his example. But the rest of mankind does not wish to go by the most direct route to any goal: it wants to dally on the way; it wants to explore all the little bye-paths and hidden corners; it even wants to turn back on its course to examine again some place that it has already seen; and above all, it wants to waste time. When Shaw contemplates the world engaged in this careless way of living, he bursts into a passion of wit where less gifted men, such as Sheehy Skeffington, would burst into anger, and he lashes the world with his tongue. Mankind, because

Shaw is a genius, listens to him, as mankind always has listened to men of genius, in a puzzled fashion, and even speculates on whether it ought not to follow his advice . . . but it is in the nature of man to be illogical, and so, after a little thought, man goes on being wayward and casual. Even in France, where logic has become an obsession, men are more illogical than Shaw would have them be; and it is a very curious commentary on his work that in so logical a country as France, his plays make far less stir than in any other country in Europe. I imagine that the French are so cursed with logic that their minds revolt from the extreme reasoning of Shaw as an overloaded stomach revolts from rich food. Once, in France, when my battalion was marching along a road towards a part of the country in which we had been some weeks before, I heard a soldier in my platoon saying to his comrade as we came to familiar places, "Thank God, they've cut down those bloody trees!" and immediately I understood why the French roads bored the British soldier. That inexorable logic, all that neatness, those terribly straight roads with the trees growing at regular intervals . . . "dressing by the right" as the soldiers said . . . and looking as if the men who planted them had performed the operation according to some mathematical formula . . . all these things, inhumanly tidy and well-ordered, nauseated the mind. I have done much walking on English and French roads, and I will wager that boredom will seize the traveller on a French road long before his interest on an English road has been exhausted. And in their unintellectual, instinctive, wayward fashion, the English are more right about life than the French are. Bernard Shaw, I imagine, is incapable of understanding the state of mind of my soldier who thanked God that the neatly-arranged trees on the neatly-designed French road had been cut down. To him it would seem right that if trees are to be grown at all, they should be grown according to formula. He sees something stupid and wrong in the English method of planting an acorn in any hole that is visible and letting the tree grow as it pleases.

VI

He is greatly generous to young men. Like most of my contemporaries I have imposed upon his good nature very often. I sent *Jane Clegg* and *John Ferguson* in manuscript

to him and asked him if he would read them and tell me what his opinion of them might be. Probably a dozen or more young men were doing exactly the same thing with their MSS. He could probably spend the whole of his time reading other men's plays, if he were to let his good nature go uncontrolled. But he read my plays and wrote long, valuable letters of advice about them to me. I hesitate to mention this fact lest it should cause an avalanche of MSS. to fall upon him, but I am trying to draw his portrait, and unless I mention his generosity to young men, the portrait will not be a faithful one. I am under personal obligations to him of many sorts, and I do not know of any man who so freely helps his friends and says so little about it. He is now nearly sixty-four years of age, but there are no signs of age about him other than the fact that his hair and his beard, once red, have turned white. He still has the mind and eagerness of a young man. His walk is as springy and alert as it was when I first knew him, as I am sure it has always been. When I see him in the street sometimes, tall, lean, very tidy and almost foppish in an unusual way, walking with great assurance and ease, examining now and then his very shapely hands, and gazing about him with that queer, quizzical, kindly look in his pleasant eyes that is so significant of him, I feel that although he is thirty years older than I am, according to the official records, he is, in spirit, thirty years younger. Bernard Shaw will never be old. If he lives to be a centenarian, he will still be talking like a young man; and perhaps it is his extraordinary youth and vitality, as much as his disrespect for established things, that draws young men inevitably to him. His fearless, challenging spirit attracted all those who were in revolt against stagnant beliefs; and even now, when the multitude seems to have caught up with him and his views are less startling than they were a few years ago, he still stimulates the minds of the young and the eager and sends them bounding forward. "You should so live," he once said, "that when you die, God is in your debt!" He bids men and women strive to put more into the common pool than they take out, and he asserts with something like moral fury that anyone who is taking more from the common pool than he puts in, is cheating both God and man. There are querulous persons who say that Shaw's work will not live. Their forefathers probably said that Shakespeare's work would not live, that

Cervantes' work would not live, that Fielding's work would not live, that Dickens' work would not live; and no doubt they produced sound arguments to support their faith. Who could have believed that *Don Quixote,* a mere skit on contemporary novelettes, would win universal favor, or that *Pickwick Papers,* mere verbiage for a set of pictures drawn by a popular artist, would live? Yet these local, topical, and very contemporary things will not perish. Bernard Shaw has indisputably affected the thoughts and lives of thinking men and women on two continents for thirty years. He is a very daring fellow who asks us to believe that this brilliant, original, forceful mind will not continue to affect the thoughts and lives of thinking men and women for generations to come.

ST. JOHN ERVINE.

THE LETTERS OF HENRY JAMES[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

IT is significant that the first of these wonderful letters ends with a spontaneous expression of affectionate tenderness—" dear girl, and dear incomparable all "; and that in the last of them, written a few months before his death, the writer is, to a friend of only six years' standing, " fondestly yours." For half a century Henry James poured himself out to his friends in letters that are matchless for their prodigal and eager flow of sympathy, their inexhaustible kindliness, their ample and exquisite tenderness, their beautiful generosity.

There are more than 400 letters and almost a thousand pages in Mr. Lubbock's priceless assemblage, and they extend from the fourth year following the Civil War to the second year of the World War; from James Russell Lowell to H. G. Wells; from Henry James's twenty-sixth year to that convulsed and final winter of 1915-16 when, stunned and outraged and engulfed by the monstrous anomaly, he shrouded his soul in the mists of his beloved London and, with a last weary gesture of unspeakable indignation, went to his cloudy immortality.

He died an avowed and legalized Englishman. It is pleasant to reflect that he was vouchsafed the opportunity to shuffle off the coil of his abhorred Americanism while there was still time to savor the ecstasy of being a subject of George the Fifth. He could not conceivably have been a happy American after he had known England. The English scene was as necessary to his functioning as is a dark-room to the development of a photographic plate. Henry James as a contented and productive American is as unimaginable as an aeroplane flying in a coal mine. It is as

[1] *The Letters of Henry James.* Selected and Edited by Percy Lubbock. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1920.

absurd to wonder at or to resent his passionate expatriation as it would be to feel aggrieved surprise at the inclination of a drowning man toward a life-preserver. Henry James could no more tolerate the air of These States than a human lung can tolerate sea-water. His reminiscent loathing of America, his horror at the thought of a repeated visit, his shuddering repugnance whenever the memory or the threat of his native land emerged, were inevitable and incurable.

But this emotion constitutes almost the only vein of unamiability in all the large, rich, tolerant, magnificently benign expanse of the Letters. Their benevolence is extraordinary—their benevolence and their undammed emotional exuberance. It is amusing to read these Letters in the light of one's memory of those ancient prepossessions concerning the vaporous attenuations of Henry James' psychic microcosm. That dull and stupid illusion of bloodlessness, of an inner world of rarefied complexities, exhibiting a passionateness only spectral and alembicated—how grotesque those fumbling incomprehensions seem as we get to know more and more intimately the essential James! They never, of course, were possible to anyone who had recognized his fundamental simplicity, ardor, and expansiveness, his spiritual naïveté, the perfect openness and confiding guilelessness of his approach.

His friendly and torrential copiousness must often have smitten with guilt his more sensitive correspondents. Was not Edmund Gosse overwhelmed with contrition when he received from H. J. that marvellous effusion provoked by Gosse's inquiry about Maupassant's legend of the two Englishmen and the Monkey? Here is a little of it: "I didn't in the least know that M. was going to be so remarkable . . . I didn't even know that the monkey was going to be, or even realize the peculiar degree and nuance of the preserved lustre awaiting ces messieurs . . . Guy's story dropped into my mind but as an unrelated thing, or rather as one related, and indeed with much intensity, to the peculiarly 'rum,' weird, macabre and unimaginative light in which the interesting, or in other words the delirious, in English conduct and in English character, are—or were especially then—viewed in French circles sufficiently self-respecting to have views on the general matter at all, or in other words among the truly refined and enquiring . . . Really what has remained with me is but the note of two elements—that of

the Monkey's jealousy, and that of the Monkey's death; how brought about the latter I can't at all at this time of day be sure, though I am haunted as with the vague impression that the poor beast figured as having somewhat destroyed *himself,* committed suicide through the separate injuria formae . . . Some thin ghost of an impression abides with me that the 'jealousy' was more on the Monkey's part toward him than on his toward the Monkey; with which the circumstance that the Death I seem most (yet so dimly) to disembroil is simply and solely, or at least predominantly . . . "

You wonder how Gosse must have felt if it shamingly occurred to him that he had diverted the whole elaborate, formidable, rumbling, earth-shaking machinery of Henry James' expository mechanism from its possible employment in evolving another *Golden Bowl* to the accommodating projection of an anecdote about a monkey. If we had been Gosse, we could not easily have survived.

Mr. Lubbock, in his admirable commentary upon the Letters, speaks of H. J.'s generous conception of the humblest correspondent's claim on him for response. He could not answer a brief note of friendliness save with pages of abounding eloquence. " He never dealt in the mere small change of intercourse; the post-card and the half-sheet did not exist for him; a few lines of enquiry would bring from him a bulging packet of manuscript, overwhelming in its disproportion. No wonder that with this standard of the meaning of a letter he often groaned under his postal burden. He discharged himself of it, in general, very late at night; the morning's work left him too much exhausted for more composition until then. At midnight he would sit down to his letter-writing and cover sheet after sheet, sometimes for hours, with his dashing and not very readable script. Occasionally he would give up a day to the working off of arrears by dictation, seldom omitting to excuse himself to each correspondent in turn for the infliction of the 'fierce legibility' of type. The number of his letters was in fact enormous."

Exuberance, ardor, responsiveness — those are the salient notes of the chord that is struck and sustained throughout this astonishing epistolary fantasia. He writes to " Dear Edith " [Mrs. Wharton] that " it hideously looks " as if he hadn't " deeply revelled and rioted " in her " beau-

tiful letter"—which "thrilled me to the core." Again, he feels his long silence to be "hideous and infamous." The effect of a volume of his brother William's philosophical essays was "exquisitely and adorably cumulative." English will not, at times, contain the bubbling and welling current of his utterance, and it overflows in barbarous and amusing international blends: "I can bear tragedies so little —Tout se rattache so à *the* thing."

The present of a leather dressing-case from Mr. W. V. R. Berry provoked him to a thousand-word deprecation that must have caused Mr. Berry to wonder what reaction a more imposing gift would have produced:

> I can't live with him [the dressing-case] you see; because I can't live up to him. His claims, his pretensions, his dimensions, his assumptions and consumptions, above all the manner in which he causes every surrounding object (on my poor premises or within my poor range) to tell a dingy or deplorable tale—all this makes him the very scourge of my life, the very blot on my scutcheon. He doesn't regild that rusty metal—he simply takes up an attitude of gorgeous swagger, straight in front of all the rust and the rubbish, which makes me look as if I had stolen *somebody* else's (re-garnished *blason*) and were trying to palm it off as my own. . . . I simply can't *afford* him, and that is the sorry homely truth. *He is out of the picture*—out of *mine;* and behold me condemned to live forever with that canvas turned to the wall. Do you know what that means?—to have to give up going about at all, lest complications (of the most incalculable order) should ensue from its being seen what I go about *with.* Bonne renommée vaut mieux que sac-de-voyage doré, and though I may have had weaknesses that have brought me a little under public notice, my modest hold-all (which has accompanied me in most of my voyage through life) has at least, so far as I know, never *fait jaser.* . . . That you shouldn't have counted the cost—to yourself—that is after all perhaps conceivable (quoiqu' à peine!) but that you shouldn't have counted the cost to *me,* to whom it spells ruin: *that* ranks you with one of those great lurid, though lonely, romantic and historic figures and charmers who have scattered their affections and lavished their favors only (as it has presently appeared) to consume and to destroy! More prosaically, dearest Walter (if one of the most lyric acts recorded in history—and one of the most finely æsthetic. . . .

—and so on, for another page or two. Delicious virtuosity it is, no doubt: but what an awe-inspiring surplus of energy, and time, and generosity it connotes, and what an almost devastating passion of obligation it suggests in poor H. J.! But he was like that. If you sat at his table, or even came to his back door, the least that you could be dismissed with was a whole chicken and an unravished layer-cake, lighted

with as many candles as your assumed years had indicated —unless you asked for H. J.'s autograph, which would at once place you among those whom his heart was "absolutely hard against"—"one of the vulgarest and dustiest and poorest" products of America the unspeakable.

"Only difficulty interests me," he says somewhere in these Letters. Only difficulty, and kindliness, and the instant flash of sympathy and its studiously nourished flame, and the opportunity to respond—to lend, to give, to resound to: that, as it seems, was his perpetual concern. And he spent himself fabulously in the enterprise.

His luxuriance of feeling, of cerebration, of expression, is astounding, but so are his tact and his finesse. The miracle is that his superabundance never becomes oppressive; his ceremonial elaborateness is never pompous, never ornate. His tact, his humor, his infallible awareness, never desert him. It is endlessly delightful to see him adjusting the quality of his discourse to the ear that is to receive it, conforming his delivery to the character of the occasion, of the mood, of the recipient, with delicate and perfect rightness. His letters to Hugh Walpole are one thing; to Wells quite another thing; to Gosse and Howells and A. C. Benson and W. E. Norris, utterly distinct and precisely aimed.

He met the most difficult occasions with consummate justness. It is hard to imagine anything more perfect in tone, in exquisite appropriateness of gesture, than the triumphantly felicitous letter of thanks which he wrote in acknowledgment of the tribute offered to him by two hundred and seventy of his friends upon his seventieth birthday, in the form of a letter, a piece of plate, and a request that he sit for his portrait. "I have tried," he wrote Lubbock, "to steer a middle way between hysterical emotion and marble immortality." Well, he did. The letter is too long for full reproduction; but here is an example of its easy riding over perilous gulfs:

> Let me acknowledge with boundless pleasure the singularly generous and beautiful letter, signed by your great and dazzling array and reinforced by a correspondingly bright material gage, which reached me on my recent birthday, April 15th. It has moved me as brave gifts and benedictions can only do when they come as signal surprises. I seem to wake up to an air of breathing good will the full sweetness of which I had never yet tasted. . . . You tell me together, making one rich tone of your many voices, almost the whole story of my social experience [in England], which I have reached the right

point of living over again, with all manner of old times and places reviewed, old wonderments and pleasures reappeased and recaptured—so that there is scarce one of your ranged company but makes good the particular connection, quickens the excellent relation, lights some happy train and flushes with some individual color. I pay you my very best respects while I receive from your two hundred and fifty pair of hands, and more, the admirable, the inestimable bowl, and while I engage to sit, with every accommodation, to the so markedly indicated "one of you," my illustrious friend Sargent . . . I remain all faithfully and gratefully yours, HENRY JAMES.

Commiseration for him as a yielder of exorbitantly demanded largess is probably misplaced. His gayety is inveterate. To Charles Eliot Norton he writes from Lamb House, Rye (November, 1899) that he must presently take on himself "a care that may make you smile; nothing less than to proceed, a few moments hence, to Dover, to meet our celebrated friend (I think she can't *not*[1] be yours) Mrs. Jack Gardner, who arrives from Brussels, charged with the spoils of the Flemish school, and kindly pays me a fleeting visit on her way up to town. I must rush off, help her to disembark, see all her Van Eycks and Rubenses through the Customs and bring her hither, where three water-colors and four photographs of the 'Rye School' will let her down easily." He can be frivolous to Howells about the ineffable *Wings of the Dove*—"too long-winded and minute a thing, but well-meaning." He can even be light-hearted about a certain understudy for coffee—"a coffee reduced to second childhood, the prattle of senility . . . it interposes a little ease after the long and unattenuated grimness of cocoa." To "a delightful young man from Texas" [the inimitable Stark Young], who had written, through a friend, to ask for guidance in the study of H. J.'s books, he sent two alternative lists.[2] "When it comes to the shorter tales," he observed, "the question is more difficult (for characteristic selection) and demands separate treatment. Come to me about that, dear young man from Texas, later on—you shall have your little tarts when you have eaten your beef and potatoes." He avoided Daudet's funeral, as he explained to Miss Grace Norton, because he felt he

[1] This is a favorite locution of H. J.'s.

[2] Here they are, incidentally: The first list:—(1) *Roderick Hudson.* (2) *The Portrait of a Lady.* (3) *The Princess Cassamassima.* (4) *The Wings of the Dove.* (5) *The Golden Bowl.* The second list (this, H. J. says, "is, as it were, the more 'advanced'") :—(1) *The American.* (2) *The Tragic Muse.* (3) *The Wings of the Dove.* (4) *The Ambassadors.* (5) *The Golden Bowl.*

should " go mad " if he " even once more, let alone twenty times more, heard Daudet personally compared (more especially *facially* compared, eyeglass and all) to Jesus Christ. Not a French notice of him that I have seen but has plumped it coquettishly out."

The aesthetic judgment scattered up and down the Letters are often, naturally, of the last acuteness . . . In the Letters of George Meredith he found little sustenance. He speaks shrewdly of " their rather marked non-illustration of his intellectual wealth . . . He was *starved,* to my vision, in many ways—and that makes him but the more nobly pathetic . . . The whole moral side of him throws out some splendidly clear lights—while the ' artist,' the secondary Shakespeare, remains curiously dim . . . It abides with us, I think, that Meredith was an admirable spirit even if not an *entire* mind." Eighteen years earlier, however, a reading of *Lord Ormont* had aroused his ire, and he had written to Gosse, with singular impatience and obtuseness, that in *Lord Ormont* there was " not a figure presented, not a scene constituted "! You wonder if, later, he re-read and re-valued that work of indisputable genius.

H. G. Wells was always, to some extent, grit in his teeth, though, after reading *The New Machiavelli,* he saluted him as " much the most interesting and masterful prose-painter of your English generation . . . Your big feeling for life, your capacity for chewing up the thickness of the world in such enormous mouthfuls . . . this constitutes for me a rare and admirable and wonderful exhibition on your part." But to Gosse he spoke later of the " weakness and looseness " of Wells' fabric, " the utter going by the board of any real self-respect of composition and of expression." A few years later, however, he told Wells that his " faculty " was " of the highest price ": " Your temper and your hand form one of the choicest treasures of our time."

For Kipling he exhibits a progressive dislike. In 1896 he is " laid low " by " the absolutely uncanny talent—the prodigious special faculty," of *The Seven Seas.* " It's all *violent,* without the charm of a nuance or a hint of ' distinction '; all prose trumpets and castanets and such—with never a touch of the fiddle-string or a note of the nightingale. But it's magnificent and masterly in its way, and full of the most insidious art. He's a rum 'un—and one of the

very few first *talents* of the time." A year later his view of Kipling's "prose future" "has much shrunken in the light of one's increasingly observing how little of life he can make use of—almost nothing civilized save steam and patriotism—and the latter only in verse, where I *hate* it so, especially mixed up with God and goodness . . . In his earliest time I thought he perhaps contained the seeds of an English Balzac; but I have quite given that up in proportion as he has come steadily from the less simple in subject to the more simple—from the Anglo-Indians to the natives, from the natives to the Tommies, from the Tommies to the quadrupeds, from the quadrupeds to the fish, and from the fish to the engines and screws." Kipling's "exploitation of the patriotic idea" seemed to him (later still) "not really much other than the exploitation of the name of one's mother or one's wife. Two or three times a century—yes; but not every month."

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Always you see him clinging to his implicational world, that world where processes were comparatively negligible, and fruitions everything, or nearly everything. As Mr. Lubbock penetratingly says of him, he found in the social scene, wherever its "crude beginnings have been left furthest behind, wherever its forms have been most rubbed and toned by the hands of succeeding penetrations . . . not an obliteration of sharp character, but a positive enhancement of it, with the whole of its past crowded into its bosom. He clung to civilization, he was faithful throughout to a few yards of town pavement, not because he was scared by the rough freedom of the world, but rather because he was impatient of its insipidity."

It is perhaps undesirable to wonder how he would have regarded the publishing of his letters. He confessed to Howells in 1893 "a morbid passion for personal privacy and a standing quarrel with the blundering publicity of the age . . . The sight of my own name on a printed page makes me . . . ill." No doubt he outgrew this indisposition. And the kind of "publicity" involved in Mr. Lubbock's discreet and skillful management of the Letters is very far from "blundering." And yet . . . one has a stab of compunction at many points, where the quivering of the wounded flesh is hard to look upon—as in that unspeakably touching post-

script to the letter announcing to Miss Norton the death of William James. That cry of his brother's—"Think of us, dear Grace, think of us!"—is terrible to overhear.

But these Letters are priceless, and one would not relinquish them, whatever measure of guilt their possession may involve. They are too corroborating in their disclosures to be foregone. They reëstablish one's assurance of the occasional passage through life of those who care supremely for what it is probably the most dubious wisdom to prize at all—that love of "the finer grain," that quest for the ultimate sources of beauty and sincerity, which was his changeless passion.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

LITERARY SCOUTING IN PARIS

BY THEODORE STANTON

FOR the past quarter of a century I have been acting, among other literary occupations, as a sort of European Editor *in partibus* of this periodical, and in this way have often been brought into interesting relations with many men and women prominent in the political, literary, and artistic circles of the Old World. It is my purpose in this article to jot down a few of the impressions produced on me by these persons before my recollections become too dim to recall.

Of the little group of women writers whom my work brought me into contact with, one of the most brilliant, as she certainly was one of the most genial, was unquestionably the late Mme. Blanc, known in letters as Th. Bentzon. American authors are greatly indebted to this indefatigable and sympathetic Frenchwoman who, during a long period of years, introduced our best writers to the European world through the widely-read and influential pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In her cozy little *entresol* looking out on the Place Victor Hugo, she always enjoyed chatting with an American concerning things American and especially concerning American literary matters. Perhaps my most curious souvenir of those *tête-à-têtes* is that which has to do with Mark Twain and his "Notorious Frog of Calaveras County." In 1872 Mme. Blanc published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a biographical and critical sketch of the American humorist, when probably many Europeans heard of him and his fun for the first time. As an example of his manner, Mme. Blanc translated in full this frog story. Readers of Mark Twain's volume of *Sketches* will remember that he there gives his original text, Mme. Blanc's version, and then a funny retranslation from the French into English, or, as he puts it, "In English, then in French, then clawed back into civilized language once more by patient, unremunerated toil." Incredible as it may seem, Mme.

Blanc was greatly offended at this banter at her expense and complained to me almost bitterly at " the ungenerous way I have been treated by a fellow writer to whom I had been most kind." My explanation of this apparent obtuseness, so rare in the French and so surprising in a woman of Mme. Blanc's natural perspicacity, is that in his brief introduction to this chapter of his book, Mark Twain shows that he did not know the identity of Mme. Blanc and was not aware even that she was a woman.

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My experiences with some of the European authors in persuading them to try a stenographer in the production of their articles were varied and I must say that I found them as a rule very recalcitrant to any innovation of this sort, for some of them were still clinging faithfully to the quill pen.

My first notable affair of this kind was with Emile Zola, when he wrote for the REVIEW his admirable article, " War," an article which could be read with advantage even today, though it was written more than nineteen years ago. While it is quite true that there was much that was mechanical in Zola's method of composition, he was unquestionably a stylist, or rather was never weary of amending and striving to improve his text. I had a good example of this at the burial of Alphonse Daudet, where Zola was the principal speaker. I stood directly behind him when he read his oration and I noticed that his manuscript was black with erasures and additions. While we were at Père Lachaise cemetery, the afternoon *Temps* was engaged in setting up an advance copy of Zola's speech, and a few hours later I read the printed version, and, at a glance, was struck by the many differences between it and the one that I had seen and heard at the cemetery. A day or two later Zola told me that, after giving the *Temps* reporter, on the morning of the funeral, what he thought would be his speech, he went carefully over the manuscript again and in fact kept at work at it until the moment came to go to Daudet's house in the Rue de l'Université, where the procession started on its long march across the chilly city. So, after this experience, I really had no ground to be surprised at what happened some years later when I persuaded Zola to dictate to a stenographer his NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW article.

One morning in the winter of 1900-1 I arrived at Zola's

house in the Rue de Bruxelles, accompanied by one of the best stenographers of Paris. Zola soon appeared in the billiard-room where "the experiment," as he called it, was to be made. He held in his hand a half dozen small sheets of paper on which he had jotted down a certain number of notes. I introduced the two men and then left them alone, lest my presence should be a source of interruption of some kind. Two days later I received from the stenographer a copy of the dictation and nearly a week thereafter came from Zola the copy which had been sent to him. Though I had previously called his attention to the fact that, as the manuscript was to be translated into English and would not appear in the original French, he need not worry over little matters of style or shades of meaning, he had labored over the paragraphs as if they were to be placed at the head of the *Revue des Deux Mondes.* In fact the sheets were in such a state that I had to send them all to the typewriter for a clean copy before putting the article in the hands of the translator. The following month I met Zola on the Boulevards, when his first words were, "Never will I try that system again; pen, ink and paper in my own hands will be my only tools."

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But this view was not shared by another able and voluminous French writer of a very different stamp in every respect from the Father of Naturalism. I refer to Emile Ollivier. In the closing years of his busy life, his intellectual wife, who is also the author of several volumes of her own, acted as his amanuensis, and though he did not abandon the pen himself, she wrote at his dictation, and rewrote practically all of the hundreds of pages which form his real *magnum opus,* the seventeen volumes of *L'Empire Liberal.* So when I proposed a stenographer, Emile Ollivier rather welcomed the idea and evidently enjoyed the experiment. I sent him the same stenographer whom I had sent to Zola; but how different the results! When the typewritten manuscript reached me, after having passed under the eyes of its author, it did not contain more than a half dozen changes and two or three of these were either misspelt names, a wrong date or an incorrect accent, faults all of which were to be attributed, probably, to the typewriter. And the next time I saw M. Ollivier, he remarked: "I only wish my wife understood stenography and could use the typewriter."

And the next time I saw the stenographer, he remarked: "I only wish all my clients were like M. Ollivier. He dictated as though he were delivering an oration in public. There was not a break or hesitation. My pencil moved on without a stop to the very end. There were no corrections or additions. All of which was very different from my experience with M. Zola, who dictated as if he had a big book before him, through whose pages he was searching for passages here and there which he could read out to me. Then there were modifications here and new matter inserted there, and all this without end or plan, it seemed to me, the half distracted stenographer. I never knew exactly where I was during the dictation."

A year or two later, when Emile Ollivier was called upon to make the reception speech to a new member of the French Academy, some surprise was occasioned and some criticism was indulged in because, contrary to Academic custom, he did not read his oration but delivered it with no manuscript before him and even without notes in his hand. And then I recalled how he spoke what was to have been a NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW article, but which, through a clerical error, was sent to another periodical where it duly appeared; and so I did not share the surprise of the academicians and the public which attends these ceremonies "under the cupola."

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The fine article by Rodin, which the REVIEW published, "The Gothic in the Cathedrals and Churches of France," was prepared in a manner that combined the system tried with Zola and Ollivier and the ordinary method of holding one's pen oneself. It was of course too much to expect so busy a man as this sculptor to sit down at his desk with quill and paper and write such an article. He had not had experience in composition of this sort and the task would not only have been laborious but probably unsatisfactory. Then again, Rodin did himself justice only when he was "drawn out." His head was full of ideas, many of them grand ideas, but the ideas were apt to stay in his head unless somebody or something forced them to come forth. So that article was the product of conversations with the celebrated artist held in his picturesque home on the heights of Meudon and in the big workshop in the Rue de l'Université on the banks of the Seine, at Paris. Nor

did the article undergo translation in the ordinary sense. It was written by the "direct method," so to speak, by Professor Frederick Lawton, whose knowledge of French nearly equals his very fine mastery of English, and whose acquaintance with the personality and mentality of Rodin—Mr. Lawton has written the sculptor's biography—is almost as thorough as his grasp of the two tongues just mentioned. So what Rodin said in French was immediately, *séance tenante,* put down on paper in English. If there was any doubt about word or thought, it was then and there cleared up. If a statement seemed rich if developed, Rodin was questioned, suggestions were made, and a brief phrase often became a long and striking paragraph. And when the whole article was done, it was carefully translated to the listening artist who then made any additions, corrections or explanations deemed necessary. The result was that this article is not only a remarkable exposition of the Gothic, but a curious specimen of a translation which is not a translation.

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Jean Jaurès, the celebrated French socialist leader, who, it will be remembered, was assassinated on the very eve of the World War, dictated very well, too, though he preferred to sit down with a pile of fool's-cap before him and throw off an article in his big firm handwriting at one sitting. On this subject his former private secretary, M. Lucien Bilange, wrote me as follows from the trenches of Flanders:

> When fatigued, after a long sitting of the Chamber where he had spoken or when he had just returned home from a lecture tour, Jaurès preferred to dictate to me, which he did very rapidly. Then a remarkable quality of his mind came out if he was interrupted, as was often the case, in the midst of one of these dictations. Though the subject of conversation might be quite different from that on which he was writing, the thread of thought of the latter was not broken and he would take up the matter again at the very phrase where he had stopped, it might be a half hour before, and go right on with it as if nothing had happened.

But Jaurès's flowery language, which sometimes bordered on mere verbosity, so involved his thought that it was often impossible to understand just what he meant, and I doubt if it would always have been easy for him to state exactly what was in his mind at the moment of writing certain enigmatic lines. In such cases, a whole paragraph of

words was often reduced, in the translation, to a few clear sentences, and even the severest critic would have admitted, I think, after examining the two manuscripts, that the English "arrangement in black and white," as Whistler would have said, was more acceptable than the Mallarmé obscurity of the French original.

In this respect Jean Jaurès exactly resembled Emilio Castelar, both great orators, it will be noted. But the famous Spaniard's thought was more easily grasped, for he dwelt generally on political and historical subjects, whereas the Frenchman's favorite themes were as a rule the philosophy of socialism, which by their very essence were apt to be elusive, and were hard to transfer from one language into another. So Castelar's contributions to the REVIEW also had to be considerably curtailed, simplified and edited before they appeared in these pages, as otherwise they would have surpassed in unintelligibility Henry James's "second manner."

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During the summer months of the closing year of the last century sat daily in the east wing of the Paris Foreign Office the most remarkable, at least as regards personnel, international arbitration court that was, perhaps, ever convened. I refer to the body which met to decide the Anglo-Venezuelan conflict. The tribunal consisted of five members. For Venezuela were the Chief Justice of the United States and Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court. For Great Britain were the Lord Chief Justice and Lord Justice of Appeals Collins, while the fifth member was M. de Martens, the distinguished Russian authority on international law, who, by the way, was a contributor to the REVIEW. The counsel for Venezuela was headed by ex-President Harrison, and for England by the future Lord Chief Justice, Lord Alverstone, then known as Sir Richard Webster, Attorney General. None of this brilliant group of lawyers is alive today. The official agent for Venezuela was the former Minister of Venezuela at Washington and later at Paris, Señor J. M. de Rojas, who was invited by this periodical to prepare an article on the proceedings. The article was written but never printed, for what reason I do not now recall. But the following incident I do most distinctly recall.

The evening that Señor de Rojas handed me his manuscript, he gave me this account of what happened behind the

scenes. The occurrence deserves to be recorded, as it does great credit to Chief Justice Fuller and to the United States, the then guardian of Venezuela's interests. " At the final sitting of the arbitrators, when the award was to be settled upon," said Señor de Rojas, " it was found that M. de Martens had been brought over almost wholly to the British point of view, so that the award, as originally intended, would have been a veritable disaster for Venezuela and, indirectly, for the United States too. Thereupon the Chief Justice, filled with anxiety and indignation, sprang from his seat and exclaimed in a most determined tone of voice: ' Gentlemen, such a one-sided award will throw back the cause of arbitration a century, and, which is more to the question before us, would be absolutely unjust to Venezuela. It is impossible for Justice Brewer and myself to accept such an award, and '—here the speaker raised his voice still higher —' such an award will never be accepted by the United States Senate, either; and what is more, I will see that it is not accepted! ' This threat had the desired effect, and if my country came off with some honor, though far too little, I think, it is due to the determined and uncompromising stand of Chief Justice Fuller, well seconded by Justice Brewer." I do not know whether this anecdote had its place in the article, but it is highly probable that it did not, as all the parties therein mentioned were then alive.

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But a contribution rejected in one editorial sanctum is sometimes warmly welcomed in another. The excellent article by Honoré de Balzac, " Modern Government," which appeared in these pages in the number for December, 1900, is a good example of this fact. I found it among the manuscripts of that indefatigable and eccentric Belgian collector, the late Viscount Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, who told me it had been written for a periodical of Louis Philippe's time, but had not been accepted by the editor. So what was originally intended for a French audience appeared some seventy years later before an American one, and the honorarium of 1830, which, probably, would not have done more than settle the butcher's bill of the ever-bankrupt French novelist, was large enough in 1900 to pay the year's rent, taxes included, of the Belgian's flat in the Rue d'Alger, Paris.

I might go on and speak of my relations with such other Frenchmen as the late Senator Jean Macé, author of the once popular, even in English, book entitled, *The History of a Mouthful of Bread,*" who wrote in the REVIEW on "Universal Suffrage in France"; of Georges Clemenceau, who contributed in 1897 two articles on the French navy; and of Camille Flammarion, who related in the number for January, 1890, how he became an astronomer; of Yves-Guyot and Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, the French free-traders, who have treated several economic problems in these pages; of Jules Roche, the French Deputy, who has discussed "The National Debt of France" and "Socialism and the State"; but I must stop here as I have already over-run my allotted space.

THEODORE STANTON.

A LUSTRUM

FIVE years are not a long space in the life of a man, unless to the impatient youth; only one-fourteenth part of the span prescribed by Moses. Still less are they in the life of a perennial institution like THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, which has already survived all who were living at its birth, and yet is still exultant and elate with the long thoughts of youth. But five years are sufficient time for the doing of much work, especially when there is much work to be done. We should doubt if there had been another five years in human history, since, at least, the first century of our era, which surpassed in vital and enduring moment to the welfare of mankind the period comprised by the dates 1915 and 1920. That period began with the destruction of the *Lusitania* in May, 1915; which, through the inexorable grinding of the mills of God, assured America's entrance into the Great War of Humanity against the Huns. It ended, let us say, with the President's self-slaughter of his League of Nations scheme; a happy tragedy, enabling America to face the world without fear and without reproach and say, "We are a people yet!"

We are still too close to those years and to their great events to scan their full perspective and to realize their purport. But there is none who does not feel that it is no light thing to be able merely to say, with Sièyes, "I have lived." Immeasurably greater is it to have lived and to have acted, to have been a vital, a potent, perhaps in some respects a determining part in the epochal achievements of such a time. And such is the record which this REVIEW may claim for these first five years of its second century.

It was the fortune of this periodical to be founded at a tremendous conjuncture and climax of human affairs; one of the greatest in history. Men then thought of Waterloo —and rightly—as we think or should think of the Marne.

A little later they were thinking of the Holy Alliance as we think of the League of Nations. It was a time, too, of intense intellectual activity and productivity, and of epochal inventions and enterprises in the industrial and commercial world; even as is the present time.

The men who founded THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW were deeply imbued with the spirit of that age, and it is not over-fanciful to assume that they imparted a full measure thereof to this, their literary offspring. This REVIEW was born in a great time, and was born for great things. Five years ago we recalled the story of its first century, of those who had contributed to its pages, and of its own contributions to the progress of the Nation and of the world. To-day, avoiding alike the reproach of the egoist and of the too great eulogist of time past, we may justifiably claim that its second century has begun in a manner not unworthy of its first, and that the lustrum just past has been second in interest, in importance and in influence to none of its twenty predecessors.

There was the War. Beyond doubt it overshadowed every other interest and topic in the world. It would have been an affectation, a stultification, had not this REVIEW recognized that fact and accordingly given to the War the first place in its attention. Our readers will testify that it did so. Before America was involved as an actual belligerent, THE REVIEW strove to present the causes, the circumstances and the issues of the War, with completeness and with clarity, and, in accordance with its ancient principle, with all possible impartiality. If it printed Wayne MacVeagh's scathing arraignment of German "frightfulness," it also printed Houston Stewart Chamberlain's pro-German attack upon England. The articles by Norman Angell on the neutrality of the high seas, by David Jayne Hill on international morality, by Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton on the Kaiser's psychosis, by Henry M. Hyndman on British secret diplomacy, and by John Galsworthy on the psychology of England in the war, were a few of the contributions of this journal to the Nation's clear seeing and right thinking.

When at last the inevitable crisis came, detesting the necessity, yet recognizing it, THE REVIEW strove to bear the Fiery Cross throughout the land, to arouse the national conscience, the national spirit, the national militancy, for a victorious waging of the most righteous war in the world's

annals against the wickedest foe that ever menaced humanity. Its *ad patriam* appeal was direct, intense, and multiform. John Grier Hibben wrote on the Higher Patriotism. Lindley M. Garrison discussed Problems of National Defence. Charles W. Eliot told How We should be Prepared. Albert Bushnell Hart contributed a Defence of the Monroe Doctrine. Major-General John F. O'Ryan considered the Role of the National Guard; Rear-Admiral C. F. Goodrich the Future of the Battleship; Franklin D. Roosevelt the Future of the Submarine; Charles O. Haines the Relation of the Railroads to National Defence; Representative John J. Fitzgerald the Fiscal Policy of Congress. Arthur H. Pollen, the foremost British authority, discussed the needs of our Navy from his expert point of view, and Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske contributed a notable series of articles on practically every pertinent theme of naval need, naval duty, and potentiality of naval achievement. Such were some of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW'S replies to Lord Northcliffe's suggestive article on what was likely to happen if America entered the war.

There were other aspects of the war and of war problems, urgent and commanding. There were the Liberty Loans and national finance in general, expertly considered by Benjamin Strong. There were the vast problems of railroad administration, authoritatively discussed by William Z. Ripley, Samuel O. Dunn and others. The perils of espionage engaged the attention of John B. Stanchfield, while David Jayne Hill wrote of the protection of American citizens. Proceeding to more abstract yet not less pertinent themes, William Dean Howells dwelt upon the significant conjuncture of America and Great Britain in the war, fulfilling the dream and the desire of Jefferson of more than ninety years before. In the domain of pure philosophy in public matters were various notable contributions, such as Philip Marshall Brown's on Democracy and Diplomacy, Joseph Jastrow's Pacifist Defence of Americanism, and Miss Margaret Sherwood's incomparable appeal for the conservation of our spiritual resources.

But American though it be in name and in fact, the outlook of this REVIEW, as of this continent, is upon all the world; wherefore it addressed itself to the interests of other Nations than our own in the World War and in its various

settlements. There was no more pertinent theme than that of the relations between Austria-Hungary and Serbia, nor could it have been more authoritatively discussed than by George Macaulay Trevelyan. The two sides of one of the most contentious of all post-bellum settlements were presented by the Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese in behalf of Italy and Italia Irredenta, and by V. R. Savic for the Jugo-Slav interests in the Adriatic. Gilbert Murray discussed the status of the British aristocracy in the war; Charles Johnston considered first Russia's position on the edge of the revolutionary abyss, and then her plight under the sway of Sovietism; Jerusalem and the Holy Land engaged the attention of Johan F. Scheltema; Admiral Sir Percy Scott told of the war as he had seen it from his place of duty; Demetrius C. Boulger told the story of the ill-starred Antwerp expedition; Shane Leslie discussed the pro-ally status of Irish Nationalists; Lady Kennard contributed a fascinating Roumanian wartime diary; St. John Ervine wrote of the effects of the war upon literature; H. Addington Bruce considered the psychology of the Red Cross movement; while one of the rarest masterpieces of our time was that realist-psychical study of "The Wing of Death" by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant.

Directly relating to post-bellum settlements and future conditions was an impressive array of articles, American, European and Asiatic. Sidney Webb discussed the trade of the world after the war; Gilbert K. Chesterton the Real Secret Diplomacy, and plans for the next war; Emile Boutroux the status of the nations after the war; Edwin S. Corwin the freedom of the seas, and William Roscoe Thayer warned the nation and the world against a "Judas peace." Stephane Lauzanne discussed the relations of France to the peace treaty and gave his vivid impressions of the peace conference; Marcel Knecht drew striking sketches of the French Peace Commissioners; Miss Gertrude Slaughter told us of the significance of Fiume; Baron Rosen discussed Bolshevism and the other problems of Russia after the war; and the great controversy in the Far East was illuminated with contributions by Jeremiah W. Jenks on Japan in action and Japan and her neighbor, by K. K. Kawakami on Japan in China, and by J. C. Ferguson on Japan's use of her hegemony; while the problems of the "Lumber Room of Europe" were set forth by Professor A. Andreades in his

discussion of Greece, Bulgaria and the Price of Nationality. Nor, seeing how vigorously this REVIEW had promoted intelligent and efficient prosecution of the war, was there any neglect of the no less important work of counselling America's wise course through the mazes of peacemaking and world-readjustment; in which the keen analyses of the Peace Treaty and the Covenant, by David Jayne Hill, James M. Beck and others contributed powerfully, as we must believe, to the ultimate triumph of American Nationality and thus performed a service comparable in enduring value with that of our soldiers in the field.

What we might term the by-products and the aftermath of the war received due consideration in John Galsworthy's discussion of the balance sheet of the soldier-workman; Barbara Spofford Morgan's presentation of the problem of the returned soldier; Joseph S. Auerbach's consideration of our welcome to the soldiers; Katherine Mayo's striking contributions of Demobilization and the State Police, and Under the Yellow Flag; Dr. W. W. Keen's on the fight against infection; William J. Mayo's on the Right to Health; and Howell Cheney's on Compulsory Health Insurance. The alien within our gates, both friend and foe, received attention in Miss Frances Kellor's discussion of the problems of immigration in reconstruction, and Chase S. Osborn's of the question whether deportation was the cure for the evils of sedition.

But the war had no monopoly of public and of national interests. Had all these articles and the many more relating to the Protean aspects of that great struggle been omitted from its pages, THE REVIEW would still have presented an impressive array of the most authoritative and practical essays on political and civic themes of commanding moment. Nor has this REVIEW been in these years a purely political, diplomatic, economical, civic publication. On the contrary, its pages have teemed with the richest products of literature and art as far removed from war and politics as though these latter had never been. The body of man lives not by bread alone, and his mind not alone upon the so-called practical topics of current interest. *Inter arma, literae non silent.* There were time and space amid the hurly-burly for a wealth of imaginative literature, of science and philosophy and art, of historical reminiscence, of criticism and of fiction. Arthur Symons could write on

Verlaine and Baudelaire, Rossetti, and Browning, and Coventry Patmore. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch could discuss the workmanship of many of Shakespeare's plays. Frederic Harrison could write of Friar Bacon, G. W. E. Russell of John Bright, A. C. Swinburne (from a posthumous manuscript) of Christopher Marlowe, Clara Gruening Stillman of Samuel Butler, Helen McAfee of Tchekhov, Edith Wyatt of John Muir and Thoreau and Walt Whitman, Charles Wharton Stork of Gustav Fröding, William Lyon Phelps of Browning, Schopenhauer and Music, and of Archibald Marshall, Herbert L. Stewart of Thomas Hardy, St. John Ervine of many literary personages whom he has known, William Roscoe Thayer and Elihu Root of Theodore Roosevelt.

On more abstract planes of thought President A. Lawrence Lowell wrote of Culture, as though "Kultur" had never marred the world; Philip S. Moxom of a modern conception of God, Felix Grendon, of the conception of God found in the writings of Samuel Butler; H. B. Marriott Watson reviewed the relationship between orthodox science and psychical research, James H. Hyslop gave his expert views of the results of psychical research, and John Burroughs contributed a matchless series of articles on nature and ethics. Vincente Blasco Ibanez gave the REVIEW with his powerful sketch of "The Curse of Spain"; Vernon Lee offered fascinating pictures of some of the most interesting places in the world as they were before the war; and the best poems of Amy Lowell, Alfred Noyes, William Dean Howells, Alan Seeger, and a host of other singers, lyric and dramatic, here found first utterance to the listening world.

Five years of the world. Five years of humanity. Five years of America. Five years of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. They seem brief as a watch in the night, now that their tale is told—their tale, their tally, of numbers. But when their tale, their record of achievement, is told even so briefly, fragmentarily and imperfectly as in these present pages, it seems a story to make us all glad to have been alive, to have seen these things, and to have been ourselves some part of them.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

An epidemic of "outlaw" strikes has been sweeping the country, chiefly begun without warning and without any expressed reason, and generally aimed at causing as much inconvenience, loss and suffering as possible, not to the employers or to capitalists but to the public. They appear to have been planned and incited by some hidden agency, all meetings and deliberations being in secret, and the strikers themselves generally declaring that they did not know who had ordered them out, or why it had been done. They were also begun contrary to the wishes of the chief bodies of "organized labor," the Railroad Brotherhoods and the American Federation of Labor, and indeed to have been directed against them as much as against the employers. Three things were, however, from the first unmistakable. One was, that it was a deplorable mistake to drop the anti-strike provision from the new Railroad law. Even the Railroad Brotherhoods which formerly opposed those provisions recognized that fact, and clamored for the enforcement of some law against the "outlaw" strikers; apparently on the naïve theory that they themselves should be free to strike, but that nobody else should, under penalty. The second point was, that by their years of teaching men the right to strike and the right to oppose constituted authorities the Brotherhoods and the Federation played the part of Frankenstein and incited the men to strike, in the last resort, against themselves. The third, suggested by the demands of the "outlaws" for Government ownership of utilities and industries, was the most serious of all. By its readiness to yield to the threat of strikes and to grant all the demands of the men, the Administration seems to have persuaded certain classes of workmen that they can get more from Government ownership than from private ownership. Their demand for Government ownership is thus based

solely upon the sordid principle that the Government is an "easy mark"; for which unflattering estimate of it the Administration is itself responsible. It may be, however, that the "outlaw" strikes, detestable and disastrous as they have been, will serve the useful purpose of causing an all around "showdown," and of expediting a determination of the question whether the great public utilities and industries of this country are to be dominated by a faction for its selfish and sordid pleasure or are to be operated subject to the common law for the welfare of the whole people.

The attempted revolution in Germany happily failed. However faulty the present Government may be, the success of the revolutionists would have been the proverbial leap from the frying-pan into the fire. It served, meantime, two useful purposes. It revealed to the world the low morale of the German nation, and it gave the German Government opportunity to exercise and to exhibit the duplicity and bad faith which seem inseparable from it. The not unnatural suspicion that the whole revolt was a piece of collusion may have been unfounded. But there can be no question that the Berlin Government on being restored tried to trade upon the disturbed condition of the country so as to evade the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, particularly in its pretense of dealing with the Spartacan riots in the Ruhr region. The overwhelming weight of credible testimony was to the effect that there was not the slightest need of sending German armies thither, and we must assume that they were sent for the chief if not the sole sake of violating the treaty under the pretext of a necessity which did not exist.

This Hunnish trickery had the effect of rousing France to protest and to something more than verbal protest; and the supremely significant thing was that France did so at her own initiative and alone. It has been intimated that neither our President, who by right had nothing to say about it, nor the British Government, which has shown an unfortunate tendency to disagree with its great Ally, approved M. Millerand's course. So much the worse for them, for M. Millerand—and Marshal Foch—were right. Germany's conduct was unquestionably a gross violation of the treaty, and it was one which was directly and particularly menacing—and in all probability was meant to be menacing

—to France. To pretend that France should have done nothing about it without the counsel and cooperation of the other Powers would be equivalent to saying that a man should not put out a fire which he caught an incendiary kindling at the side of his house until he had called the neighbors together to discuss what kind of an extinguisher should be used. Some have foolishly charged that France acted as she did because she was excited and "rattled." On the contrary, she did so because she was quite cool, collected and resolute.

The demand for a bonus for all who served in the Great War continues to be pressed, and to be opposed, both within and without the ranks of the American Legion. It is difficult to avoid the impression that some of the advocates of such a scheme, especially outside of the Legion, are moved by political considerations. It is also difficult to defend the proposition in its present form even on the ground of pecuniary justice to the men. The argument is that the men were taken away from profitable occupations to serve the Government at much lower wages, and that they should be remunerated for the money loss which they thus sustained; and it is added that many of them have been unable to get employment again at as good wages as before, and that they are sorely in need of the bonus to enable them to make a fresh start in business. Now that is doubtless true in some cases, but in others it is not true. Some men got better pay in the army than they had been getting before they entered it. Some are more prosperous now than they were before the war. While any man could of course make use of a bonus, many of them are not really in need of it. To pay an equal bonus to all, regardless of these conditions, would therefore be inequitable. Years ago a prominent Member of Congress incurred the ridicule of his opponents as "Horizontal Bill" because he advocated a "horizontal reduction" of all tariff rates by the same percentage, entirely regardless of the effect upon revenue or protection. The same objection applies to the paying of a flat rate bonus to all soldiers, unless, of course, it is based upon an entirely different ground from that generally urged. Meanwhile it is interesting to observe that disapproval of the whole scheme is rapidly increasing within the ranks of the Legion. Local organizations of the Legion in various parts

of the country have adopted resolutions against it and are conducting a systematic and vigorous campaign against it. They see that scores of thousands of more or less disabled soldiers are suffering piteously for lack of the vocational training which the Government promised them but has not yet given them; that the Army and Navy are suffering depletion and demoralization because of the insufficient pay of the officers; and that the whole nation is overburdened with war taxation. In these circumstances they regard with disfavor a proposal which would either greatly increase taxation or add another billion or two to the national debt. That attitude, to employ a time-worn phrase, is worthy of the best traditions of the American Army and Navy.

A real epoch in higher education has been marked by the action of Oxford University in dropping compulsory Greek from its entrance requirements. This was effected after long agitation and dispute, by a vote which while far from unanimous was sufficiently decisive to banish all thoughts of reconsideration or reversal. And since Oxford has done this, what other institution in the world can be counted upon to hold out for what Mr. Charles Francis Adams many years ago called a "College Fetich"? The incident is the more noteworthy because during the years of the Great War there has been in many quarters a revival of devotion to the Classics and other "Humanities," on the by no means weak or unworthy ground that it was the persistence of Great Britain and France in those studies that gave those nations a so much higher moral, ethical and spiritual tone than that of Germany, which was given so largely to the material sciences. Since there is no reason to suspect that Oxford means to relapse into Hunnishness, we must suppose that it has confidence that the abolition of compulsory Greek will not diminish but will on the contrary actually increase the study of that language and literature. Such, indeed, was the case in France, less than a score of years ago. Both Greek and Latin were stricken from the required list for the baccalaureate degree. For a time there was a great falling off from the pursuit of those studies. But then a storm of complaints and protests arose, not from the Classicists but from the Scientists. Engineers, chemists and other practitioners and teachers of the material sciences complained that their pupils and apprentices, not hav-

ing studied the classics, were far less efficient than before. Teachers of French and other modern languages made the same complaint of their pupils; not having studied Greek and Latin, they could not satisfactorily master French and English. So a demand arose from the technical and scientific schools that their pupils should be thoroughly versed in the classics. There was no change in the law, but the parents took the matter in hand, and compelled their children to elect the classics, with the result that in a short time those studies were more generally and certainly more thoroughly pursued than when they had been on the compulsory list. It will be interesting to see if something of the sort happens in England.

The investigation into the conduct of the Navy during the war, which was brought about by Admiral Sims, seems to be approaching irresistibly the conclusion that at our entry into the war, despite our two years' warning, the Navy was disgracefully unprepared, and that after our entry it suffered seriously from lack of plans of campaign, and from hesitancy and delay in making vital decisions. Some officers of high rank, it is true, have expressed the opinion that it was well prepared, even as well prepared as that of Great Britain. We have no doubt that some of the ships were in perfect trim, and that a large proportion of the officers and men were equal in efficiency to any in the world. Against these opinions of readiness must be set, however, the facts of record that many of the ships required weeks or months to fit them for service, that the supply of ammunition was altogether inadequate, and that the personnel was numerically far below even a peace basis. This last circumstance, one of the most serious of all, appears to have been chargeable directly to the Secretary of the Navy, who had persistently discouraged any increase of the enlisted personnel. Some officers have also insisted that suitable plans of campaign were in existence at the beginning of the war; but if so, they certainly seem to have been kept from the knowledge of two of the officers most concerned with them, the Chief of Naval Operations, and the chief liaison officer in London. Responsibility for these melancholy conditions must rest upon the Secretary of the Navy, excepting in so far as it rests upon the President himself. Hitherto

"Sir Josephus" has been commonly regarded as a joke. He now seems to have come perilously near to being a disaster.

The Bolshevists are making desperate efforts to secure recognition, or even the quasi-recognition implied in the resumption of trade, and are making all sorts of promises, or offers of promises, to be good in a dozen different ways, if the Powers will only be good to them. These overtures should deceive nobody. They are simply a counsel of despair. Soviet Russia is economically a ghastly failure, and is now trembling upon the verge of utter collapse. It has meant from the first inefficiency, dishonesty, decreased production, increased cost of living, and is at the point of meaning outright bankruptcy. These circumstances have been aggravated by the fact that instead of devoting their energies chiefly to economic progress the Bolshevists have adopted a more militaristic policy than ever did the Czar, and have made it their prime object to create a vast army for the conquest of the world. In this mad ambition they have hoped to be aided by the proletarian insurrections and strikes which their secret agents, supplied with stolen gold, have been endeavoring to foment in the United States and other countries. The question before the Powers is whether they shall give the Soviet infamy another lease of life, by entering into relations with it, or shall stand sternly aloof until through its own intrinsic rottenness the thing falls into merited dissolution and makes room for a decent democracy of the Russian people.

The suspension of five Socialist members of the New York State Assembly has been followed by their final expulsion from that body, and by the proposal to enact legislation which would debar them from reëlection and would practically outlaw the Socialist party as at present constituted. Whatever may have been the deserts of the five men, there is no doubt that the weight of judicious opinion was against the action of the Assembly in expelling them. It was an inordinate straining of a Constitutional provision to hold that the Assembly had a right to consider their political opinions as "qualifications" for seats in that House upon which it was entitled to pass. On the same theory, a Democratic majority might expel Republicans. Beyond

question, a Prohibitionist majority might expel "wet" members, on the ground that they were opposed to an article of the Constitution and were therefore disqualified from taking the oath to support that instrument. Of course, if the political principles and purposes of these men were seditious or disloyal, they were unfit to serve. But sedition and treason are matters to be determined and dealt with by the courts of justice, and not by a committee of the State Assembly. The proposed anti-Socialist legislation is also a matter which should command the most thoughtful deliberation on both sides. We cannot tolerate having political liberty tampered with, even on the pretext of suppressing sedition. Neither, on the other hand, can we permit sedition to flourish under the pretext of political liberty. It is a time and a theme for heart-searching, for Socialists and Anti-Socialists alike.

It is a part of the irony of the present international situation that at the very time when a wise and patriotic campaign has been successfully conducted for the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, our relations with the States on whose account that Doctrine was enunciated should be made less satisfactory than they have been for many years. With Mexico we have, of course, long been at loggerheads. By our arbitrary and unsympathetic course, especially by compelling them to abandon their finely auspicious and beneficent International Court of Justice, we have alienated the Central American States and moved them to seek the formation of a new arbitral league from which we shall be excluded. We have been rebuffed from the exercise of any good offices for the settlement of the chief controversy which now vexes South America, one of the principal States of that continent somewhat curtly informing us that it needs and desires none of our meddling in its affairs. Yet a decade ago our relations with nearly all those countries were intimate and confident. Some day a philosophic historian may trace and analyze the connection between a persistent policy of antipathy toward the countries embraced in the principles of the Monroe Doctrine, and an attempt to betray, denounce and abrogate the Doctrine itself.

Daylight saving must now become a national issue. Since the unfortunate refusal of Congress to continue the salu-

tary system, chaos has prevailed. Some States have adopted the new system, and others have refused to do so. In some States local option on the subject prevails, each community determining for itself how it will set its clocks. Thus it may be noon in one city when it is eleven a. m. in the adjoining city. A railroad train may leave one station at noon and reach the next, a mile or two further on, at five minutes after eleven a. m. Some roads run some of their trains on the one and some on the other schedule, so that the five o'clock express and the six o'clock local leave the terminal at the same moment. Such confusion entails endless inconvenience and no little loss, and may at any time cause disaster. Its perpetuation would be intolerable. There must be a uniform national standard of time, and it will doubtless ultimately be that which best serves the convenience and economy of the greatest number of the people.

President Wilson declares that France is given over to militarism and imperialism, and is about as bad as Germany was at the beginning of the war; to which representative Frenchmen reply that America is governed by a madman. Mr. Lloyd George refuses to let the British Government cooperate with the French in compelling Germany to respect the Treaty of Versailles; and Frenchmen regard him as having betrayed them. Belgium sides with France, and Italy with Great Britain. In respect to Russian policy, and Turkish policy, and other matters of prime importance, there is no agreement among the Powers. In brief, the "Allied and Associated Powers" which two years ago were apparently on terms of perfect confidence and cooperation are now jarring and jangling and working at cross purposes. Such is the result of the insane attempt at "expecting all things in an hour" in the political, social and economic reorganization of the entire world as a prerequisite of peace, instead of rationally restoring peace first of all, and letting these other things await the orderly progress of events. The outlook would be disheartening and ominous beyond description if it were not for a cheerful confidence that the nations are wiser than the politicians, and are able to distinguish between speeches which are made for Buncombe and those which really voice the mind and the will of the people.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

MY QUARTER CENTURY OF AMERICAN POLITICS. By Champ Clark. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Genial humanity and wisdom, shrewd and kindly observation of men and affairs—these are the outstanding qualities of Champ Clark's reminiscences. The wisdom varies in comprehensiveness and in degree of illumination; the humanity is constant, and here lies the greater wisdom—in the attitude toward life. If one looks in vain for political profundities in these volumes one may be grateful for the absence of political cynicisms and political hypocrisies, and one finds the narrative rich in estimates, intuitive and practical, of real men—even if, as a critic, one shudders at the dictum that *The Pleasures of Hope* is "the finest long poem in our vernacular" or detects a certain surplusage of enthusiasm in the statement that "to the end of time men will read with interest, and women with tears, *Lucile* and *Eugene Aram*."

The books that influenced Champ Clark most were the Bible, Wirt's *Life of Patrick Henry,* and a very small red book containing the Articles of Confederation, the Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, and Washington's Farewell Address. Of this last book, his father said to him: "I want you to read this book. Next to the Bible it is the best one I know of."

What an education certain men got in those days when some few things were considered great and essential! Nowadays, when Greek is scarcely any longer considered even a feather in a man's cap, it may be well to call passing attention to the fact that Champ Clark received a grade of 100 in Greek from that fastidious professor, Dr. John H. Neville. Dr. William Benjamin Smith, now professor emeritus of astronomy at Tulane University, and on the Carnegie Foundation, got the same grade. In 1870, it was clear to all the students of Transylvania University that highest honors at graduation the next year lay between John O. Hopkins (subsequently professor of Greek in Butler University) and Champ Clark. Clark and Hopkins figured out their averages together, and the latter, finding that Clark was ahead of him by one per cent, decided to drop back a year, thus making sure of a distinction that would be of use to him in the profession he intended to engage in. Meanwhile, Clark was expelled because of a shooting affray which, though it would appear somewhat unconventional, to say the least, to modern collegians, had no relish or wickedness in it. The result was that first honors went to James Lane Allen the novelist.

Clark graduated from Bethany College, with the highest honors, in 1873, and shortly afterward, at the age of twenty-three, became president of Marshall College, West Virginia.

After one year of service, at the not princely salary of thirteen hundred dollars a year, Mr. Clark, declining re-election to the presidency of Marshall College, entered the Cincinnati Law School, from which he was graduated, at the head of his class, in 1875. For a time he taught school in the city of Louisiana, Missouri, in which place he hung out his lawyer's shingle in July, 1876. He became successively city attorney of the two cities of Louisiana and Bowling Green, presidential elector, member of the legislature, permanent chairman of the St. Louis Democratic National Convention of 1904, Representative in Congress, and Speaker of the House. The country has not forgotten how near he came to obtaining the Presidential nomination in the Democratic National Convention of 1912.

The career thus briefly outlined was rich in experience rather than striking in achievement. A fighting spirit, honesty of purpose, a certain breadth of mind, and a quick grasping of opportunity seem to explain it adequately. About his achievements, indeed, Mr. Clark makes no great ado. He does not even adhere closely to the chronological in his narration: he digresses freely, inserts anecdotes out of the expected sequence, interposes chapters upon some of the notable figures of his time, or upon such subjects as "Wit and Humor in Congress," "Cloak Room Stories," "Heredity in American Politics." He has written not an oration *De Corona* in the guise of reminiscences, but a book of mellow and remarkably impartial recollections, simply truth-telling and racily self-expressive. As chatty as Justin McCarthy, Mr. Clark makes few sweeping pronouncements or elaborate analyses, but tells the substance of his own life and of the events in which he was concerned with a frankness which reveals everything in the light of decent moral standards and of practical judgment. A young man desiring to know what political life is like, what its standards are, what mental and moral qualities are required in it, might profit more by the reading of this book than by any formal course of study in a university. Such a reader would receive unquestionably not only the right ideas, but the right spirit as well. The book is Champ Clark's own story, and seldom is so much of the wisdom of experience and observation so unpretentiously offered. No one will rise from the reading of this book without having gained, as the sum of its effect upon him, a somewhat more realistic and at the same time a somewhat more wisely tolerant attitude toward the great American game of politics. The world we live in is to be neither idealized nor scorned: the art most to be desired is the art of living without either craving unduly the illusions this world presents or trying to get along altogether without them. This art Mr. Clark seems to have mastered, and while not exactly a historian or a philosopher, he proves himself a wise man.

Mr. Clark's anecdotes, of which he has an unlimited supply, are for the most part as much his own as were those of Mark Twain or of Lincoln: stories of Kentucky feuds, of the "seamy side of life" as revealed to him in the course of his work as a prosecuting attorney, tales of odd characters from humble walks of life, of "half-forgotten

statesmen," or of still remembered personages. To select and relate a few of these stories would be but to misrepresent the whole. The two volumes of the autobiography are a perfect storehouse of human lore; it is remarkable how many practical lessons may be enforced by anecdotes taken from its pages. Yet Mr. Clark is not one of those who "talk too wise."

In portraiture of personalities, the author displays no extraordinary penetration; but he is quite free from the ambition of "drawing up antithetical characters of great men," and he shows a sense of proportion, a moderation and sagacity in distinguishing the primary qualities, that give weight and interest to his characterizations. It seems a true instinct that caused him to place at the head of one chapter the sentence: "One of the finest gentlemen that ever occupied the White House was William Howard Taft." His account of Roosevelt is not the usual panegyric; it is upon the whole something more worthy. Occasionally there are oddly illuminating statements in these sketches. To many, perhaps, Roosevelt's description of Robert E. Lee as "the very greatest of all the great captains that the English speaking peoples have brought forth," has seemed to be merely the result of one of those spontaneous eulogistic impulses which it is generally safe to indulge. Mr. Clark, however, after quoting from Roosevelt's *Life of Thomas Hart Benton* the sentence in which this generous phrase occurs, deposes as follows: "That is not only one of the finest sentences he ever wrote, considered entirely from a literary standpoint, but one of the most courageous considered from a political point of view." And after reading Mr. Clark's explanation of the matter, one is fain to agree. Of much interest, too, and remarkable for impartial and measured statement is his account of the McKinley-Hanna-Sherman imbroglio, with its incidental portraiture of the men. Thomas Brackett Reed, that "masterful great man," is drawn with sympathy and apparently with great fidelity.

Mr. Clark's "close-ups" are memorable; they show their subjects not posed, but in their natural attitudes and with their natural expressions. So in his observations about the House of Representatives in general, the author is concrete, and his generalizations are obviously related to facts. "First and last," he says, "there have sat in the House six humorists of the first order: Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Corwin, Samuel Sullivan Cox, James Proctor Knott, 'Private' John Allen, and Frank Cushman of Washington." Perhaps none of these men deserves to be classed with Lincoln as a humorist, and it is perhaps an open question whether Lincoln deserves to be classed with some of them from any point of view. But if the list seems a quaint one, it leads to such an assemblage of interesting material as few men aside from Mr. Clark could present. It is one of the virtues of this book that it gives the good with the bad, the rough with the fine, not without discrimination but without prejudice. Of the House as a whole, one gets an impression of dignity and efficiency. "When you first look over a new House," said Speaker Crisp, whom Mr. Clark quotes with approval, "you wonder how half of them got there; but after you come to know the members well you will find that, barring a few accidental members, they are strong in specialties." There is plenty

of wit and humor in the House, there is brilliancy and force, and occasionally there is a certain want of amenity—of which Mr. Clark does not spare to tell us. There is, for example, the case of the representative who, being interrupted in a furious tariff speech by a question as to whether the first reaper was not invented during the Walker Free Trade Tariff by Cyrus McCormick, a Virginian—a question which, as it happened, he could not answer without ruining the effect of his speech—bawled out: "Well, isn't that richness? What do you know about it anyway?" There was no malice in the matter: the author of this sally and Clark, its victim, afterward became good friends. But amenity! Doubtless, in more ways than one, the House is human.

If much of what Mr. Clark tells us is interesting and important chiefly as affording insight into the hurlyburly of politics and its human reactions, if much is simply anecdote (of the kind that tickles the ribs and sobers the understanding), there is not a little that is significant historically. Mr. Clark is a bold commentator when he chooses. "If Lovell H. Rousseau," he writes, "had never recruited his Louisville legion, if old Frank Wolford and Thomas E. Bramlett had never established Camp Dick Robinson, Kentucky would have seceded and the Ohio River would have been an impassable barrier to the invading armies. If Frank Blair had never captured Camp Jackson—for it was Blair who conceived and carried out that great strategic movement, and not Gen. Nathaniel Lyon of New England, as the Northern history books say—Missouri would have joined the Confederacy under the lead of Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson and Gen. Sterling Price, the peerless soldier, and with her vast resources to command, Lee's soldiers would not have been starved and frozen into a surrender. . . . When Abraham Lincoln said in his first inaugural address: 'I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists, he did more for the preservation of the Union than was done by all the speeches, great and small, delivered since the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel." Even Bostonians of the old school may be tickled by the author's comment upon another heroic exploit: "If this had happened in New England, I suppose that the world would not be able to contain the books that would have been written about it."

The great split in the Republican Party, which was consummated at the Chicago convention of 1912, had its inception in the Rules Revolution in the House, which began in 1908 and achieved success on March 19, 1910. Since Clark, as minority leader, conducted the attack, his account of the ins and outs of the fight, its tactics and its motives, is of prime interest, even apart from the claim which the victory gave him upon the Democratic nomination in 1912. Whatever may be thought of the justice of this claim—and it is certainly just according to the ethics of party politics—no fair-minded person can read without sympathy Mr. Clark's account of the Baltimore Convention. "Bryan's malicious slanders did it. . . . Bryan's animus against me at Baltimore grew out of two facts. First, he could not pull me around by the nose in my conduct as Speaker. Second, his ambition to be nominated himself." Such is the substance of the charge, and the details seem

adequate. The narrative at this point is outspoken, but its tone is never peevish. Indeed it is remarkable how little of the bitterness of controversy or the roughness of saw-edged sarcasm there is in any part of Mr. Clark's book. The most telling sentence in the whole work occurs not in the story of the convention, but at the end of the last chapter, where, in relation to a newspaper story that he had gone to Trenton to fight Bryan's appointment to the Cabinet, he writes: "The man who wrote that did not have sense enough to know that the Speakership of the House of Representatives is a much bigger place than is any Cabinet position, and he was not well enough acquainted with me to know that I would not accept all ten Cabinet portfolios rolled into one, for I would not be a clerk for any man."

It is not too much to say that many a man who heaved a sigh of relief when Mr. Clark lost the Democratic Presidential nomination in Baltimore would have been glad to vote for him if he could have known the Clark self-portrayed and self-expressed in these volumes.

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE. By Edward J. Dillon. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Most books upon international politics, upon treaties and diplomatic negotiations, are, like the books of war correspondents, confusing to the general reader. The carefully guarded generalities, the multifarious details, the epigrammatic comments, taken altogether are frequently less than illuminating. Dr. Dillon's book is based upon better and fuller information and is more lucid in statement than are most works of the kind. If its somewhat journalistic and semi-methodical treatment of topics seems designed rather to influence than to instruct opinion, one has to remember that such subject-matter as the author has to deal with scarcely admits of so simple and clear-cut a presentation as was seen, for example, in Mr. James M. Beck's *The Evidence in the Case;* for historic perspective, we must wait. But by virtue of his inside knowledge, his ruthless uncovering of weaknesses, his keenness in criticism, he well deserves to be called the Junius of the Peace Conference.

The plenipotentiaries who at Paris shaped, or attempted to shape, the destinies of Europe seem to have been curiously unfitted for the task. Each was obsessed by his own political problems. "M. Clemenceau made France the hub of the universe. Mr. Lloyd George harbored schemes which naturally identified the welfare of mankind with the hegemony of the English-speaking races. Signor Orlando was inspired by the 'sacred egotism' which had actuated all Italian Cabinets since Italy entered the war. President Wilson was burning to associate his name and also that of his country with the vastest and noblest enterprise inscribed in the annals of history." They were ignorant of the conditions surrounding the problems they attempted to solve. "The President and the Premiers, though specialists in nothing, had to act as specialists in everything." They had little recourse to men possessed of special information. Commissions were appointed to investigate and report upon special problems, and then their reports were either ignored or rejected. The heads of the

Conference wasted months in informal conversations, of which no minutes were kept, avoiding important issues, and then improvised hasty solutions. Meanwhile, the world in general and the delegates of the smaller states in particular were kept in the dark by a strict censorship. These men "raised procrastination to the level of a theory." They were at the same time secret and inept. "How ingrained in the plenipotentiaries was what, for want of a better word, may be termed their proneness to conspirative and circuitous action may be inferred from the record of their official and unofficial conversations and acts. When holding converse with Kolchak's authorized agents in Paris, they would lay down hard conditions, which they described as immutable; and yet when communicating with the Admiral direct they would submit to him terms considerably less irksome, unknown to his Paris advisers, thus mystifying both and occasioning friction between them." But then history and Kolchak shared the same fate; both were ignored.

In all this, the principal charge made against President Wilson, that Puritanically obstinate defender of idealism, is pusillanimity. Surely Junius himself could not have framed an indictment with a nicer touch. Of its truth the reader can best judge for himself; but it seems clear that idealism must be of all things consistent. "It is my belief," writes Dr. Dillon, "that if Mr. Wilson had persisted in making his League project the cornerstone of the new world structure and in applying his principles without favor, the Italians would have accepted it almost without discussion, and the other states would have followed their example."

Whether the impartial application of such principle was under the circumstances feasible, is perhaps a debatable question. President Wilson was compelled to yield to Great Britain on the subject of the freedom of the seas and some other chiefly British questions; he was constrained to give France nearly all that she wanted in the way of guarantees, including the Saar Valley. In spite of the Fourteen Points, Japan had her way in Asia. Italy could be forced to yield only because of her economic dependence upon Great Britain and the United States. Some of the smaller states, who were otherwise situated, proved singularly unamenable.

The nationalistic attitudes of France and Great Britain, once those Powers were measurably satisfied, had the effect of placing the other nations to a great extent in the hands of President Wilson. "At the Conference . . . the President of the United States possessed what was practically a veto on nearly all matters that left the vital interests of Britain and France intact. And he frequently exercised it. Thus, the dispute about the Thracian settlement lay not between Bulgaria and Greece, nor between Greece and the Supreme Council, but between Greece and Mr. Wilson. In quarrel over Fiume and the Dalmatian coast it was the same. When the Shantung question came up for settlement, it was Mr. Wilson who dealt with it, his colleagues, though bound by their promises to support Japan, having made him their mouthpiece. . . . The rigor he displayed in dealing with some of the smaller countries was in inverse ratio to the indulgence he practised toward the Great Powers."

It can hardly be denied that the smaller nations came off badly at the Conference, and that their disgust greatly tended to undermine that public confidence in the League which is essential to its support. The delegates of these smaller countries complained, with much color of reason, of "Conferential Tsarism." They were told in so many words that the decision of all important questions lay with the states that had the most soldiers. Belgium was somewhat shabbily treated, Roumania was offended and made recalcitrant, Poland was trifled with. Other small states were ignored. Shall we take the behavior of the Conference as a measure of what the League will do? Why not?

And what has been the net result? Dr. Dillon's reply to this question sums up in concentrated bitterness the force of five hundred pages of narrative and analysis: "Whatever the tests one applies to the work of the Conference—ethical, social, or political—they reveal it as a factor eminently calculated to sap high interests, to weaken the moral nerve of the present generation, to fan the flames of national and racial hatred, to dig an abyss between the classes and the masses, and to throw open the sluice-gates to the inrush of anarchist internationalities."

In all literature only a few have ever attacked an institution or a political course of action more subtly, more energetically, or more effectively than has Dr. Dillon in his inside story of the Conference.

WALT WHITMAN: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By Leon Bazalgette. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

American appreciation of Whitman has always been helped by foreign appreciation, and even now the time is not past when Americans need arousing, and may be aroused, to a larger recognition of Whitman's significance. While one would not think of the poet of *Leaves of Grass* as especially akin to the French genius, the excellent work done in English literature by French scholars in recent years leads one to hope for much in M. Bazalgette's book.

So far as the setting and atmosphere are concerned, M. Bazalgette's account of Whitman might have been written by an American brought up in the neighborhood of Brooklyn. There is hardly a false—by which one means in this case an un-American—accent in the whole work. An old friend of Whitman's might have written it, so thoroughly has the author steeped himself in his subject, so perfectly has he caught not merely the spirit of Whitman but the intimate quality of his surroundings. And if an imaginative description of Long Island, written somewhat after the fashion of Taine—"region of winds and waves. region rude and little attractive, impress of a splendid desolation"—sounds a little queerly to American ears, the fault is no doubt quite as much with our too-familiarized imaginations as with the author's art. It would be difficult to find another passage in the whole book that in the least disturbs our native feeling as to the things that we know most about. Well informed, and adjusted to all the aspects of his subject, M. Bazalgette has written what is in all points as good a short life of Whitman as a reasonable person could wish for.

As for appreciation, there is this to be said: that what is "cosmic" tends almost inevitably to be vague, and that insistence upon Whitman's great idea and upon his great qualities tends somewhat toward "damnable iteration." This tendency M. Bazalgette has not altogether escaped. "The entire man was marked with a great natural dignity, vulgar familiarities did not belong to him. Without even taking into account the exclusive privacy of his life, of the feminine attachments of which no one intimate with him received the secret, this communal and fervent being who pushed freedom to the baring of himself in his poems, had a strong tendency to be secret. He did not permit certain locks to be opened." This is not mere eulogy; it is really explanatory; yet pages and pages of this sort of comment upon no great variety of themes becomes—must one say it?—a trifle tedious. M. Bazalgette is often illuminating, seldom penetrating.

There is, however, more than once an effectiveness of statement that is almost as good as profundity. "Such," says the author in summing up his chapter upon "The Man of Crowds"—"such was in its general character and seen only under a limited number of its aspects *the enormous education of this uneducated man.*" And on critical points the author is almost always right. He rejects with scorn the notion originated by Bucke, that at a certain hour Whitman received a sudden illumination and became endowed with a new and superhuman sense, the cosmic consciousness. "All the greatness of the poet protests against such a postulate, and his formidable realism forbids an esoteric explanation." Of Whitman's supposed debt to the philosopher of Concord, he writes: "To say that Whitman is a differentiated product of Emerson's philosophy is to declare that under another climate the elephant could spring from the deer or the bison from the peacock."

Whatever may be the defects of this volume in respect of an ideal short account of Whitman—and Whitman more than some men of equal genius calls for a long and detailed account—Bazalgette's *Whitman* will add to the fame of the poet and will give Whitman-lovers keen enjoyment. The total effect of the work upon an originally indifferent spirit may be considerable. It stimulates and revives drooping interest, creates new interest. Little more can be required.

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THE TRAGEDY OF THE VICTORY

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE
EDITOR IN CHIEF OF "LE MATIN"

IT is a terrible tragedy—perhaps the most terrible that history has ever known.

Vanquished peoples, races enslaved, tyranny triumphant, and alliances that disappear in defeat—these things have already been seen. But up to the present there had never yet been witnessed the spectacle of the victors themselves working to undermine their victory; civilization taking pity on barbarism; the victim forgotten in order to care for the assassin; allies quarrelling and dividing in the midst of success.

France herself, in the course of her restless and tormented history, has known tragic hours: within fifteen centuries, she has been ten times invaded, crushed, at the mercy of the victors. But she has never known an hour more tragic than the morrow of her greatest victory, when, triumphant, she sees herself placed at the mercy of the vanquished.

Consider the facts. They speak louder than all the orations.

When, on November 11, 1918, Germany signed her surrender, the Allies had taken oath to demand three things: the punishment of the guilty; the reparation of damages; and guarantees for the future. It was an oath of justice. There is no justice in this world without punishment for the crime, reparation for the crime, and assurance that the

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crime will not be repeated. Let us see how the oath has been kept.

To begin with, the punishment of the guilty.

It is strange that in America and in England the demand for the punishment of the men who started the war and who committed the atrocities of war, was warmest. What American or English city has not echoed to the cry of "Hang the Kaiser!"?

I still remember a mass meeting, held on Lafayette Day, in 1918, at Milwaukee, where two speakers addressed the crowd: an American, who was Ambassador James Gerard, and a Frenchman, myself. In speaking of Germany, the more moderate was certainly the Frenchman. I still hear Mr. James Gerard shouting, amidst the terrific applause of the audience:

"After what has happened, can we consent to sit at a table and negotiate with assassins? No, never! The Kaiser, his sons, big, fat, safe and healthy, and his statesmen, will have to pay the forfeit that all instigators of crimes and murders have to pay, as provided in the laws of all men."

And, turning toward me, he added:

"Be sure to say it, when you go back to France."

I did say it. And I am very much afraid, alas! that I was believed.

Still more vehement was Mr. Lloyd George. In December, 1918, having to address a proclamation to the British nation before the elections, he wrote over his signature a manifesto exposing the six principal demands of victorious England. The first two were word for word the following:

1. *Trial of the Kaiser.*

2. *Punishment of those responsible for atrocities.*

In Paris, at the Conference, this was still more precise. A commission, the Commission of Responsibilities, had been formed, and one of the highest English magistrates, Sir Ernest Pollock, Solicitor General, represented Great Britain. This commission held eleven meetings from February 3 to March 29, 1919, and from the first considered whether Germany would be obliged to deliver the guilty to the Allies for judgment by them, or if she would have to make them appear before international neutral courts. There were present eminent jurists who argued that, according to the principles of law, peoples have no more right

to judge themselves than individuals, and they therefore tended to favor the constitution of an international tribunal. But Sir Ernest Pollock had an answer for everything. The crime, he said, had been exceptional; therefore the jurisdiction also should be exceptional: the Allies alone could guarantee the accomplishment of justice. Finally the argument of Sir Ernest Pollock prevailed, and the report of the Commission, completed March 30, allowed all the English demands and supported all the English conceptions.

The Supreme Council of Four, consulted in the matter, examined it in turn, in seven meetings which were held between April 1 and May 5. Mr. Lloyd George complained that the project of the Commission was not sufficiently severe: he succeeded in having it revised and reinforced. Finally, the text inserted in the Treaty of Versailles was arrived at. Then, one evening at the end of a conference, Mr. Lloyd George turned suddenly toward Mr. Wilson and M. Clemenceau and said to them:

"Have you any objection to the trial of the Kaiser taking place in London?"

Mr. Wilson smiled and did not reply. In fact, whenever Mr. Lloyd George proposed something unexpectedly, Mr. Wilson always smiled and never answered. As for M. Clemenceau, he made a vague gesture of the shoulder and arm, signifying that to him, the matter was quite indifferent.

And that is how, at the Peace Conference, the problem of the punishment of the guilty was resolved.

Nevertheless, the months passed, and on January 10, 1920, the Treaty of Versailles came into force. One of the first stipulations to be carried out is the surrender of the guilty. The Allies draw up their list. This makes a volume of eight hundred and two pages. The English list included ninety-seven names; the Italian list, ten; the Belgian list three hundred and thirty-one; and the French list, three hundred and thirty-four. It is not the fault of Belgium or of France that there are so many names. It is their soil which was invaded, their soil on which the atrocities were committed. The guilty have themselves confessed and signed their accusations. Sometimes they have gloried in them.

There is, for instance, General von Bulow, who, on August 22, 1914, posted this proclamation: "*It is with my*

perfect consent that the general commanding at Ardenne has caused the burning of the city and the shooting of one hundred persons." There is the Kronprinz who gave the written order, on August 28, to burn all villages in which French soldiers might be encountered. There is General von Moltke, who caused the shooting of a hundred and sixty civilians at Longuyon, and the burning of the city: women and little children died in the flames. There is General von Graevenitz, Governor of Lille, who ordered and carried out the deportations of women and young girls which aroused the indignation of the civilized world. There is the diplomat von Lancken, guilty of the murder of Edith Cavell. There is Admiral von Tirpitz, instigator of the submarine war, which caused thousands of women and innocent children to perish in the waves—von Tirpitz, who himself writes in his *Mémories: "If one could have set fire to London in thirty places, the repulsiveness would have been lost sight of in the immensity of the effect."*

These are the people whose surrender the Allies demand in order that they may be judged.

At this moment the whole of Germany rears up, plays the comedy of despair, says that her honor is offended, declares that a mother cannot give up her children—in a word, refuses. The Allies meet at London. They debate. Signor Nitti is the first to propose the renunciation of the demand. Mr. Lloyd George reproaches France and Belgium with having made lists too long. M. Millerand tries, in vain, to recall the facts, the dates. A wind of cowardice, abject cowardice, blows over the Supreme Council, where to the honor of America, no representative is present. And, on February 15, Mr. Lloyd George writes and signs the famous letter by which the Allies capitulate to Germany, tear up a first chapter of the treaty, and allow the Reich to organize and carry out the prosecutions against the guilty.

Two months have passed and no prosecution has yet been commenced. At the moment when these lines are written, not one of the guilty has been indicted, not one arrest has been made.

As for the Kaiser, of whom Mr. Barnes, at the time a member of the British Cabinet, said on November 30, 1918: *"I am for hanging the Kaiser,"* not only has he not been hanged but he has not even been moved from the sumptuous Dutch château where he receives, hunts, motors, and goes fishing.

The honor of Holland demands that his sojourn in the country be respected, just as the honor of Germany demands that the tranquillity of the incendiaries of Louvain and the assassins of Edith Cavell remain undisturbed. As for the Allies, their honor obliges them not to keep their word, to let their demand be scoffed at, to betray their promise.

On December 5, 1918, at Bristol, Mr. Lloyd George declared: "The war was a crime. Will no one be held responsible for it? Will no one be asked for an accounting? Will there be no inquiry? Indeed, this would be neither divine justice nor human justice." The answer to the questions of Mr. Lloyd George is in the letter signed on February 15 by Mr. Lloyd George, and renouncing the surrender of the guilty. The reply is contained in the events. Human justice has the value of a politician's speech; it consists of words.

Evidently, the crime has not been punished. Let us see how it has been paid for.

On this question of reparations, the great prophets of the Peace Conference had been most precise. Mr. Wilson had left for Paris with a gospel of fourteen points, one of which stipulated: *"Restoration of all invaded portions of French territory."* Mr. Lloyd George embarked with a gospel of six points, of which the third was: *"Fullest indemnities from Germany."* Mr. Wilson had not commented on his words, which, even as those of God on Sinaï, are sufficient unto themselves. But Mr. Lloyd George, who is a lesser divinity, had drawn up a detailed outline of his New Testament.

Speaking on November 29, 1918, at Newcastle, the British Prime Minister had said: *"When Germany defeated France, she made France pay. That is the principle which she herself has established. There is absolutely no doubt about the principle, and that is the principle we should proceed upon. Germany must pay the costs of the War."*

Twelve days later, at Bristol on December 11, the Prime Minister was still more precise and more vehement: *"Those who started the war,"* he shouted from the platform, *"should pay for it to the last penny . . . . If need be, we will go and search their pockets."*

When God speaks thus, it is easy to imagine what his apostles must be saying. Sir Eric Geddes, speaking the same day in the Guildhall at Cambridge, announced the pitiless

"squeezing" of Germany. *"We will get out of Germany all you can get out of a lemon and a bit more . . . . For my part, I will squeeze her until the pips squeak."*

It was in these excellent conditions that the Peace Conference opened at Paris.

But, from the first meetings, beginning the thirteenth of January, there arises an imperative and fundamental question—not that of how Belgium or France will be restored, but that of how Germany will be fed.

"It is a question of humanity," someone says.

"If it is a question of humanity, that is enough," M. Clemenceau declares.

And the principle is immediately and unanimously admitted. Then arises a second question, logical consequence of the first: how will the feeding be accomplished? Who will pay for it? The English and American experts are consulted. Their solution is simple: England and America can send at once the supplies and food that will prevent Germany from starving. Germany still has some gold—more than three billion marks in the vaults of the Reichsbank—Germany will pay this gold, in cash, to the American and British merchants who will give her food.

The French delegation opposes this too easy solution.

"You want to feed Germany: very good," they say. "But you want Germany to pay cash to those who will sell her food products: No. Before going to the merchants, the German gold ought to go to those who have lost their homes, to the mutilated, to the widows, and to the orphans of all the Allied countries, to whom reparation is due. The German gold is before all a sacred pledge to the victims of the war."

The discussion lasted two months, hot and bitter. And on March 8, resuming the debate, M. Clemenceau cried out to the Conference:

"My country has been ruined and ravaged as no country in the world has ever been. We have supported the war's heaviest burden. We have lost in killed and mutilated, more than two million men. Our mines are destroyed. Our commerce, our industry, our agriculture, in the richest part of France, have disappeared. What immediate guarantees have we? A little gold and some bonds. On the pretext that Germany must be fed, we are asked to give up these

guarantees to those who are to furnish the supplies which Germany needs. I do not know who these men may be. But I know that they are not in France. I refuse."

M. Clemenceau refuses. But he is obliged to yield to the insistence of the American delegation and the English delegation. And in the last days of March a transaction is made: Germany will be supplied; she will pay cash up to 1,450,000,000 francs in gold or foreign money.

That is how the debate on indemnities began. Everyone knows how it continued.

France produced her bill: a war debt of 257 billion francs; a budget which in 1914 was 5 billion, and which in 1920 will be between 25 and 30 billion; six departments almost completely destroyed; the loss or the temporary privation of 94 per cent of her wool production; 90 per cent of her iron ore, 70 per cent of her sugar, 60 per cent of her cotton supply, 55 per cent of her electric energy, the loss of a third of her merchant fleet, 600 kilometers of railroad or other road to be rebuilt, 57 per cent of the men between 19 and 34 left on the field of battle. These figures were not contested by the Allies or Associates; they could not be. But Mr. Wilson did not wish to hear mentioned the payment of war expenses: his fourteen points had not included them. And Mr. Lloyd George waved the spectre of Bolshevism. "If too much pressure is applied to Germany," he said, "she will fall into anarchy. We must demand from her only what she can pay. We must save her resources." We were far from the pockets which were to be turned inside out and the lemon which was to have been squeezed. In the course of a hundred and seventeen meetings of the Commission and twenty meetings of the Council of Four, this strange and tedious debate seemed eternal. Finally, the text of the treaty, which the world knows and which History will judge, was completed.

How this treaty has been carried out, I will not say myself. I will leave the privilege of saying it to one better authorized than myself—to the man best qualified to speak on the subject. This is how M. Raymond Poincaré, yesterday President of the Republic, today President of the Reparations Commission of the Peace Treaty, resumes in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the lamentable conversation between the victors and the vanquished:

"You have promised," says the Entente, "to deliver to

Belgium and to France, within the three months following the going into effect of the treaty, a determined number of stallions, fillies, mares, bulls, milk cows, rams, ewes, and goats—" "Patience," answers Germany, and the Entente waits. "You have contracted," the Entente says, "to replace, ton for ton and category for category, all the vessels and commercial or fishing boats lost or damaged because of the war, and you should give them to me within two months after the coming into effect of the treaty." "You see me quite ready to oblige you," replies Germany, "but I need my commercial fleet very much, and I should like to talk with you a bit." "You are to deliver to the signatory Powers on their respective demands," says the Entente, "the quantities of coal and its derivatives defined in Annex V. of Part VIII." "Doubtless, but I must supply my own factories and restore my industry." "And how about me?" says France. "Am I not in danger of dying from weakness if my furnaces are extinguished and my transports stop, if the blood in my veins is used up and the circulation stops little by little—?" "First give me back my health," answers Germany, "and let me be the first to warm myself."

This dialogue condenses, in striking fashion, the reality.

To cite only one example, Germany, according to the Treaty of Peace, ought to deliver monthly 1,600,000 tons of coal to France, to compensate for the production of the French mines destroyed. However, in January Germany delivered only 260,000 tons, in February 220,000 tons, and in March less than 100,000 tons. While in January Germany, with her 60 million inhabitants, was able to dispose of 8 million tons of coal, France for her 40 million inhabitants, disposed of less than 3 million tons.

And that is how the indemnities from Germany are managed.

No punishment for the criminals, no reparation for the crime. But are there at least guaranties that the terrible attempt will not be renewed?

For France as for the world, there can be only two certain guaranties that Germany will not renew the assault: 1. To disarm her. 2. To fortify the frontier of civilization.

The disarmament of Germany, stipulated in the clauses 159 to 210 of the Treaty of Versailles, constitute, perhaps the most shameful comedy and the most unthinkable scandal of the whole affair.

On March 10, 1920, according to Article 160, Germany should no longer have possessed heavy artillery, tanks, aeroplanes of war, poison gases, or liquid flames. She should no longer have had more than seven divisions of infantry and three divisions of cavalry, forming at the maximum an army of one hundred thousand men. She no longer had the right to more than two hundred and four cannon of 77 mm. and eighty-four howitzers of 105 mm.

But none of these stipulations has been put into effect. The Reichwehr alone still contains 200,000 men; the Sicherheitpolizei 100,000 men, for the most part former non-commissioned officers; there are besides, corps of volunteers, civic guards, rural guards. The total number of men under arms comes to *more than a million and a half*. More striking still, the Sicherheitpolizei, theoretically destined merely to assure internal order, possesses not only light artillery, but also heavy artillery, cannon of 105 mm. and howitzers of 150 mm. It is also equipped not only with machine guns, but also with flame-throwers, aeroplanes, and tanks!

When General Niessel, President of the Controlling Commission, announces these facts, gives these figures, and shows these details of the evident camouflage of the German army, the members of the Supreme Council are satisfied with raising their eyes and arms to heaven and sighing:

"What's to be done? Germany is so troubled. The German Government must maintain order somehow!"

Then, they lower their eyes in order to see nothing, and cross their arms in order to do nothing.

As for the second guaranty that France had foreseen against a possible return of the German offense, we know of what it consisted; the permanent occupation of the left bank of the Rhine. And we also know the sorry story.

Marshal Foch, asked for his opinion, said to the treaty makers: "There can never be but one solid frontier to protect Belgium and France; it is the Rhine. In the first place, it is not a frontier that is crossed at will. Furthermore, it is a frontier which puts a space between the assailant, if he should begin again, and the assailed, between German territory and the soil of Belgium and France. Let us not annex the left bank of the Rhine, but let us occupy it permanently. This will be the best way of preventing Liège and Verdun, Brussels and Paris, ever being occupied in the future."

Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George refused. It was

natural. England is far. America is still farther. They have the space necessary to see the enemy coming. And when your house is shut tight and well protected, you are always tempted to lose interest in that of your neighbor, which is not. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George refused. And they proposed to France, in exchange, what has been called the pact, that is, a solemn promise, *in treaty form,* that in case of peril the United States and Great Britain would give to France their immediate military aid.

After negotiations which lasted two months, after the exchange of fourteen notes, France accepted. It was agreed that the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine would be limited to fifteen years, and that the evacuation would be carried out by zones, at five-year intervals. It was understood that this occupation was to be simply the guaranty that the treaty would be faithfully carried out by Germany, and not the guaranty that France would no longer serve as a battlefield for Europe. It was understood that the safety of which France was in need would be assured by England and by America, who would come at once to her aid if she were ever attacked again. Thus France gave up the surest safeguard of her territory, the one safeguard which Marshal Foch considered really practical, in exchange for a solemn engagement taken by the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Great Britain.

I will not enlarge upon what has become of this engagement. It has been ratified by the British Parliament; it has not yet been ratified by the American Senate. England having made the American engagement the *sine qua non* of her own, the English approval disappears. Therefore France remains, at the present moment, without the guaranty against a new German attack that the permanent occupation of the left bank would have given her, and without the guaranty that would have been given by the formal promise of military aid from England and America. France remains without guaranties.

I resume.

The most terrible of crimes, a crime which has cost the lives of nine million human beings and mutilated or wounded thirty million human beings, has been committed. And, for this crime, not one indictment has been made, not one of the guilty has been disturbed.

A country has been sacked, stamped on, devastated, bled white. Its cities have been burned, its mines flooded, its women deported, and its very dead plundered, and for all that, a year after the signing of peace, a year and a half after the cessation of hostilities, no reparation has yet been made. The only gold which has come out of the vaults of the vanquished has gone to canned-goods merchants and dealers in foodstuffs.

No guaranty that the criminal will not commence again has been taken. He has been permitted to keep a great part of his arms. His victim has not been allowed to take efficient measures against a new aggression on his part.

Never has history known such tragedy. And never has she known such betrayal.

And, having enumerated the facts, I appeal to the American people. I ask America if it is for this caricature of peace that she accomplished her magnificent effort of 1918 and sacrificed seventy thousand of her boys. I ask if it is for this caricature of justice that she unfurled her flag, crossed the ocean, and achieved victory.

The United States is preparing for a great political battle. The Treaty of Versailles is in a large measure the stake of this struggle. Whatever may be the verdict of the sovereign people of America, France will accept it. She knows that she can count on the heart and the head of her American sister. She holds too firmly to her own traditions to wish that America should break with hers. She does not ask America to join in the sad and interminable quarrels of Europe. She does not even demand of America the ratification of a treaty to which America feels repugnance, even though it be, for the most part, the work of an American President. She only asks that, when the treaty is discussed before her, she shall not allow it to be said, as has been said: "the treaty cannot be executed; it is too hard on Germany."

Monstrous stupidity! The treaty is not too hard on Germany: it is only on France that it is too hard. The execution of the treaty is not impossible; it has simply not been attempted! For ten months every Allied deliberation has ended in a concession to Germany, humiliating and useless.

It appears that at San Remo the famous Supreme Council has at last understood that it was headed toward ruin and bankruptcy.

During the last days of the Conference the weather was wonderful and in an azure sky a dazzling sun brightened all Nature. The rays of this sun seemed to have driven away some of the most distressing shadows. Lloyd George, pointing to the radiant orb, exclaimed: "There is the Alliance, it shines in all its glory again." Yes, but it must keep shining and it will not unless all the Allies understand that this additional pact made among the orange groves at San Remo will have to be kept more faithfully and more strictly than the treaty signed beneath the venerable trees at Versailles. The hour is solemn—it needs neither cunning nor egoism. It needs rather energy and mutual confidence. No concession made in flagrant violation of the Peace Treaty has appeased or satisfied Germany. No concession will ever appease or satisfy her.

Whatever may happen, France can make no further concessions. France asks only what is due her. She is not rich enough to make presents to those who have despoiled and robbed her. She is not strong enough to expose herself to a new martyrdom and new robberies. It is possible that vanquished Germany has a right to pity. But it is much more certain that victorious France has a right to life.

Paris, May 1920. STEPHANE LAUZANNE.

THE IMPENDING COLLAPSE

BY MAJOR CHARLES LACEY HALL, U. S. A.

THE impending collapse of capitalism in Europe is the most tremendous ogre that Western peoples have had to face since the Battle of Tours, that is to say for about twelve hundred years; and, if it is cataclysmic and not evolutionary in its nature, will be the greatest wrench to the existing order of society that has occurred since the fall of the Roman Empire in the West, ushered in the Middle Ages. The spectre of this wrench everywhere, the hackneyed expression, "World Unrest," is merely symbolic of the ubiquitous terror. But the methods hitherto proposed for meeting the problem have depended more on exorcism than on pure realism. Brave men do not scorn to analyze and appreciate, as well as to attack, their enemy. Only fools tilt at windmills. This article is an attempt to arrive, by historical analysis, at the reasons for the impending collapse, as well as to discuss what steps, if any, are possible to meet the crisis.

Capitalism has existed, to some extent, ever since man became a tool-using animal; and, in that sense, will doubtless continue to exist as long as man continues to use tools. But in the narrower sense the term is used to cover the era of the economic mastery of society by the owners of personal property. Personal property is nowadays largely intangible, as far as the individual owners are concerned; but, in economic fact, the property is, by and large, either industrial machinery now in existence, or supplies hitherto consumed or absorbed in the machinery. Prior to the economic control of the personal property holders, control was vested in the owners of real property.

The feudal organization was accepted because it furnished the only means by which the existing population could be kept alive. In the vast majority of cases the peas-

ant preferred life and subjugation to death and liberty. As the adoption of a feudal status tended to increase the population, feudal communities grew in strength and overthrew non-feudal communities, being impelled to the struggle by their need of an outlet for their own expanding population.

Feudalism having succeeded, it immediately obtained control of the sources of public opinion, and, of these, the greatest was the church; because it added, to the ordinary forms which go to make up an average individual's beliefs, the sanction of supernatural manifestations, and also fear of punishment after death, that curious terror of the unthinking. Hence such ideas as "devoir," "loyalty," "divine right of kings," and similar catchwords, were provided to give moral basis to a status triumphant through force, a phenomenon destined to be repeated.

Between the fall of the Bastille (1789) and the repeal of the Anti-Corn Laws in Great Britain (1846), three great events occurred.

1. The French Revolution destroyed the remnants of feudalism, except in Eastern Europe, and thereby set up an independent class of agrarian proprietors, who were themselves small capitalists.

2. The Industrial Revolution caused by the exploitation of modern scientific discoveries enormously increased the wealth of the bourgeoisie and the ability of the earth to support population; but at the same time destroyed the independence and reduced the happiness of the urban proletariat.

3. The consolidation of the Indian Empire created an entirely new type of capitalist, whose performances were almost wholly uninfluenced by public opinion.

Hitherto feudalism and capitalism, as contending forces, had been more or less checked by the fear that one of them would call in the lower classes to redress the balance of power, with dire results, to both. In fact this is just what the French bourgeoisie did do in 1793. From now on, however, the capitalists, reinforced (except in England) by the new race of agrarian proprietors, were entirely in control; and could, and did, exploit the urban proletariat to the uttermost limit of human endurance.

The urban proletariat responded promptly, and in 1848 tried an ill-led demonstration in almost every state in Europe, which had the disastrous effect of destroying the

last of the differences between the capitalists and feudalists, and consolidating the ruling classes of the world into powerful national corporations, which had no difficulty in getting control not only of the existing agencies of church, courts, and education, but also of the sources of public opinion, and especially of those catchwords by which most men live. The capitalists even donned pseudo-virtues, of the type which flourished when feudalism was in full bloom. Charity was substituted for Chivalry, totally useless freedom of religion for asceticism, and aggressive patriotism (Jingoism) for fidelity to the King. Toleration was the motto of the day; but it had the unreality of thirteenth century toleration. As soon as assaults were made on the existing order of society, a new inquisition was destined to suppress those apostles of free speech whose career indicated any probability of success.

The coalition of capitalists with the feudal remnants, which took place in 1848, had different results in different states. In Great Britain and the Latin States (except Roumania), the feudal powers were entirely destroyed. This tended to create a capitalist bloc, alive in all States to the necessity of exploiting their own inhabitants, and controlling public opinion. These states maintained themselves, in the last analysis, by intelligent exploitation of their overseas territories; and conflicts between national blocs in these undeveloped regions were the principal source of their discord. That is to say, they were competitors in the same line of trade, and using the same general system.

In the Central Powers the feudal proprietors and the new capitalists combined. The agrarian interests, which were the economic source of the surviving feudal power, were well looked after; and the feudalists personally continued to render that devoted service to the state for which they had always been noted. At the same time all proper capitalistic enterprises were encouraged; proper being used in its German sense: to expand the power and population of the State. The mottoes of the new combination took on a coalition tinge, expressions like "Deutschthum" and "Kultur" being themselves capitalistic developments of feudal roots.

In Russia and Roumania, feudalism was preserved. Local capitalism was in the hands of the Jews, and the old warfare between capitalism and feudalism continued. In

order to keep the lower classes on the side of those in power, racial and religious prejudices against the Jews were excited. Even at that, however, the warfare was a losing one, because of the rather patent fact that, whatever the evils of capitalism, it produces a more tolerable community than does feudalism. In order to support themselves, the Russian overlords formed an alliance with the French capitalists, later joined by the British capitalists. This alliance was made perfectly patent to the world by the loans floated in London and Paris in 1906, after the dissolution of the first Duma, in spite of the frantic protests of the Russian bourgeoisie (Octobrist manifesto). The Czar was then kept in office by the identical means employed for so many years in the British Indian States, that is, he was subsidized as a tyrant over his subjects, provided that he remained docile as to all external affairs.

The coalition between capitalism and feudalism came rather late into the world; and, at first, had great difficulties in establishing overseas markets. These very difficulties compelled the development of greater efficiency, and as a result of this efficiency, the Central Empires began to drive the Western States to the wall. This drive was due to two radically dissimilar devices.

Ever since 1848 the preservation of capitalism has depended on its progressive amelioration of the condition of the lower classes. In order to accomplish this amelioration the excess profits of capital can no longer be taken from the home state, but must be obtained from subject or backward countries. Hence a strong colonial policy was an absolute necessity to the proletariat, as well as to the bourgeoisie; a fact rather well appreciated by the former. One instance of this, which will serve as well as any other, is the calmness of the Belgian population at the time of the revelation of the Congo atrocities.

In this particular game (the modern slave trade), the Central Empires were novices; and moreover their own lower classes were interested to such a slight extent that they refused to be parties to the necessary exactions, as witness the fuss made by the Social Democrats at the time of the Herrero revelations. Also it became evident to the financial interests involved, that the British could keep their barbarous colonies reasonably happy and make money out of them, when Germany was able to do neither; except pos-

sibly in German East Africa, where a most extraordinary administration was obtained, more or less by accident.

But between 1870 and 1905 the barbarous colonies fell to the position of minor pawns in the game of commercial expansion. The Latin American States, Turkey and China became the great prizes in the world; and the master of their trade could reasonably expect to be both the dominant nation of the world and the one best able to keep its laboring classes contented. This trade, by and large, fell to Germany, owing to that nation's superior efficiency. The Western States were wholly unable to check this expansion in States where they had to keep out of politics, such as Argentina. Every attempt to increase their trade by political expansion, i. e., by closing the door on Germany, as in Morocco, created dangerous military liabilities, of doubtful financial profit; and hence distasteful to their own discontented lower classes. The plans for expanding "Deutschthum", in other words the processes of the feudalist-capitalist coalition, were getting altogether too successful.

The second device used by the Central Empires was the progressive improvement of their own internal administration. The presence of the feudalist class assured an abundant supply of high class administrators, and the remnants of the feudal machinery kept these administrators in office.

By this means the public property was handled much better in the Central Empires than anywhere else; and, consequently, the lower classes were relatively and absolutely getting physically better off all the time. Comparison of the anthropometric measurements of British and German recruits will prove this conclusively.

To meet this menace from the Central Powers the Latin bloc formed a coalition with feudal Russia. This added strength to both; but the danger to France lay in the fact that what was being strengthened in Russia was not the state, but feudal power in the state. In so far as Russia was a semi-civilized field of commercial exploitation, German competition was not killed as in Morocco; and, in fact, it is quite probable that Germany was acquiring as much economic power from Russian trade as was France. The anti-French sentiment in Russia which followed the overthrow of feudal power in 1917, is a pretty fair reflex of the dangers of back-

ing the wrong party in the state; and the present situation of the owners of Russian securities is a similar warning.

Up to 1900 the French and English blocs had been active competitors for colonial power, but about that time both realized that their whole civilization was subject to grave dangers from the Central Empires. Unless they presented a united front the structure of society, which we call democracy, and which the modern Russians call "tyranny of the bourgeoisie", was in grave danger of complete destruction, partly owing to loss of the direct economic power dependent on trade with the semi-civilized states; and partly to the physical deterioration of their man-power consequent upon this loss, deterioration in quantity, as in France, or in quality, as in England. Under the peril of this menace the two states united with Czarist Russia.

The immediate result of this combination was a danger to the Central Empires; because their trade got to be hampered by more or less disguised restrictions on their expansion in the semi-civilized states under Entente influence; and they suffered from the fear of seeing the British self-governing colonies closed to them. Various endeavors were made to compose these differences, but they broke down because Russian feudalists were an indispensable military assistance to the Entente bloc, and could not be abandoned. Yet such an expanding feudal power was so overmastering a danger to German Kultur, that no composition with it was possible, unless it could be persuaded to expand in the opposite direction, that is, towards feudal India. The last attempt at compromise vanished at Agadir in 1911.

From the day war was declared the Western Powers began to use up their accumulated overseas capital and thus dissipate their sources for further commercial exploitation. They also proceeded to capitalize their credit for all it was worth. By this means wealth was transferred out of the hands of the holders of fixed capital, the most naturally conservative forces of the state, either into economically useless goods or labor (munitions of war and pay of the army) or into the hands of entrepreneur capitalists. These latter held their wealth in paper money, and this money could only be converted into real wealth at the expense of somebody. The three possible "somebodies" were:

(a) The inhabitants of the state itself, that is, the general public.

(b) The enemy.

(c) The inhabitants of the semi-civilized states and of the colonies. Another alternative was not to convert it at all, but to repudiate. The probability of repudiation is the existing menace to capitalism.

In 1917 feudalism was destroyed in Russia. There being no native capitalism of any inherent strength, control of the state passed into the hands of the urban proletariat, who seized the industrial machinery, owned nominally by rich Russians, but really by foreign security holders. Such entrepreneur capitalists as existed were ruined. The agrarian character of Russia makes it the best possible place to try out the effects of Marxian Socialism; but, nevertheless, the economic results are not such as to lead people to long for its further expression. Yet it is safe to say that what happened in Russia is sure to happen in the rest of Europe.

The collapse of Russia made the triumph of the Central Powers inevitable unless the Entente could secure further allies. This they were able to do on the American continent, and, as a result of American participation, the Central Powers were defeated and forced to submit to the peace of Versailles. This peace, dictated by the Entente capitalists, is their scheme for converting their paper wealth into real wealth at the expense, partly of the enemy, and partly of the inhabitants of semi-civilized states. Let us analyze it.

In the first place it assumes that all the external trade hitherto in German hands can be transferred to Allied hands by legal processes not essentially different from confiscation; in other words that the good-will of Germany can be expropriated for Entente benefit. But a compulsory sale of good-will never yet has brought anything to speak of; and the only probable effect is to impoverish the loser without enriching the winner.

In the second place it assumes that the very close balance between coal, iron, and transportation in Germany, which alone has permitted its great increase in population, can be disrupted violently without a radical decrease. It further assumes that this population can be compelled to labor indefinitely at a rate barely sufficient to maintain life.

In the third place it assumes that all German excess capital can be seized without, at the same time, so fracturing the organization of Germany as to make the continuation of the capitalistic régime there impossible.

In order to reduce the resistance of the German people, the starvation by blockade was continued for seven months after the armistice. Thereby their economic value, either as citizens or slaves, was permanently diminished. In connection with this blockade, large Allied forces were placed on the Rhine at German expense. This expense exceeded the ante-bellum military budget of Germany. It made any deflation of German credit impossible.

All three of the assumptions noted above have been proved to be erroneous. It is now generally conceded that a German population, deprived of trade, of all the fruits of two generations of industrial organization, and whose capitalists are reduced to complete pauperism, will certainly diminish by starvation with great rapidity, with dangerous effects on the structure of society in the neighboring states, and without contributing one cent towards converting paper wealth now in the hands of Entente capitalists into goods.

In order to transfer the burden of conversion to the inhabitants of the semi-civilized states, the three great areas of exploitation, Russia, Turkey and China, were to be parcelled out among the victorious Powers. Further expansion in the last is, however, definitely checked by Japan. In Turkey the native population developed considerable strength in resisting this burden, and commercial expansion in Mesopotamia and elsewhere seems to be stopped by the obvious economic difficulty that the cost of an expedition exceeds its returns. As for Russia, good money was poured out after bad in the Kolchak-Denikin coupon-collecting episodes until what little reserve strength the Western financial interests possessed was almost completely dissipated, with exactly nil results. Moreover the lower classes in France and Great Britain have begun to appreciate the fact that Russian unity (call it Czarism or anything else) is even more distasteful to the Russian people than the rule of the urban proletariat, as it cannot possibly be maintained except by a reactionary government. These Russian people have not destroyed, by blood and iron, one menace with a feudal tinge, in order to restore a jet black régime.

There is left the possibility of writing off Central Europe and Russia as *in partibus infidelium* and restoring capitalism in the Western States at public expense. But

this cannot be done without making the people save,—reduce the standard of living. All observers are agreed that this standard is now dangerously low among great sections of the population, and further reduction may bring it below the toleration point, with social results horrible to contemplate. That even this would do the job is doubted by many economists. European trade did not travel along straight lines but in circles, and Germany was a point on the circle. A starved Germany would interrupt this circle and hence prevent the other food-importing states from ever getting raw materials.

The only other solution is repudiation, either direct or by a further inflation of credit. This latter means is the one now actually being followed and is apparently destined to continue. By it money is being reduced in value gradually until it no longer pays to print. This reduction naturally unsettles international exchange, and with it international trade. The raw material producer in Polynesia has been accustomed to get money for his cocoanuts with which to buy red cloth. When he discovers that, for his cocoanuts, he no longer gets a reasonable amount of red cloth, he stops producing; unless he can get another source of supply for his red cloth. Also the soldiery who have kept him in order stop soldiering when their pay comes in perfectly useless paper. The raw material market is thereby cut off; and the home state, "not having of its own whereof to live," starves. At this point, in pure desperation, the people turn Bolshevist. To this exact spot all European states are travelling with varying speed, and when they reach it, capitalism will have collapsed, and Europeans will have to starve until they become few enough to live off the land. During this period of starvation it is reasonable to expect that every institution of society we know, every rule of morality we are accustomed to, and every motto we hold dear, will utterly disappear from the European continent.

To meet this crisis American financiers are proposing what amounts to a revision of the Treaty of Versailles. Under it enough concessions are to be made to Germany to keep it alive as a capitalist state, both by not depriving its entrepreneur capitalists of hope, and by affording its entire population a reasonable means of livelihood. At the same time a loan is to be floated in America large enough to carry all the European States until the system of trade

in existence before the war is re-established. In other words, the American producer is to produce on credit for some years.

Now, credit is all very well, but it necessarily involves an inflation of the currency which must eventually be deflated. The profits of inflation go to the entrepreneur capitalist, or profiteer, always: with some share to the laborer, but none at all to the professional man. If the profiteer can convert his credit into fixed capital before deflation sets in, he will become permanently rich; but, at whose expense? If his capital is repaid, at the expense of the European public; if not, at the expense of our public.

If repaid at European expense, payment must be in goods. Since the adoption of prohibition there are practically no European goods needed in the United States, except a few articles of luxury, and the interest can be paid only in

(a) Raw materials from tropical and oriental markets, shipped from them in exchange for European manufactured goods.

(b) Expenditures of American tourists abroad.

(c) Transfers of credits by immigrants to their homes. The first class will always be limited, as America still exports raw materials on its own account. The second class is unlikely to grow for some years; and the less we have of the third the better. Altogether the outlook is not promising.

But the payment of interest of some kind is better than throwing good money after bad; and that is what we are quite likely to do. The expansion of Germany was so great, and was followed so closely by an expansion of the population to its ultimate limit, that it is very doubtful if it can be put on its feet at all, except by the return of economic control over the metallurgical industries of the Saar Valley, Lorraine, and Upper Silesia. In the present state of European public opinion that is impossible. If Germany is not put on her feet, she will go Bolshevist. As already pointed out, that means repudiation in Europe, and, if we make a big enough loan, repudiation here too.

Another danger of the present situation is the instability of European control of Africa and the Near and Middle East, which is the foundation of European capitalism, and indeed the real cause of its present population. History

teaches us that any nation weak enough to call in its subject peoples to fight its battles at home will eventually be ruled by those peoples. The Senegalese soldiers of France are, as likely as not, the successors of Hengist and Horsa. Certainly the Mohammedans are now in revolt against European domination; and, in the present low state of European economic power, the re-establishment of the Caliphate of Bagdad and the Peacock throne is not beyond the bounds of possibility. The American people are not prepared to finance any European enterprise in the East, after the shock which they got from Anglo-Russian performances in Persia. Mohammedan unrest should be taken into consideration in determining the real security behind any loan to Europe.

What is the remedy? Can the impending collapse be averted? Is it possible for Europe to fall into bankruptcy and anarchy without similar crises on this side of the Atlantic? For a time, certainly, we can leave Europe to stew in her own juice. For a time we can import raw materials and export manufactured goods in our own ships, and establish our own circle of trade, with Europe off the circumference. But Europe will not allow this to come about. We have only to fold our arms and abstain from interference in Europe, and the statesmen of the Old World will ask our conditions. John Maynard Keynes advises our refusing to lend any more money to the *present* Governments of Europe. Public opinion in Allied countries, when the collapse is imminent, may clamor for constructive statesmanship and may tolerate a revision of all the treaties of the past year in order that economic life may be resumed and the present social order preserved. The writer has endeavored to examine the situation historically, and to learn from the past what action will best serve his country for the future.

CHARLES LACEY HALL.

HAS THE SENATE THE CONSTITUTIONAL POWER TO RATIFY?

BY JUDGE CHARLES KERR

WHETHER adopted or rejected, construed simply with reference to our own Constitution, there are in the constituent parts of the proposed international covenant some departures from accepted precedents that have not received that consideration which their importance might seem to demand. There are features involved in this new order of inter-state rule, quite aside from the virtues or vices of the proposed League itself, that, to those who have not studied its provisions simply from the standpoint of expediency, strike deeper into the vitals of our fundamental law than either its friends or its critics seem to have contemplated.

We have a written Constitution. In its essence it is a power of attorney from the people, as grantors, to the instrumentalities of government, as grantees. Of necessity it is an instrument of delegated powers. Those powers can be revoked, enlarged or abridged by the grantors only. The grantees can act only within the limits of the grant. No powers, therefore, can be assumed beyond those which have been granted, and any assumption of power on the part of the Government, in excess of the grant, would be an *ultra vires* assumption and, therefore, void.

The covenant of the League of Nations was formulated by the representatives of the Allied Powers at a conference held in the city of Paris, called for the announced purpose of establishing a treaty of peace between them, on the one side, and the Central Powers on the other. This instrument, in its completed form, was delivered to the Senate of the United States by the President, with the information that the provisions contained in that portion which was denominated a covenant for a proposed League of Nations formed "an indispensable instrumentality for the maintenance of

the new order." Accepting as true the statement of the President that the proposed "instrumentality" was "indispensable" "for the maintenance of the new order," whatever that may mean, does that fact give to the Senate a power of ratification, if that power did not already exist? Does not the President, in the very words which he has employed to define the office of the covenant which he had assisted in formulating, admit the creation of a power superior to any now existing, because, otherwise, it would not be indispensable? And if such a power, or "instrumentality," has been created does the Constitution give to the Senate the power of ratification or acceptance? This question may be considered from two viewpoints.

First. Is the covenant of the League of Nations a treaty within the meaning of the Constitution? If not, has the Senate the power to accept it?

Second. Any power which the Senate has being a delegated power, can it in turn delegate that power to some other "instrumentality" over whose acts Congress has no control?

The difference between a *league* and a *treaty* is so distinct a correlative use of the terms is inadmissible. A league, using the commonly accepted definition, is "A combination or union of two or more parties for the purpose of maintaining friendship, and promoting a mutual interest, or *for executing any design in concert.*"

A treaty, as used in the Constitution, is defined by the law writers as being "An agreement or contract *between* two or more nations or sovereigns, formally signed by commissioners properly authorized, and solemnly ratified by the several sovereigns, or the supreme power of each state."

A league, following these definitions, is a union *of,* a treaty a contract *between,* two or more states. One is formed for the purpose of some concerted action, the other is entered into for the purpose of determining the separate undertakings and obligations of each. In a league there can be but one entity; in a treaty there must be at least two. In the one a union is necessary, in the other it is impossible. A corporation is a league. A contract between two or more parties is a treaty. A union *of* two or more independent, self-governing states for the purpose of accomplishing a given purpose, through concert of action, would be a league. An agreement between, or among, these same states defining

the undertakings of each, would be a treaty. A league acts in its corporate capacity. The parties to a treaty act in their individual capacities. Neither could act otherwise and maintain its status.

Having a written Constitution, equipped with all the instrumentalities of government necessary to carry into effect the purposes for which it has been created, is the League portion of the Paris document other than what it purports to be—an independent, self-governing political entity, formed for the purpose of dealing, in concert, with any subject which "affects the peace of the world." As a prerequisite to membership in this international organization the applicant member must "give effective guarantees of its sincere intention to observe its international obligations"—a requirement sufficiently indefinite to satisfy the most exacting—and "to accept such regulations as may be prescribed by the League in regard to its military and naval forces and armaments." This "new order" of government is wholly independent of the treaty portion of the Paris document. It has within its composition states that maintained a neutral position throughout the entire war. Having been a belligerent is not a membership essential. The treaty depends in great part upon the League for its enforcement, but the League itself is wholly independent of the treaty. The status of the covenant of the League of Nations, therefore, does not depend on what it may be called, but on what it is. Submitting it to the Senate by the President and calling it a treaty does not make it such. Jefferson says in his Parliamentary Practice that a treaty "differs from other *laws* only as it must have the consent of a foreign nation, being but a *contract* with respect to that nation." This expression is but declaratory of that provision in the Constitution which provides that all treaties, when ratified, shall become a part of the "supreme law of the land." This same author, in discussing the general subject of treaties, went so far as to say, "The Constitution thought it wise to restrain the Executive and Senate from entangling and embroiling our affairs with those of Europe." This carries the limitations placed upon the treaty-making powers of the President and Senate by the Constitution to an extremity that the letter of the instrument would not warrant, but if such stricture as this is to be placed upon the powers granted to the Executive and Senate by one whose interpretation

of that instrument has been accepted by one of the great national parties for more than a century, how much more restricted must be the Constitutional powers of the President and Senate with respect to committing the Nation to an international relationship over which Congress would have no control, and in the governing Council of which the Nation would have but one vote?

Whether wittingly or unwittingly the framers of the League covenant have themselves, in its very preamble, given to this new form of international relationship a status separate and apart from the relationship which is created between nations through treaties, by declaring that one of its purposes is the "maintenance of a scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations in the dealings of organized peoples with one another." Interpreted in the corporate vernacular of the day, this is equivalent to saying the League of Nations is a holding company for all signatory nations, the position of these signatories being that of subsidiary companies.

At the time of the adoption of the American Constitution the term *treaty* had but one meaning. A contract between individuals and a treaty between nations bore the same relationship. The President and the Senate were given the power to contract with other nations. In discussing this feature of the Constitution in one of the Federalist papers Jay defines a treaty as "only another name for a bargain." And when it was urged, as one of the objections to the Constitution, that the President and Senate might be induced to enter into a fraudulent treaty, his response was "In such a case, if it should ever happen, the treaty so obtained from us would, like all other fraudulent *contracts,* be null and void by the laws of nations." Likewise Hamilton, in discussing this provision of the Constitution, in one of the Federalist papers, uses the term treaty in this same sense. "Its objects," he says, "are contracts with foreign nations, which have the force of law, but derive it from the obligations of good faith. They (treaties) are not rules prescribed by the sovereign to the subject, but agreements *between* sovereign and sovereign." Fisher Ames in discussing the Jay treaty of 1796, follows the definition of Jay and Hamilton. "A treaty," said he, "is a bargain between nations, binding in good faith; and what makes a bargain? The assent of the *contracting* parties."

If, as said by Hamilton, a treaty is not a rule "prescribed by the sovereign to the subject," by what raciocination can it be said the covenant of the League of Nations is a treaty? If the governing body of this League, by a process of legislation, can prescribe rules for the government and control of the signatory members, is not that of itself the act of a sovereign towards the subject? Of a certainty it would not be an agreement between sovereigns. A contract, in law, which leaves some undertaking open for future determination, is not a binding obligation. A treaty determines the exact status of each party, and leaves nothing open for future negotiation. The covenant of the League determines nothing. This being true it is in no sense a treaty, and being in no sense a treaty the Senate has no constitutional power to ratify it.

The second proposition, namely, that the powers vested in the Senate being delegated powers, it cannot in turn delegate those powers to some other "instrumentality" over whose acts Congress has no control, seems almost too clear for argument. *Delegatus non protest delegare* is a maxim of the law as old as Justinian. While some of the powers granted by the Constitution to Congress are sovereign, those powers can be exercised by Congress only. That the covenant of the League of Nations does assume to take unto itself some of the powers delegated to Congress by our own Constitution, cannot be denied. In discussing the treaty-making powers of the Senate, Joseph Story, one of the clearest of our constitutional interpreters, discusses this subject in apt and appropriate words. "A power given by the Constitution," he says, "cannot be construed to authorize a destruction of other powers given in the same instrument. It must be construed, therefore, in subordination to it; and cannot supersede, or interfere with any other of its fundamental provisions. Each is equally obligatory, and of paramount authority within its scope; and no one embraces a right to annihilate any other. A treaty to change the organization of the government, to annihilate its sovereignty, to overturn its republican form, or to deprive it of its constitutional powers, would be void; because it would destroy, what it was designed merely to fulfill, the will of the people."

One illustration alone is sufficient to demonstrate that this is exactly what this new "instrumentality" of govern-

ment would do. Following the provision for disarmament, in Section VIII, will be found these words:

"After these plans shall have been adopted by the several governments, limits of armament therein fixed shall not be exceeded without the concurrence of the Council."

This provision, in express terms, provides that the several covenant members shall reduce their armaments as directed by the Council, and when this shall have been done these armaments cannot be increased "without the concurrence of the Council." The covenants of the League, when ratified, become a part of the supreme law of the land. Concretely applied this means that the United States has committed itself to the proposition that we will reduce our armament to the extent the Council of the League may designate, and having done so, should we become engaged in war, we cannot increase our armament without the consent of the Council. This is a plain supervention of the powers given to Congress. The right to declare war, to make peace, to equip and maintain an army or navy, to regulate foreign commerce, or emigration, are all sovereign grants, yet by the terms of the covenant all these may be surrendered or delegated, under a sweeping provision that empowers the League to take appropriate action in any matter where it may deem the peace of the world is involved.

Once accepted and made a part of the supreme law of the land, the power of repeal or amendment is lost. Neither will Congress have the power to review, alter or repudiate any action which the League, through its Assembly or Council, may take. The constitutionality of an Act of Congress may be determined by the courts, but there is no body in existence that can review any action taken by the League with respect to its powers under the covenant. When we accept its provisions we place ourselves in a position of accepting its mandates. It will have behind it the land and naval forces of the signatory powers to enforce its decrees. The single representative of the United States in the Council will be clothed with greater powers than the Legislative, Executive or Judicial branches of our Government with respect to our international engagements. Once the covenants of this League become a part of the supreme law the power of the President and Senate to make a treaty becomes a question of serious moment. Certainly the unlimited powers

granted by the Constitution will not exist, because we obligate ourselves under Article XX not to hereafter enter into any engagement inconsistent with the terms of the covenant. Whether any treaty which now exists, or which we might hereafter conclude, would be inconsistent with its terms would be a matter for review by the League, and if that right should be delegated by the President and Senate to another instrumentality of government would it not be an *ultra vires* act? And being such would not our Supreme Court have the Constitutional right to so declare it?

In this connection the words of Chief Justice Marshall, in the celebrated case of Marbury vs. Madison, are most timely. If they do not admonish us at this time solemnly to consider the step we are about to take, we may seriously doubt whether the Constitution of which Marshall wrote is the same instrument that exists today. In these words he fixed the stability of that instrument for all time:

> The Constitution is either a superior paramount law, unchangeable by ordinary means, or it is on a level with ordinary legislative acts, and, like other acts, is alterable when the legislature is pleased to alter it.
>
> If the former part of the alternative be true, then a legislative act contrary to the Constitution is not law; if the latter part be true, then constitutions are absurd attempts on the part of the people, to limit a power in its own nature illimitable.
>
> Certainly all those who have framed written constitutions contemplate them as forming the fundamental and paramount law of the nation, and, consequently, the theory of every such government must be that an act of the legislature repugnant to the Constitution is void.

If the League of Nations, acting in its super-sovereign capacity, has the power to direct this Government to revise its existing treaties to conform to its covenant, or constitution, and to prevent the making of a treaty in the future that it might deem inconsistent with its constitution, have we not, by accepting its provisions, and making them the supreme law of the land, engaged in an act of legislation repugnant to our own Constitution? And if we have would not our ratification at this time be a void act? Whatever may be one's views with respect to the merits or demerits of this proposed League, is it not reasonably certain that its validity will some day be questioned upon either, or both, of the grounds here discussed? And its provisions, having the force and effect of statutes, once it is adopted, may not their constitutionality be tested in the Court as might any other *ultra vires* Act of Congress?

CHARLES KERR.

POLAND'S STRUGGLE AND THE WORLD'S PEACE

BY SIGISMOND STOJOWSKI

THE re-establishment of the Polish Republic has been not only a long deferred act of historical justice, but also a measure of political necessity in evidence of President Wilson's true and noble words that "the right thing is the expedient thing." Obviously Russia must remain screened off from Germany, if she is to work out her salvation. The Germans themselves, confident in the world's continued blindness, are unafraid of confessing that a strong and powerful Poland would be the sole obstacle to Germany's possible revenge and future world-dominion. Yet, France alone seems fully to realize the fact, because—it may be—hit the hardest, she learned the dire lesson best. The great old man of France wrote to the Polish Ambassador in Paris: "France, adhering to her traditions and in accord with her Allies, will do her utmost to revive Poland according to her national aspirations and within her historical borders."

Unfortunately, this accord is sadly lacking. Complacent ignorance and political gambling have found their way, as they did before, to the green table of diplomatists and into channels of public information so as to endanger great and salutary achievements. Tender mercies have been extended to the beaten foe; severities, accusations, even injustice are reserved to friends. The make-shift of a free city of Danzig which had been tried in the early nineteenth century and did not work, except for Prussian intrigue, is being applied again. Shorn of her rights along the sea, Poland is yet uncertain of victory in the Western borderlands where "the foe of humanity" has been allowed a free hand for poisonous propaganda and violence unabashed. Yet, Ludendorff himself repeatedly emphasizes in his book that the possession of the mining districts of Upper Silesia was the basic and indispensable condition of a successful Prussian war on a

double front. It is almost universally ignored that the output in coal of this one stolen province is equivalent to that of the entirety of France. When the Polish Deputies of Silesia took their stand upon Germany's acceptance of President Wilson's fourteen points, including the reunion of Polish lands torn asunder, in the midst of the uproar created in the Assembly, President Fehrenbach hurled at them the reproach: "You want to kill the Prussian industry." The Polish Deputy Korfanty retorted: "The Prussian industry is war." A worldwide gallery is now anxiously watching Germany rent by civil strife, but over there a remarkable unity of front is presented, including all wings of extreme opinion, when it comes to the retention of the rich province of Upper Silesia. All strategems of force and fraud have been employed in order to frustrate Poland in the plebiscite which a faint-hearted desire to placate Germany has conceded in regions that should have remained undisputed. That the Polish population reaches almost 90 per cent in these regions is of no consequence to German Junkers and Socialists alike. Nor does it seem to be, alas! to the misguided advocates of German recuperation in the Allied camp. About these mining districts which have proved such a deadly weapon in Prussia's "hand of violence," a British economist, Mr. Keynes, is moved to say that "Poland does not need them." On such sorry premises, and without alarm, this strange prophet ventures to threaten that Poland may tumble "into the arms of anyone who comes along." The world would have to pay a heavy penalty if concern for German prosperity really could command such a sacrifice.

While still in the pangs of birth, the new Poland is called upon to fight again—as old Poland did for centuries—the godly fight of Western civilization and freedom against Eastern barbarians. Underfed and underclad, the Polish army yet remains undaunted. So a new call for peace resounds, luring the world, perhaps, into some new trap? Solidarity of danger implying solidarity of purpose might prompt the fear lest the negotiations remain "fruitless because faithless." Instead, the hallucinations of our horror-stricken friends conjure up a fabulous monster in our own ranks: the bug-bear of Polish Imperialism! In the name—supposedly—of that same ethnographical principle so imprudently discarded along Poland's Western frontier, great

ado is being raised that Poland might trespass beyond the Eastern border provisionally assigned to her. In high quarters—apparently—the oracle has spoken that "Russia must not be dismembered." At a distance of several thousand miles of land and sea, the slogan may perfectly fit prudent diplomatic policy along the old line of "wait and see." In the midst of the turmoil Poland can hardly wait and cannot fail to see. Having been dismembered herself, she would not care to take part in any dismemberment. But what power on earth can hold back the clock of history and prevent from falling apart that which is rotten in its foundations?

Why should Poland—exhausted, famished, poverty-stricken—fight the Bolsheviki? Some people think she is drawing chestnuts out of the fire for the sake of others. Everybody knows that all her energies are sorely needed for the gigantic task of reconstruction after five years of war and over a century of slavery. But already Mr. Paderewski, the former Premier, averred that "one cannot fight Bolshevism with the Bible alone." While the guns are thundering behind the peace proposals of the Soviets, naïve souls over here keep asking whether the Poles had not better retire behind their own borders. Putting aside the military side of the problem, how could the Poles forsake those peoples in whose breasts the craving for liberty has begun to stir and even those of their own stock who would keep a Polish heart in spite of a century of oppression? Has not Poland ever been a protector of small nations? Has not Polish blood flowed everywhere whenever liberty was at stake? Can the new Poland turn a deaf ear to the legitimate aspirations of its own "Irredenta", and would it be wise for the world to leave it an open sore?

The Peace conditions of the Polish Government merely aim to apply the main principle of the new order of things: "Government by the consent of the governed." That Poland means to appropriate any part of Russia is sheer slander. But the return, pure and simple, of formerly Polish borderlands to Russia, advocated by misinformed or prejudiced advocates of Russia's right of conquest, would be the grossest violation of the very principles in the name of which the mightiest of all wars has been waged and won. Russia's share in Poland's partition can scarcely be held as sacred property.

In 1656, it is true, after the Czar's armies had invaded Lithuania, the Russian deputies offered this argument to the Polish King: "The war must have been right when God gave Lithuania into the Czar's hands and the Czar must not return what God gave him to anybody." Whatever the merit of such a plea, it is high time that the old lie covered by the now obsolete title of "Czar of all the Russias," be, at last, exploded. Geographical misnomers such as "White Russia," "Red Russia," etc., accredited in the Western world for political reasons are largely responsible for confusion of thought mischievously exploited in interested quarters. Between Poland and Russia proper, lay the vast complex of Lithuanian and Ruthenian lands. For physical reasons, Ruthenia failed to develop a large political organization of its own. Split up into many principalities, she could not achieve unity of national development. Many a modern problem has sprung from that very source.

The Grand Dukes, later Czars of Muscovy—"celebrated cut-throats," a French historian calls them,—found themselves in direct competition with the Grand Dukes of Lithuania for the control of Ruthenian lands. When the Teutonic Knights of the Cross—a hornet's nest on the Baltic Coast—threatened her from the other side, Lithuania, taken between two fires, found in neighborly and unaggressive Poland a salvation-plank. A fraternal union, unique in history, was thus concluded, the spirit of which is expressed in the beautiful words of the preamble to the Act of Horodlo (1413): "Nor can that endure which is not founded upon love." It endured for several centuries, and to the spirit of justice and tolerance which cemented it is due the remarkable fact that Poland's peaceful work as pioneer of democracy, though brutally interrupted by the act of spoliation of three coalescing autocracies, has left traces so deep that not even a century and a half of persecution could stamp them out.

Poland's partition bequeathed to the partitioning Powers problems which the right of might utterly failed to solve. The entire Eastern section of the old Republic, historical Lithuania, an area of over 300,000 square kilometers, had never been and has never become a Russian country. Until 1831 its character was mainly Polish. Lithuania took part in Poland's uprisings against Russia as she had in all of Poland's glories and agonies. Ever

since, the process of Russification assumed the shape of an orgy. Even so—odd as it seems—as late as the 'eighties of last century the White-Ruthenian peasantry thought that the Russian tax-collectors were collecting money for the Polish King. Oppressive Russian rule fostered ignorance on the ground that "better no progress at all than a Polish progress." It thus succeeded in turning conquered lands into what one traveller described as "half a pig-stye and half a hard-labor prison."

During the World War a few weeks sufficed, after the withdrawal of Russian police and bureaucracy, to erase completely the Russian stamp and unexpectedly reveal a Polish survival. The advancing German armies had to dismiss their Russian interpreters and use some Polish ones instead. The old Russian fake-census of 1897 had altogether eliminated Poles where it was ordered there should be none. So, the new census taken by the German armies of occupation in 1916 proved an utter surprise, unpleasant to Germany and Russia alike. The percentages of Polish populations ran into high figures and those Polish minorities that were to be sacrificed, in many places turned into majorities. Important as the "cultural" and "historical" Polish claims are in these regions, they also are supported by present-day statistics.

Besides Poles, however, there are others to be consulted and satisfied. New nationalisms have sprung up and must be taken into account. These occasionally show, it is true, an ominously anti-Polish attitude which their zealots abroad never tire of exaggerating. The raking up of the social question as an anti-Polish weapon and mischievous foreign interference are responsible for that. The Polish-Ruthenian feud in Eastern Galicia was a favorite political game of the Austrian Government. A German-made Lithuania was so designed as to embitter Polish-Lithuanian relations. Great store was laid by Germany and Austria upon an anti-Polish Ukraine as a golden bridge into the heart of the Eastern world. It will be remembered that in the infamous treaty of Brest-Litovsk Germany handed over a large slice of Poland to Ukraine, while, in a secret clause, Russia abandoned the fate of Poland to Germany. Poland never could sink to the moral level of such peacemakers.

In place of and in contrast to the German scheme of the "Balkanization" of Eastern Europe by splitting it up

into hostile communities, the example and tradition of the old Polish Republic offers a rational and possible solution. The principle of a federation of " the free with the free and the equal with the equal "—the old Jagellonian idea which once radiated far and wide, attracting kindred peoples into the orbit of liberal and peaceful Poland—does not appear unworthy of the modern world. The dream may be premature, but certainly is not ungenerous, if some United States of Poland, Latvia, Lithuania, Ruthenia, is thrust as a large belt from the Baltic to the Black Sea, across the German path to the heart of Russia, to the coveted treasures of Asia and to the Pacific Coast.

For the sake of a happy future, the lessons of the past are well worth meditating upon. At the crossways of the European East and West, Poland alone succeeded in reconciling two different worlds and principles. Religion and culture radiating from the two main hearths of Rome and Byzance met right there and drew lines of cleavage which have persisted. So, a leaning towards Catholicism still implies a leaning towards Poland. Yet, Catholic Poland ignored persecution of religion, language and nationality which Russia practised down to the present day. Under changed conditions old perils also have persisted. " Safety first " seems to be calling again for an association of forces among peoples rising to the sun of liberty, lest they be ground to dust between the upper and nether millstones of ever aggressive Teutonism and Bolshevist barbarity. Old Poland grew into a mighty commonwealth without ever waging a war of conquest. The new Poland, faithful to ancient traditions and ideals, means to leave everybody free to choose his destiny. In reply to the patriotic exaltation of a prelate who welcomed the Polish Chief of State in a city of the borderlands, General Pilsudski solemnly declared: " Poland can have in the borderlands but one policy, that of honesty." So plebiscites will be taken of which Poland accepts the issue. In strict accordance with President Wilson's proclaimed creed, everybody's case is to be " judged upon its own merits." But the case of Russia, that is the " status quo ante " based upon Russia's right of spoliation and conquest, although it still is haunting the minds of diplomatists and political writers who lag behind the necessities of the day, seems in a sorry plight by the crude light of facts and numbers. Among the twelve

million inhabitants of the Eastern section of the old Polish Republic, appropriated by Russia in 1772, there are scarcely 100,000 Russians!

Fortunately, Poland is yet a living force. In the new Polish army—numbering about one million men—the spirit of valor and chivalry which spurred Sobieski to noble deeds, seems revived. The mere fact of its raising an organization in a ravaged, downtrodden country is an achievement nothing short of amazing. Way up to the Baltic Coast that army has already brought victory to the Lettish people whom Germanic encroachments kept down and pushed aside. It is now on the way towards the Black Sea, across those wonderfully fertile Ukranian lands, the bloodiest battlefield of all Christianity, soaked for centuries with Polish blood. Will the modern world realize better what Poland's sword and shield mean for its protection than old Europe did whose selfish blindness allowed the "Knight among Nations" to be slain after centuries of service?

The recent Polish-Ukrainian accord is a blow at those dreams of world-dominion that have so far miscarried but may yet be cherished. It may also prove a corner-stone in the reconstruction of disrupted Eastern Europe. This difficult but unavoidable reconstruction is the pivotal issue upon which the welfare of East and West alike depend. Poland alone, by the weight of her numbers as well as by the virtue of her spirit, represents the constructive force that can be trusted and should be helped in this momentous task. In order to achieve it, Poland must fully come into her own, whether her possessions be hidden away from the narrow vision of a distracted world in the East or in the West, contested by false friends or revengeful enemies. She must be restored to the control of all her resources in natural wealth and man-power, firmly established upon the unshakeable rock of territorial integrity and ethnic unity. It is incumbent upon the good will and understanding of the world to use it to its own advantage by helping Poland to strength and victory in a hard struggle, in which she could once more inscribe upon her banners—as did the Polish revolutionaries of 1831:— "For our liberty and yours."

SIGISMOND STOJOWSKI.

THE MYSTERIOUS GREAT

BY ELWORTH POUND

An immense human head on the body of an animal rising out of the earth to which it is perfectly proportioned, gazing inscrutably to the East, the Sphinx propounds a riddle to all who visit it and is said to devour those who cannot answer its: Whence came I? Whither do I go? How? Why?

Maybe those who cannot answer that question, however rich they be, however powerful or heroic or influential, are devoured. Who can tell? In the last analysis, after everything has been accomplished, the honors won, the goals gained, the successes verified, after we have busily rendered what we consider to be our iota of service, what remains? Just, rest? Oblivion? Nirvana? A holiday with angels? What?

The puzzle has confounded many; all try in some manner to answer it; in spite of the blind rush of commercial America, it is the one question which must be asked—and answered. Otherwise, a Sphinx of thoughtless greed and futile ambitions may devour the heart that is ours.

Of course we are answering it volcanically, in our subconscious, hidden, fundamental selves that seeth along for years without our knowledge only to burst forth the lava of some achievement we knew as little about and were as unaware of as San Francisco was of its physical earthquake before it happened. The war was an evidence of this; something many of us believed mentally to be impossible was an emotional primitive certainty before we knew what had happened. And we are not yet over the surprise and shock of it.

If we could be more certain of events—if we could be more certain of ourselves, we would be closer to the master and further from the slave; knowing ourselves more intensely we could be in conscious harmony with the forces

driving us, we could be ready for the earthquakes. If we could answer the How and Why—we in time could be the How and Why! That is why the question is so important.

A solution is possible. The question has been answered. There is a group of men in the world who not only claim to have discovered the riddle of the Sphinx but who modestly admit possessing the power of Life. Most of these men travel under no name; a few call themselves mystics. All of them are *overwhelmed* with their discovery; most of them want to impart their possession to their fellows. None of them quite knows how to do it. They say that the thing they have come into is so consuming that when they try to tell of it, it is like a dumb man endeavoring to describe the taste of some sweet food. At best he can only intimate that it is 'sweet'; the Taste he can put neither in words nor gestures.

This power, according to Richard Maurice Bucke in his book *Cosmic Consciousness,* has been the possession of every great man in the history of the world. He lists them, one after another: Moses, Gautama the Buddha, Socrates, Jesus, Paul, Plotinus, Dante, Pascal, Spinoza, Behren, Shakespeare, Walt Whitman, etc., and shows that they all underwent the same spiritual development, exhibited the same symptoms in similar manners and at similar ages, and achieved in varying degrees somewhat the same results. His book deals only with the first step, the coming into the "cosmic consciousness."

Says Bucke: Like a flash there is presented to his [the subject's] consciousness a clear conception (a vision) in outline of the meaning and drift of the universe. He does not come to believe merely; but he sees and knows that the cosmos, which to the self-conscious mind seems to be made up of dead matter, is in fact far otherwise—is in very truth a living presence. He sees that instead of men being, as it were, patches of life scattered through an infinite sea of non-living substance, they are in reality specks of relative death in an infinite ocean of life. He sees that the life which is in man is eternal, as all life is eternal; that the soul of man is as immortal as God is; that the universe is so built and ordered that without any peradventure all things work together for the good of each and all; that the foundation principle of the world is what we call love, and that the happiness of every individual is in the long run absolutely certain. The person who passes through this experience will learn in the few minutes, or even moments, of its continuance more than in months or of years of study, and he will learn much that no study ever taught or can teach. Especially does he obtain such a conception of The Whole, or at least of an immense

Whole, as dwarfs all conception, imagination, or speculation, springing from and belonging to ordinary self-consciousness, such a conception as makes the old attempts to mentally grasp the universe and its meaning petty and even ridiculous.

This "illumination" which almost always occurs between the ages of thirty and forty is only the first step, the rebirth into what for the initiates is the world of reality. From then on, growth begins. "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven."

Of course this is hard doctrine to preach. Those who have experienced any form of an "illumination" will know that it is (for them) true. Those who eat and sleep and struggle on the plane of the body will scoff at it as so much unproved and therefore unreliable emotionalizing. They will say that in certain religious, sentimental temperaments the feelings run away with the mind with the result that the person, superstitious, will believe in all sorts of things from ghosts to God. They will tell you that God is all right in his place, but that his place is the laboratory of the "scientist."

The believer replies that "Science" is only an evolution of old magic, that it has little basis in truth because, working only with the reasoning brain which is an almost irrelevant key to the lock of Knowledge, it can know little of what Truth is. He will refer you to the mathematics, the chemistry, astrology, of the ancient Indians, Persians, Egyptians, pointing out that without reason those races ferreted out more of the "scientific" secrets that perplex man than the surface brains of modern wise men have been able to conceive. He will say that in bridges or skyscrapers or subways no vestige of happiness, of wisdom, of "God," will ever be found. He will admit that these "modern improvements" are well enough in their place but he will say that their place certainly is subsidiary. He will tell you that in a moment he can fly spiritually farther and faster than the speediest airplane can transport one bodily in a day. He will suggest casually that matter does not matter because there is no such thing. He will say that there can be nothing deeper in life than one's individual appreciation of Life, and that this appreciation is intensified and perfected not primarily by accomplishments, not by objective activity, but by subjective, introspective, if you will, experience. He will remark with "A. E." (George Rus-

sell) that "sitting in your chair you can travel farther than Columbus travelled and to lordier lands than his eyes had rested on."

For the illuminate a new life begins, a life within himself. All of his past existence becomes a sort of divine analogy; a new struggle commences but it is the struggle of the soul upwards to—God. The interest no longer centers in material things; the power may be used in a great cause which becomes solely material, but the power itself, not the achievement, is of import. The rebirth accomplished, the subject sees the universe with new eyes, his old measure of values vanish, his words and actions are continually colored by the spiritual experience he has undergone, he is no longer of Caesar's world.

Granted the abnormality of persons who undergo such an experience, nevertheless the experience in itself is of such terrific force that it behooves even the most close minded of us to give it our incidental attention. Surely it is worthy of "investigation."

Bucke lays down ten criteria of experience that the illumined exhibit. 1. The subjective light. At the moment of illumination the subject often feels himself enveloped in a flame or rose colored light or aura which surrounds him. 2. A moral elevation. A feeling of rising above love and hate in the ordinary implication of the terms and coming into another love, similar to that felt by artists and poets when they are creatively expressing themselves. 3. An intellectual illumination. The subject *sees* the Whole of the Universe, or comprehends its inherent unity or oneness, for the first time. 4. The sense of immortality. Feeling this oneness, the concept of life and death drops away; only the living heart of things, the *élan vital,* exists. With this feeling comes: 5. The loss of the fear of death. And: 6. The loss of the sense of sin. 7. The illumination is always instantaneous and sudden. 8. The previous character of the subject, intellectual, moral, and physical, undoubtedly is a factor. 9. A tremendous charm or magnetism is added to the personality, and: 10. The experience is of such intensity as to "transfigure the subject" to the extent that the change is visibly noticeable by others. It is then that a man comes into his real power and force.

As a specific example of just what this "illumination" is, it might be well to quote from one of the many cases

listed. Horace Traubel, biographer of Walt Whitman, gives as clear a testimony of the experience as any perhaps. He writes: . . . "That overwhelming night, as I leaned over the railing of the ferryboat, I lost this world for another, and in the anguish and joy of a few minutes saw things heretofore withheld from me revealed. Those who have had such an encounter will understand what this means, others will not or will perhaps only realize it by intimation. I could not separate the physical and spiritual of that moment. My physical body went through the experience of a disappearance in spiritual light. All severe lines in the front of phenomena relaxed. I was one with God, love, the Universe, arrived at last face to face with myself. I was sensible of peculiar mental and moral disturbances and readjustments. There was an immediateness to it all—an indissoluble unity of the several energies of my being in one force. I was no more boating it on a river than winging it in space or taking star leaps, a traveller from one to another of the peopled orbs. While I stood there the boat had got into the slip and was almost ready to go out again. A deckhand who knew me came up and tapped me on the shoulder. . . . I did not see Walt till the next day, evening. In the meantime I had lived through twenty-four hours of ecstacy mixed with some doubt as to whether I had not had a crack in the skull and gone mad rather than fallen under some light and made a discovery. But the first words Walt addressed to me when I sallied into his room were reassuring: "Horace, you have the look of great happiness on your face to-night. Have you had a run of good luck?" I sat down and tried in a few words to indicate that I had had a run of good luck, though not perhaps the good luck he had in mind for me at the moment. He did not seem at all surprised at what I told him, merely remarking, as he put his hand on my shoulder and looked into my eyes: "I knew it would come to you." I suggested: "I have been wondering all day if I am not crazy." He laughed gravely: "No, sane. Now at last you are sane."

And turning to Walt's *Leaves of Grass!*

When I undertake to tell the best I find I cannot,
My tongue is ineffectual on its pivots,
My breath will not be obedient to its organs,
I become a dumb man.

And in his *Prayer of Columbus*:

O I am sure they really come from Thee!
The urge, the ardor, the unconquerable will,
The potent, felt, interior command, stronger than words,
A message from the Heavens, whispering to me even in sleep,
These speed me on.

. . . . . .

One effort more—my altar this bleak sand:
That Thou, O God, my life has blighted,
With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of Thee,
(Light rare, untellable—lighting the very light!
Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages!)
For that, O God—be it my latest word—here on my knees,
Old, poor, and paralyzed—I thank Thee.

My terminus near,
The clouds already closing in upon me,
The voyage balk'd—the course disputed, lost,
I yield my ships to Thee.

. . . . . .

And, turning to the words of Christ —— But each word of his, whose power was not in but through words, burns with the supreme illumination! Sometimes he called it his "Father," sometimes "the Light," sometimes "Me:"

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest.
Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me:
For I am meek and lowly in heart:
And ye shall find rest unto your souls.
For my yoke is easy,
And my burden is light.

The reality only can be suggested. Great poetry tries to put it in words, great deeds suggest it, we can hear it in the silences. But the experience is tremendous and personal. It must come to each man personally before he can know it. It may not be spoken, it may only be spoken about. It has been called Brahma, Vishnu, the Tao, the Li, That, Om, the Word, God, Catholicism. It has rung through every age and every century with a compelling clarity that has swept all before it. Where "It" has evinced itself, has been the fire of great accomplishment. It has been of such terrific force as to leave in its wake thousands and millions of persons who not understanding later have bowed down to It irreverently, who have become ossified in dogma, creed, ritual, fear, and all manner of religions because they could only achieve a small and much perverted fragment of It for

themselves. And yet who shall say that that fragment, that belief, that religion small and narrow and beclouding as it may be, is worse than no belief at all? Disbelief is necessary; It's power runs through heretics and supporters alike; yet all must have a faith. This faith whatever it is, this belief, this It, is all that exists. Without it, life is lethargy, with it life is something dynamic at least, moving, compelling, real. It is not that men will not believe. There is an urge within the most intellectual scientist that goads him on and on. It is that men will not yet believe enough. When they believe enough they will believe *all the way*. Past time and space as important concepts in themselves. Past the mere accumulation of money or properties. Past pleasures and bank accounts. Even past friends, possessions, selfishness. Certainly past churches. Past blind obeisance to any creed or man. Past all things to oneself. Past reasoned impractical concepts to the heart of energy, to the burning vitalizing efficient life force, to It. Then that age will at last be practical in the truest sense of the word.

Schelling in his *Philosophical Letters upon Dogmatism and Criticism* says:

> In all of us there dwells a secret marvelous power of freeing ourselves from the changes of time, of withdrawing to our secret selves away from external things, and of so discovering to ourselves the eternal in us in the form of unchangeability. This presentation of ourselves to ourselves is the most truly personal experience, upon which depends everything that we know of the supra-sensible world. This presentation shows us for the first time what real existence is, whilst all else only appears to be. It differs from every presentation of the sense in its perfect freedom, whilst all other presentations are bound, being overweighted by the burden of the object. . . . This intellectual presentation occurs when we cease to be our own object, when, withdrawing into ourselves, the perceiving image merges in the self-perceived. At that moment we annihilate time and duration of time: we are no longer in time, but time, or rather eternity itself (the timeless) is in us. The external world is no longer an object for us, but is lost in us.

Again, the same thing, although Schelling must put it not in the language of the poet but in that of the scholar. But it is the experience, not the phrases that matter. In the works of the greatest writers, somewhere *always* the testimony is found. The greater the volume, the more we may have to hunt it out; when a man's literary output is limited it may usually be found on every page, depending naturally

upon the strength of the illumination. It is in the accomplishments of all our religious teachers, even as a fragment of it is expressed in our Roosevelts and D'Annunzios. It is in each of us.

With the acceptance of the mystical experience comes a new appraisal of current spiritistic, psychic, telepathic, clairvoyant, new thought, phenomena. It is a casual appraisal for the true mystic is well aware of the real force of the universe and cannot be surprised by any trivial manifestations of this force. For him there is something far greater than talking with dead relatives, or reading inconsequential thoughts that one's friends may happen to have, or deciphering the mind, or locating the burial spots of personal treasures of gold or health, or teasing oneself into the knowledge that one is strong enough to sell a hundred boxes of shoes more each year or powerful enough not to get "sick" when consuming meat poisons three times daily. The mystic is interested in none of these things. They still savor too much of the material world; too often they are only the selfish cravings of centered people for more selfhood. Far too seldom are they first steps towards the goal of reality.

Such "spiritualistic" waves come after the close of periods of deep suffering on the part of nations or individuals. With ten million killed by the World War we can well expect an advent of what will be considered falsely by some as the spiritual awakening of the universe. Already it is upon us. The mystic with the materialistic will hold up his hands in horror as the " fad " again strikes the Western world, germinates, flourishes, and dies.

And yet out of any of these movements, as indeed out of any experience in life, can come a close approach to the more permanent, realer thing. So, for instance, in the automatic writing of Mrs. Holland the Myers control speaks:

> If it were possible for the soul to die back into life again, I should die from sheer yearning to reach you—to tell you that all that we imagined is not half wonderful enough for the truth. . . . If I could only reach you—if I could only tell you—I long for power and all that comes to me is an infinite yearning—an infinite pain. Does any of this reach you—reach any one—or am I only wailing as the wind wails—wordless and unheeded?

And again:

> We no more solve the riddle of Death by dying than we solve the

problem of Life by being born. Take my own case. I was always a seeker—until it seemed at times as if the quest was more to me than the prize. Only the attainments of my search were generally like rainbow gold alway beyond and afar—It is not all clear—I seek still—only with a confirmed optimism more perfect and beautiful than any we imagined before—I am not oppressed with the desire that animates some of us to share our knowledge or optimism with you all before the time. You know who feels like that but I am content that you should wait. The solution of the Great Problem I could not give you—I am still very far from it. . . .

So, occasionally, but not often, we find the dead telling the truth. "The solution of the Great Problem I could not give you—I am still very far from it." As indeed they are so long as they are intent upon being individuals instead of *being*.

Yet the various phases of the greater whole must not be ridiculed: "Mankind comes to Me along many roads, and on whatever road a man comes, on that road do I welcome him, for all roads are Mine."

Indeed! Even the road of Science. Time and space are about to fall: witness, Einstein!

It is clear enough that we civilized have surrendered to our civilization. It is tragically true that buildings have meant more to us as commercial temples than as houses for the soul; we have valued inventions and machines higher than meditation, for our ambitions have run away with us. We know not what we do.

And yet it is just possible that we do know what we do. We of to-day are in the center of the mechanical-mental-commercial civilization of our time. Yet we are in that center with an immense amount of potential energy, and we are just beginning to release it. In us the world has been reborn truly enough: we are its youth. We are making all the mistakes of youth, yet we are driving somewhere. And we are driving at a terrific pace. Before we finish, we will have tamed the universe. All of its physical power will be under our thumbs, at our instant command. Material success will be ours beyond the question of a doubt.

How about the other success? The spirit of Life—will we be able to harness that too? There is reason to believe that we will. "Cosmic consciousness" is a new thing in that man himself is a new thing, being only about one hundred thousand years old. It is as old as the hills because it is the

hills. But one fact is certain: that it is becoming more widespread. There have been something like eight complete cases of cosmic consciousness in the last six hundred years. In eighteen hundred years previous to that, from Gautama to the time of Dante, there were but five complete cases. At this rate, the boldly outstanding examples are four and eight-tenths times as frequent as they used to be.

Bucke looks with great optimism into the future:

All religions known and named to-day will be melted down. The human soul will be revolutionized. Religion will absolutely dominate the race. It will not depend on tradition. It will not be believed and disbelieved. It will not be a part of life, belonging to certain hours, times, occasions. It will not be in sacred books nor in the mouths of priests. It will not dwell in churches and meetings and forms and days. Its life will not be in prayers, hymns, nor discourses. It will not depend on special revelations, on the word of gods who came down to teach, nor on any bible or bibles. It will have no mission to save men from their sins or to secure them entrance to heaven. It will not teach a future immortality nor future glories, for immortality and all glory will exist in the here and now. The evidence of immortality will live in every heart as sight in every eye. Doubt of God and of eternal life will be as impossible as is now doubt of existence; the evidence of each will be the same. Religion will govern every minute of every day of all life. Churches, priests, forms, creeds, prayers, all agents, all intermediaries between the individual man and God, will be permanently replaced by direct and unmistakable intercourse. Sin will no longer exist, nor will salvation be desired. Man will not worry about death or a future, about the kingdom of heaven, about what may come with and after cessation of the life of the present body. Each soul will feel and know itself to be immortal, will feel and know that the entire universe with all its good and with all its beauty is for it, and belongs to it forever. The world peopled by men possessing cosmic consciousness will be as far removed from the world of to-day as this is from the world as it was before the advent of self consciousness.

And it is safe to assume that when that time comes, as it is coming surely, articles such as this one will no longer be written. . . .

ELWORTH POUND.

PHASES OF UNREST—II

WHAT ARE MEN STRIKING AGAINST?

BY SAMUEL CROWTHER

WHY do men strike? You can sometimes put your finger upon the causes of this or that strike, but it seems beyond reason that a man will strike this week for a raise in pay and get it and then turn about and strike for another increase in the following week. While we are accustomed to a certain amount of healthy unrest—the contented American is not much of a citizen—the present seething unrest is not easily explained.

The people are doing less work than they ever did and getting more for it—and the "people" includes not only the people who work for wages, but nearly every one in the community excepting those unfortunates who have to live on pre-war salaries and incomes. The idea of strikes is in the air. People want to strike—to strike first and find out what for afterwards.

The strikes today are just strikes. The men ask for money but they do not strike for money—otherwise they would not be quite as unhappy after they get it as before. These strikes are evidences of nervous disorder and perhaps something more. They may become something decidedly more serious unless a sedative be found to cure the nervousness, for it is of the progressive type.

Look at some of the causes as glibly given. The first cause assigned is "the spread of radical Socialism." But radical Socialism in its Bolshevist or any other form is not a cause but an effect. It is a revolution of serfs against serfdom, and although being a serf is more often a mental attitude than a fact, you cannot get even serfs to revolt unless they are acutely tired of being serfs. It is true that the delusion that all wealth is due to the workers and should be owned by them is widespread, largely because the various

Governments of the world recently talked so much about the man at the bench winning the war that many of the men believed it. It is always unfortunate for Governments to be taken at their word; it is very awkward indeed for a ruler to issue bales of political promissory notes and then have people, instead of keeping them as souvenirs, turn up with them naïvely expecting payment. It tends to destroy the effect of government by phrases. But, however far the Governments have gone in confirming the statements of the social revolutionists, the American working people are not so far deluded by those unacquainted with the traditions of America as to swallow the whole programme of the social revolution. A certain number of people are talking about the "new world," but they are in the minority.

The symptoms are not those of the social revolution. Only a few enthusiasts are more than lukewarm about the Plumb Plan for the control of the railroads; and the advocates of nationalization are all careful to state that the goal is the profits which capital is supposed now to be getting—and not a new social order. The Seattle strike was put across by talking about the stupendous profits of capital. The agitators at one shipyard brought the men out on the statement that the company was making $60 a day out of each man, while they only gave him a pittance of $6. The alliteration of the appeal was so perfect that the unattractive fact that, multiplying the $60 by the number of workmen resulted in a sum five times greater than all the contracts which the company held, did not even raise a doubt that perhaps the speakers had slightly erred! The wages as paid do not satisfy. The men think that it is the wages, and so do many of the employers, but is it the wages or the kind of money that the wages are paid in?

Under the wage system, we must have some kind of a moderately stable medium in which to pay wages. The dollar, for many years before the war, had been steadily, although gradually, decreasing in purchasing power. But the process was so deliberate that it never caused dissatisfaction with the dollar as a medium of exchange. Wages underwent periodical adjustments which met the changed power of the dollar, but the major reason for these changes was the competition of capital for labor and not the depreciation in the purchasing value of the currency. For all practical purposes one might consider the dollar as fixed.

One could always visualize it. It was possible, for instance, to pay a man a dollar for doing a certain bit of work and to have both the payer and the payee know rather definitely how much actual value was exchanged. Each side knew just about what it could buy in food and clothing for a dollar and, therefore, each knew whether the work and wage were in relation. Now all that has disappeared.

Within the space of two years, we have seen the dollar drop at least one half in purchasing power. If it had dropped one-half everywhere and all at once—that is, if all prices denoted in dollars had exactly doubled, we should have been in no particular difficulty, for every one excepting the *rentier* might simply have doubled up and been just where he was before. But, unfortunately, this decrease in purchasing power did not come all at once and is not level. Some things increased in price—while others were not, generally speaking, much affected until raises had taken place in practically all of the commodities. As in all periods of rapidly increasing prices, real estate values were the last to be affected. All the changes, however, were irregular and spasmodic. They were accentuated in localities by a certain amount of that profiteering which is inseparable from rising prices. The whole situation has been confusing.

The average man does not understand how it is that a dollar can change in value. A dollar looks just the same today as it did in 1913 or 1914. The Government says that it is a dollar and everyone takes it as such. It is not generally understood that the denomination stamped upon any particular piece of currency is only for the purpose of providing a unit of calculation. Governments, no matter how much they might desire so to do, can no more fix the commodity equivalent of currency than they can regulate the visibility of the moon. The elements which go to form the buying power at the moment of any bit of currency are very numerous and complex, and no one really knows all about them.

Our currency and the currency of all of the more important countries of the world (at least nominally) are upon what is known as a gold basis, and normally it makes no difference whether we use the actual metal or paper secured by it as hand currency. A dollar is worth a certain amount of fine gold. When the supply of gold decreases,

the dollar naturally increases in value; when the supply of gold increases—then the value of the dollar, other things being equal, decreases. The more gold there is in the world, the more of it will be needed to buy a certain amount of production. The buying power of gold is regulated, as everything else is regulated, by the law of supply and demand. Just because we have a definite name for a coin corresponding to a definite amount of gold by no means settles the question of how much value the gold or the currency based on it will buy.

The workman, being unversed in the elements which go to make up the value of money, thinks that when a value suddenly changes, somebody or other has been fooling with the currency. The American public truly love an anthropomorphic devil, and there is no contentment in blaming an impersonal economic force for a personal economic distress. The fact that high prices in particular commodities and in particular communities are sometimes due in part to speculation, just as extremely low prices are sometimes due to the collapse of speculation, gives a personal basis for high prices and opens the way for the universal remedy of suing someone. High prices are always taken by working men, politicians, and other uninformed classes, to be caused by a group of individuals to whom, for the time being, they are willing to ascribe supernatural powers. These individuals are always rich men, and, therefore, the conclusion is inevitable that the machinations of capital cause the woes that happen to be fashionable.

The inflation of currency and credit mediums throughout the world is behind the general unrest. It is the big cause. The trouble is that Capital, as the personal devil, is given all the jobation!

The inflation is due partially to the destruction of property incident to war, which involves not only the destruction of buildings and factories and ships, but also the property, such as guns and ammunitions, which is destroyed in the process of destroying; and then on top of all this waste, we have the other great waste involved in inefficient production of things which are designed to destroy. There is the waste of the actual destruction of property, there is the waste of making things which are themselves to be destroyed, and then there is the waste of the withdrawal from productive activity of many millions of men who would

otherwise be engaged in adding to the wealth of the world.

The net worth of the world is very much less now than it was in 1914, but to facilitate the dissipation of wealth we have put many times the normal amount of money into circulation and have created stupendous bank deposits. Every nation has not only spent far in excess of its income for non-productive purposes, but also has mortgaged a large proportion of its assets and future income.

The value of money depends upon the supply of commodities. The actual supply of commodities has decreased while the supply of money has increased. That is, the actual wealth has decreased, while the money which is supposed to represent that wealth has increased—therefore, money must buy less. And, because the changes come so suddenly, the exact value of money is undetermined; I say money, but because there was not enough gold and silver to use as hand mediums, all of the metal was retained by the various countries and, instead of being freely used as currency, was held to cover paper currency. The paper obligations everywhere, excepting in this country, are really not at all covered by gold and are only nominally, and not actually, redeemable in gold. But the worker thinks of this paper in its old relation to gold. He does not understand why it does not buy. And mystery always breeds unrest.

The money and credits are entirely out of proportion with the surviving wealth. In many parts of Germany, for instance, money has so lost its value that farmers refuse to exchange agricultural products for money; they insist upon trading in kind. The same is true in Austria and Hungary, while in Russia the paper was put into circulation in order to destroy the idea of money in the minds of the people. The other belligerent countries followed the same course, but without the same intention.

Breaking up the value of money involves an almost endless number of difficulties, and one of the most serious is the entire derangement of the wage scale.

It is inevitable that each fresh demand for high wages on the part of labor unaccompanied by higher production, followed as they are by higher profits on the part of the employer unaccompanied by higher service, should jolt prices all around. The most familiar case of this is the advance of railroad rates to cover an arbitrary wage increase. If it costs a dollar to transport an ordinary household article

and the rate is raised to $1.50, then that article must cost more at retail, and all of the people who buy will find their cost of living increased by so much and will therefore need higher incomes. The railway men soon found that the increase in wages which they got was overcome by the unexpected increase in the price of commodities. In order to maintain their former margin, they must have another raise, and thus these inequalities swing through the circle, leaving always a trail of discontent. They culminate in a wage system left without a medium in which to pay wages. Then enter the Marxian quacks.

Wages have to come out of production; there is no other way of paying them. And, if you advance wages merely by raising the cost of articles, you do not advance wages at all; in fact, you only tend to lower their actual buying power and to add confusion to an already sufficiently confused state of affairs.

If the disordered purchasing power of the currency—call it inflation of currency, or inflation of credit, or anything else that you like—is caused by an excess of that which is supposed to represent wealth, over wealth itself, then the only remedy is to increase the wealth.

The only way to increase wealth is by production.

It may not be wholly desirable to return to the former purchasing power of the dollar. The immense war debt was created in terms of a depreciated currency. If the currency be materially appreciated—if, for instance, it could by any miracle be restored to its pre-war purchasing power, then the war debts would be twice as great a burden, approximately, as they now are. The psychological way to dispose of these war debts is to keep on calling a dollar a dollar, but to let it buy only fifty cents worth. That is what has always been done in some degree or other in the repayment of a war loan. The *rentiers* have held the bag.

But, whether it be upon the present basis of currency values or not, it is inevitably necessary at least to get down to some kind of a valuation, and the only way to stabilize present values is to nail them down with adequate production.

There are numerous anti-production ideas about, and they are finding considerable encouragement abroad where the propaganda of production for use instead of production for profit is being put forward as a panacea. A number of

drastic suggestions for deflation are being urged, but there is a suspicion that behind them is the desire to destroy the capitalistic system rather than to benefit the currency. Some of the Slovak republics are simply calling in money and destroying it, while in other countries, particularly in Austria and Hungary, frank repudiation is popular. In this country the most "liberal" idea is to impose excessively high taxes, but the popularity of that thought arises not so much from the possible reaction on prices, but on the side of the levelling of fortunes. And then there is the resounding slogan of "high prices and prosperity." A rise in prices due to the depreciation of the currency, or to the inflation of currency or credit—all of which practically amount to the same thing—is most elusive because the earmarks are those of prosperity. It is quite impossible to get out of the minds of people in general that a lot of dollars is not always good. Rising prices do stimulate buying and, for a time, stimulate production. Inflation always increases bank deposits. Bank deposits are considered as an index of prosperity. Therefore, people are inclined to regard a period of inflation as one of exuberant prosperity.

It seems almost unnecessary to note that if you borrow $5,000 from a bank, and it is credited to your account, the deposits will be swollen by $5,000; and that, as you distribute this new buying power, the deposits of other banks will rise, and that the $5,000 will stay in circulation as purchasing power until somebody pays it off. It can be paid off only out of savings; it is not paid off by shifting loans, and while it remains in circulation, it is not wealth, but merely purchasing power. Wealth is based only on production—on things. Bank deposits have increased anywhere from 50 per cent to 100 per cent; the wealth of the country has not increased—if it has increased at all—in anything like that amount. So, therefore, a considerable proportion of our bank deposits—what proportion we do not know—are nothing more than inflation.

The idea that all this inflation can be decreased by merely seizing upon the capital accumulations of the country, and that such a seizure would be to the benefit of the working class, arises out of a lack of knowledge as to what capital is and what it does.

There is a failure to realize that the accumulation of capital is always for the benefit of the entire community

and that, whoever may be the owners, the community always benefits to a much larger (even though not to such a spectacular) extent as does the advertised owner.

If the entire surplus income of a rich man is taken, the rich man himself is not harmed. He cannot, under any circumstances, waste more than an inconsiderable part of a large income, no matter how keen may be his desire to waste. The major part of a large income must inevitably go into investment channels. If the Government takes the income it can only invest it, and Governments are preternaturally inefficient in investment.

When capital accumulations are rapid, then there will inevitably be sharp bidding by the owners of that capital for means to employ it. Capital cannot be made productive without the addition of labor. If there is more capital than labor, then labor's wages must rise; if there is more labor than capital, then wages must go down.

Those who urge the redistribution of capital so that less capital will be available for the advancement of industry are working valiantly in the direction of lowering wages and not of improving them, as they think they are.

Wages, to repeat, depend upon production. Production is increased by placing more and better equipment in the hands of labor. That equipment can be bought only with capital.

It is urged, however, that more production means slavery for the wage earner. And so much emphasis was placed upon production in England, or rather upon schemes for high production after the war, that the radical leaders have succeeded in convincing the people there that greater production will be only for the benefit of capital, and will not affect labor. That is, of course, due to a misconception of what wages are and where they come from. But the misconception is not confined entirely to the wage earners.

Many employers look upon high production as an opportunity for continued high profits.

The fundamental error which both sides fall into is in neglecting to remember that production is not merely a good thing in itself, but, that in order to keep up production, somebody has to buy what is produced. A high rate of production, without the economies which large production make possible, quickly fills up the market. The goods cannot be moved if they are priced as were the goods of low

production. But they can quickly be moved and, in apparently any quantity, if increased production is accompanied by decreased price.

It is not possible to saturate a market with goods. What is meant by "saturation of the market" is that the seller of the goods refuses to avail himself of the economies of production in order to reduce the price of the goods. It is not the goods but the price that saturates. Steadily increased production compels the management of capital to be exceptionally skillful. It must improve processes to gain profits at selling prices which are less than the cost in less intensive production. The old idea, brought to its fullest development probably in the clothing trade, was that skill in management was unnecessary and that the costs of the production were to be saved by bearing down upon the human element. The same lack of acquaintance with business displays itself in those who, after every advance in wages, say that prices cannot go down unless wages are lowered. They do not realize that highly skilled production at low wages, results in glutted markets, because those who work for wages have then no surplus buying power—they must spend all for the absolute necessities of life. It is a neat and comforting equation!

The backward employer and the average labor leaders are curiously in agreement on one economic fallacy. This sort of employer, failing to improve the possibilities of his business, works for high production, not necessarily with low labor costs, but with low wages. Labor costs and wages are very different. The labor leader works for high wages and a strictly limited production. If this sort of employer had his way, he would speedily have a great lot of goods on hand and no one to buy them. If the labor leader had his way—and lately he seems to be getting it—his people would have large amounts of money and nothing to buy with it.

It is disagreeably un-Utopian and perhaps quite out of keeping with modern counsels which must indeed be modestly put forth if they are not of perfection, to be unable to plan any workable scheme by which Labor and Capital can both be happy and prosperous without working. One single section of Capital and Labor may arrange to get more money for less work, but their success is shortlived. The demagogue leads foolish workmen into believing that the

wages in their industry can be permanently raised and, at the same time, production can be decreased.

A case directly in point is our own railroads. During the twenty years before the war there was an enormous increase in efficiency of construction and management. Compare the heavy rails and the powerful locomotive hauling a long train of cars, with the light rails, wheezy locomotives, and short trains of not so long ago, and you will realize something of this efficiency. In the period from 1900 to 1917, the average wage of railroad employees increased. But the charge to the public decreased. Since 1917, with the Government in control, the number of railway employees has increased, the total wages have increased at the rate of 62 per cent a year, while the public is paying an increased passenger rate of 50 per cent and an increased freight rate of at least 25 per cent, and is in addition making up a large deficit out of taxes! Why? The high wages were not accompanied by additional compensating efficiency of management or of men.

All of this, however, they say, can be cured by the nationalization of industry, and no disagreeable emphasis need be placed upon production. Let the State step in and trouble will step out. Will it?

Nationalization is hardly the way out. It does not make a growth where there was no growth before. Our national problem is not so much further to destroy as it is further to construct. It may be phrased in this wise:

I. We have spent in advance of our income, we have created credit and buying power for war purposes ahead of our ability to produce. We have pledged a certain amount of future production.

II. What means can we devise to restore the balance, and, at the same time, better not the condition of one class as against another, not the condition of the man who works with his hands as against the man who works with his head, but to benefit all classes?

The general answer is obvious. We can make up the deficiencies only by providing more wealth and we can provide more wealth only by increasing the facilities for increasing wealth. It is the function of capital to produce wealth. But where can we find the capital?

SAMUEL CROWTHER.

"CONCURRENT POWER"—A REPLY

BY JOSEPH E. POTTLE of the Georgia Bar

THE scholarly and temperate discussion of the Eighteenth Amendment by Monroe Buckley, in the March number of the REVIEW, arouses a line of thought of vast importance to the legal profession, and to the people of the nation. At the threshold we are met with the inquiry, how far and to what extent the provisions of Section 2, that "The Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation," is effective.

As Mr. Buckley correctly says, the amendment, including Section 2, is a grant of power by the States to the Federal Government, and this grant is apparently made with the limitation that it shall be exercised "concurrently," or at the same time both by the National and the State legislatures.

It is difficult to understand how it will be practicable, if indeed possible, to enforce this provision or limitation. Section 2 of Art. 6 of the Constitution declares that "This Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof . . . shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution of any state to the contrary notwithstanding."

The so-called Volstead Act, passed over the President's veto, was passed under the provisions of the Prohibition Amendment, and is therefore under the plain terms of the constitutional section above quoted "the supreme law of the land." It is an absurdity to say that a legislative act is supreme, if it must engage in a sort of rivalry with another legislative act. The Volstead Act permits the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors under certain restrictions and for certain purposes. The Georgia statute prohibits its sale

or manufacture for any purpose whatsoever. The former fixes a penalty of a fine not exceeding $1000.00, or imprisonment not exceeding six months; the latter makes the manufacture of liquor a felony punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary. The Volstead Act permits the possession of liquors by a citizen in his own home for the use of his family and his bona fide guests; the Georgia statute punishes the possession of any liquid containing any percentage of alcohol in a private residence or elsewhere.

These constitute merely an illustration of how inextricably confusing the situation will be when the Volstead Act, "the supreme law of the land," comes to be enforced in Georgia, and at the same time Georgia with her "concurrent" and equally "supreme (?)" law, undertakes to enforce her statutory provisions on the same subject. The truth seems to me to be that in the very nature of things there can be no such thing as two active "supreme" powers, and that that power which is really subordinate and inferior must yield to that which is supreme.

The epoch-making case of Sturges vs. Crowninshield, reported in 4 Wheaton, page 122, seems to be a controlling authority on this question. That case involved the validity of the bankrupt act of New York of 1811, which sought to relieve debtors of their obligations upon surrender of their property. The two questions made by the record were, first, whether the State bankrupt act was a valid exercise of power by the State, in view of the Federal Constitutional provision which gives the Federal Legislature power to "Establish . . . uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies throughout the United States," and, second, whether that act was valid in view of the Federal Constitutional provision that no state "Shall pass any law impairing the obligations of contracts."

In opening the argument for the plaintiff in error, Mr. Daggett said:

> The 8th section of the 1st article of the Constitution is wholly employed in giving powers to Congress. Those powers had hitherto been in the state legislatures or in the people. The people now thought fit to vest them in Congress. The effect of thus giving them to Congress may be fairly inferred from the language of the 10th article of the amendments to the Constitution, which declares, that 'the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.' The expression is in the disjunctive; not delegated nor

prohibited. The inference is, therefore, fair, that if a power is delegated, or prohibited, it is not reserved. Every power given by the Constitution, unless limited, is entire, exclusive, and supreme. The national authority over subjects placed under its control is absolutely sovereign; and a sovereign power over the same subject cannot co-exist in two independent legislatures.

The language, "The national authority over subjects placed under its control *is absolutely sovereign; and a sovereign power over the same subject cannot co-exist in two independent legislatures,*" appears to me to state irresistibly the true law. Nor can the fact that the supreme power is granted to the national legislature with the limitation that the States shall have concurrent power, affect its soundness, In other words, this limitation, if effective, necessarily nullifies the grant of power to the Congress. Supreme power must rest somewhere. Concurrent power negatives the existence of supreme power. If supreme power in the case of the Eighteenth Amendment rests anywhere, it must rest in the Congress. Unless it does rest in the Congress, it rests nowhere, and therefore the amendment itself is valueless.

Again, Mr. Daggett in the case above cited used this language, "It cannot be denied that if Congress exercise this power (bankruptcy legislation) the States are divested of it." The opinion of the court in Sturges vs. Crowninshield was pronounced by the great Chief Justice Marshall, and he disposes of the contention that the power of legislation on the subject of bankruptcy was concurrent in the national and State legislatures thus:

When the American people created a national legislature, with certain enumerated powers, it was neither necessary nor proper to define the powers retained by the States. These powers proceed, not from the people of America, but from the people of the several States; and remain, after the adoption of the Constitution, what they were before, except so far as they may be abridged by that instrument. In some instances, as in making treaties, we find an express prohibition; and this shows the sense of the convention to have been, that the mere grant of a power to Congress did not imply a prohibition on the States to exercise the same power. But it has never been supposed that this concurrent power of legislation extended to every possible case in which its exercise by the States has not been expressly prohibited. The confusion resulting from such a practice would be endless. The principle laid down by the counsel for the plain-

tiff, in this respect, is undoubtedly correct. Whenever the terms in which a power is granted to Congress, or the nature of the power, required that it should be exercised exclusively by Congress, the subject is as completely taken from the State legislatures as if they had been expressly forbidden to act on it.

In this great opinion the Chief Justice admits that until Congress exercises its constitutional power to legislate on the subject the States retain that right, but holds that once the Congress exercises the power, all power over the subject is lost to the several States.

Mr. Buckley states the case thus:

> The Prohibition Amendment is a grant by the States of power, but— mark this—of concurrent power, to legislate for a certain purpose. Being a grant of power, it increases the powers already granted only to the extent expressly given. It is also a reservation of power to the several States. They have in effect said to the Federal Government: 'In the exercise of our sovereignty we have prohibited the liquor traffic. We give you power to enforce that prohibition. We reserve to ourselves the same power that we grant you. You are limited to the terms of our grant and such action as is necessary to carry it out. We, on the other hand, retain the same power that we give you. The power that we grant and the power that we retain are concurrent, mutual and equal.'

This is true, but the difficulty is that the grant of power to Congress to legislate is necessarily a grant of supreme power, and that the retention of "concurrent, mutual and equal power" is in the very nature of things an absolute nullity.

If the views above expressed are not sound; if forty-eight States may pass laws to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment, and Congress may do the same in every State, then there is imminent danger that that great provision in the Constitution of the United States, and those of every State in the Union, that "No man shall be placed in jeopardy twice for the same offense," will be in substance and in effect nullified.

For example, it is a misdemeanor in Georgia to have in one's possession any alcoholic or malt liquors, regardless of the alcoholic content; the Volstead Act makes it a misdemeanor to have in one's possession liquor containing one-half of one per cent of alcohol by volume. It is entirely conceivable that a citizen can be convicted in both the State and Federal courts for having liquor in his possession, and

yet not literally, though substantially, convicted twice for the same offense.

Finally, therefore, I do not agree with the conclusion reached by Mr. Buckley, when he says, " So here, the supremacy given to the laws of the United States must give way to the new enactment so far as the latter impinges upon it." When this power was given to the United States by the several States, it was *supreme,* and no reservation of " concurrent " power can be effectual either theoretically or practically.

JOSEPH E. POTTLE.

THE REBIRTH OF THE FARM HOME

BY HELEN JOHNSON KEYES

Late Assistant, Office of Information, United States Department of Agriculture

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OUR present civilization is so blindly urban that there is a tendency to ignore the fact that the earth underlies all our boulevards, basements and towering architecture; that we are fed by the earth, not by tin containers, grocers' shelves and market counters.

Nor should we conceive our dependence on the country as exclusively material. From our farms flows into our cities every year a large population, which influences our city churches, schools, business, finance and social intercourse. These two elements in our civilization, country and city, are continually fusing and it is of the utmost importance that each shall be vigorous, for a nation, like a chain, is only as strong as its weakest link.

Less than a hundred years ago, when mechanical inventions crowded thickly upon one another and gave rise to a new form of civilization, our nation changed with bewildering rapidity, from a rural existence to an urban one. The youth of the country fled from the unresponsive fields of their fathers and grandfathers—fields exhausted by a type of farming which took the fruits of the earth without rendering again the elements which had been removed—to city factories offering more money, shorter hours and greater diversion. This caused the institutions which once had been strong in the country to grow feeble. Country churches lost their attendance, country schools failed to educate their pupils to meet successfully the conditions of a changed world; the farm home, impoverished by the loss of sons and daughters to city industries, became discouraged. Old social customs were discontinued and social life on the farm either stagnated or else made confused ef-

forts to copy city forms, which are contrary to the spirit of the open country. Thus the farm home lost its individuality and was no longer fully self-conscious. This condition menaced the integrity of the nation and set in motion new legislation to correct it.

In the year 1862 the world-old dignity of farming was asserted by the establishment of the United States Department of Agriculture. The same year, in the midst of the Civil War, President Lincoln approved the Morrill Act, which provided for the support of at least one college in each State where branches of learning relating to agriculture and the mechanical arts should be taught, in addition to the usual curriculum and military tactics. More than twenty years later in 1888 the Hatch Act gave to each State annually fifteen thousand dollars a year for Agricultural Experiment Stations. Bequests having in view the rehabilitation of the American farm followed one another with considerable frequency and the natural momentum which these gathered was further accelerated during the war by emergency funds to aid the production and conservation of foods and other staples, until now the organization of our rural territory is so remarkable that it deserves a larger share of popular knowledge and interest than has ever been given it.

The measure which is, perhaps, most radical and far-reaching in its effects is the Smith-Lever Act of 1914 which provides for Federal and State funds to be applied to the teaching of agriculture and home economics, not in the classroom but in the fields and homes. Prior to the Act the work itself had had an informal but successful incipiency in the South, suggesting the value of such an endowment. The Smith-Lever funds increase yearly until in 1922-23 they will reach their maximum with an aggregate sum for the country at large of $8,680,000 annually.

The form of service which comes under this provision is known as cooperative extension work. It stretches from the college to the home, making instruction in certain practical subjects available at all ages and without the inconvenience of classroom attendance. It is cooperative because it is under the control of the United States Department of Agriculture and one agricultural college in each State. In twenty-nine States of the North and West it functions through a county organization of farmers' families known as the Farm Bureau, which is itself a coordinating institu-

tion for local clubs. In separate communities, for instance, men and women may unite in clubs for the furtherance of certain occupations, such as the growth of a new forage crop, scientific poultry raising, gardens, health measures, or child welfare. These community programmes are presented to the Farm Bureau, which if so desired, appeals to the State college for an agent who will assist local endeavor. These agents go into the communities and there on the farmers' acres and in homes, clubs, granges, schools, churches demonstrate the results of experiments which have been carried on in the experiment stations, colleges and United States Department of Agriculture. This practical teaching, together with lectures, movable schools—which travel through the country and last from a week to a month at certain centers; correspondence courses, exhibits, fairs and the organization of farmers' clubs for the study of agricultural and housekeeping methods are, in brief, the machinery of extension work. The purpose is always the development of local initiative and leadership. Like the medical profession, it seeks a goal which would make unnecessary its own existence.

The first phase of this endeavor was with the farmer himself and had its origin in the South under the tragic conditions of the ravages of the boll-weevil. That, however, is a story by itself. Eventually in the North, too, the agent came into close and friendly touch with the farmers of his county, showing them how to build up their soils, the value of new crops and the methods of their cultivation, the means of destroying pests, and ways to find or create markets.

When we realize that every one of our States is organized for this work and that out of the 2,936 counties existing in the United States 2,300 are supplied with agents, we realize how active are the farming forces in our country. We can not wonder that impoverished soils are yielding again, that new crops are appearing, that even the once arid regions of scant rainfall in the Middle West are blossoming under a new culture. It has been a satisfaction to watch the embellishment of many landscapes with the fine barns and silos and neat fencing which proclaim the prosperous and thrifty landowner.

We have spoken of extension education as concerning itself at first only with the farmer. What is the poor little structure which yet remains on many farms to tremble

bleakly near the road, its weather-streaked paint appearing yet more dingy in the glow of the well-painted out-buildings? What relation to it does the old pump bear, set down in a field several yards away? Whose is the bent figure which passes often back and forth between pump and house?

The weather-beaten structure is the farm *home* (God save the mark!); the distant pump its water system; the bent figure the wife of the prosperous farmer carrying back and forth the water for her washing, for her cleaning, for the family's bathing and drinking. That error in economic theory which classified woman's work in the home as non-productive has caused the pitiful survival on many farms of this anachronism. Until the error was discovered, it seemed extravagant to spend money on the home, which was regarded as yielding no interest, whereas outlay on barns and silos resulted directly in better stock and crops, which are marketable.

There was no conscious cruelty in this interpretation. It was just a business error. The farmer who allowed his wife to carry gallons of water every day, whereas he introduced running water into his barns for the better care of his cattle did so, after all, with the idea of increasing his investments for the benefit of his family. He lacked imagination; he lacked originality, but he was not consciously cruel. For many years his wife reasoned no better than he and no more kindly to herself.

Then one day the shell of tolerance cracked and a question which had been incubating in the darkness, broke out. "Why is *not* the work of the farm wife productive? Could the farmer's business continue without his home and a woman to keep it? A lawyer or a merchant may be a bachelor without injury to his business, but can a farmer afford to be unmarried? Who would feed and shelter him and his hired men? Is not his wife's work, then, the very tap-root of the farm's productiveness?"

There was only one way to reply to the question and that affirmative answer has brought into being within about six years a new profession, that of the home demonstration agent, whose privilege it is to help the farm home to make itself as comfortable as the town house, as efficient as is a business organization, and yet to remain as flexible and cozy as any old-fashioned dreamer can desire.

The home demonstration agent is the feminine voice

in coöperative extension work. Like the county agent she is responsible to the United States Department of Agriculture and her State agricultural college and works through the county organization, local clubs, and local ability wherever she finds it. She is preferably a college graduate with a degree in home economics and it is better that she should be a farm woman in whom, therefore, knowledge of the problems which she is to help in solving is ingrained and organic. She is essentially a discoverer of people and a developer of innate ability. Here are three incidents, showing how by her assistance communities have built themselves up into forces:

In a certain State where corn grows fast lay a community of farmers whose prosperity was evidenced by the splendid cultivation of their acres and by the construction of the buildings which rose upon them. Unfortunately, however, in some cases the homes and the school houses were noticeably inferior to the barns and, similarly, the appearance of the human beings conveyed less idea of health and well-being than did that of the cattle and crops. The men and women were often rheumatic and the children, despite the bounties of nature, looked undernourished.

The farmers of this community, called Star Roads Center, belonged to a local club which was affiliated with the county organization, the Farm Bureau, but the women were not organized into any club work. They pronounced themselves too busy for community enterprises and declared that their men were as well-fed and their homes as well-run as any in the State and that they would stay at home and continue to have it so instead of gallavanting off to hear lectures about what they had known all their lives. Their husbands looked doubtful, but a man's tongue is a weak and pitiful weapon to array against a woman's prejudice, so the subdued males just pondered silently and then motored off to the annual meeting of the Farm Bureau.

Even into the men's section of that annual meeting filtered news of big savings effected in household management by women's canning clubs and this new thing called balanced menus. Several men confessed to fewer rheumatic twinges since being fed according to rule. Unofficially, as they consumed apple pie at noon, a number of proud husbands from communities bordering on Star Roads Center, related also marvelous transformations of old garments into

new ones under the direction of the home demonstration agent, transformations which, as one sly and jovial wit suggested, were bringing church into popularity once more, for where else, he enquired, does one walk with such a peacock tread as down an aisle illumined with the light of a hundred gazing eyes?

In short, the men of Star Roads Center, as our community was named, felt themselves entirely out of the swim. Fruit lay disintegrating upon their fields as of yore, instead of taking up its sterile abode in containers; there was no diminution in their rheumatism; their wives had made no sensational appearance in any congregation. Humiliated and determined, they put their heads together and agreed upon the startling plan of sending to the State agricultural college for a home demonstration agent. Whether terror or pride was dominant in the hearts of these returning crusaders when they clicked the latches of their own gates and encountered their wives has never been confessed, but certain it is that the women met the challenge and ever since have worked as effectually in the new-fashioned enterprises plotted out by the home demonstration agent as could possibly be expected of women who have to devote so much of their time to boasting about their husbands.

The organization of women's work, however, is not often accomplished by their husbands. More often it is a result of the women's own initiative coöperating with the wisdom and hard work of a home demonstration agent who knows how to find local ability for leadership and to set it at work on local problems. The following anecdote illustrates the method:

A group of women in a certain mountain region whose great peaks and valleys had shut out the world and where human nature, even under the shadow of splendid hills and the call of tumbling rivers had yet dwindled to its meanest proportions, was annoyed one day to see pasted on several trees announcement of the coming visit of a home demonstration agent. Never before had a similar criticism been offered—or so they interpreted the event—on their way of conducting their homes. It was all the work of that newfangled club the teacher had started. Some of them declared that they would not go near the meetings, others that they would sit out every session and give back a few questions and opinions.

Among the thirty and odd women who on that April afternoon gathered to hear the home demonstration agent, six were antagonistic. The agent made her entrance through the midst of them, apparently unconscious of hostility, smiling as she proceeded to the platform. She was a brown person with gold flecks in her eyes and hair; her build and carriage were those of a farmer's daughter and her voice was like the voices they had always heard. The six enemies shrank slightly as if swiftly pricked so that their antagonism escaped as from a vent; then silently they settled back to listen and watch.

She began talking about clothes. She held up a shirt waist made from the lining of a coat and the top of two silk stockings. She showed a boy's suit made from his father's overcoat and a girl's dress from a flour container. She completed the ornamentation of a rafia hat by some stitches in bright colored wool ravelled from a discarded afghan. The next afternoon, she said, if some of the ladies would bring their old garments, parts of whose materials were yet in good condition, she would plan out new articles of clothing which could be made from them.

The audience was on its feet with excitement, asking questions, stretching out hands to reach articles of rehabilitated clothing which were passing among them.

" And by the way," the agent announced, " I am going to be in the hall this evening and if any of you have time to get out again, I thought we might have a little talk about food and odd ways of preparing it and planning meals. Of course you all know the usual ways, for I am eating your food and know what good cooks some of you are, but it is kind of nice to get out of the old ruts with new things sometimes."

There were more than fifty women at the evening meeting. Not one of them knew the values of the different elements of nutrition or the proportion which these should bear to one another in daily food allotments. Their idea of feeding their families well was to supply at each meal as many as possible of the dishes which were liked best. Diet was confined almost entirely to starches, for the country was a lumbering region and not much attention was paid to gardens. Meat, too, except during the hunting season, was difficult to get. A hearty meal, therefore, often consisted of potatoes cooked in two or three ways, rice, macaroni, and several breads and pies.

The home demonstration agent had set up a gasoline stove and at the back of the platform had nailed a simple chart of nutrition values. She began at once to translate these unfamiliar terms into familiar foods and to explain the quantities of them needed daily by active adults, by children, and by sedentary persons. Then she wrote on the blackboard three balanced menus, for the three types of individuals. To these lavish housekeepers the suggested meals looked like extremely light feeding and some of the scornful curves returned to the listening faces.

" My husband won't touch lamb nor celery," stated one woman, pointing a destructive finger at the blackboard and thus demolishing the " model menu for an active adult."

The home demonstration agent enquired what he liked best and promptly chose another protein and built around it a balanced meal which that particular husband would enjoy.

This led to a discussion of meat substitutes, which was of great interest to these isolated housekeepers. The relative costs of these and their food values were posted on the board. Vegetables were analyzed and reasons shown why they should form a part of the daily diet. The agent then cooked on her gasoline stove a funny little dessert with a delightful little sauce, posting, as she went along, the prices of its constituents. For a night-cap this dessert was passed around in sample tastes.

Before three days had passed, the home demonstration agent had discovered the good seamstresses and the good cooks, had won their confidence and set them to work teaching groups of less-efficient women. Before she left, the membership of the women's club was increased by five out of the six original rebels. Gardening was to be one of its interests, for the housekeepers had learned the necessity of relieving their customary excess of starchy foods by vegetables and fruits. By means of weighing and measuring, the children had been proved below average weight and stature, and they like the adults were to be placed on a more diversified diet. Canning would be attempted when there were more vegetables and fruits to can. The explanation of modern methods for raising poultry and the astonishing records of egg-laying which have been accomplished with proper feeding and care, had excited interest and a poultry section was planned with a good prospect of its enabling many of the women to earn considerable money.

Health and time and money had been placed within the reach of these women; prejudices and antagonisms broken down and a spirit of receptivity and alertness created.

Another case: The region was one of bitterly hard labor. The women were old at forty and they resented it. They were not self-satisfied like the women of Star Roads Center and of Mountain Roads. They hated themselves, humiliated by drudgery and by the blotting out of all mental horizons. When the home demonstration agent came to them they were eager to hear what she had to say about the lightening of farm women's work. She went into their kitchens and with their consent rearranged their furniture, grouping together the implements which were used at the same time and which referred to the same operations, routing the work so that the sequence of tasks did not involve so much retracing of steps. To suit tall women she raised stoves, tubs and tables on blocks; to suit small women she enlisted the coöperation of husbands and sons in sawing off height. Lights were placed where they were needed. Stools were put in front of sinks and tables so that much work could be done sitting down. Washing arrangements for the hired men were set up in vestibules. These changes cost no money and only a little application but they saved backaches and footaches and discouragement. Ultimately these women, too, learned the balanced menu which saved them hours of time every week.

Hours of time every week! Few women who lead lives of normal leisure can understand what this gift of time means to the farm woman whose lot it has often been to work hard from five o'clock in the morning or earlier until eight or nine in the evening. Usually the labor accomplished has died with the day, the same tasks rising again with the sun to be done all over. What opportunity does this leave for the pursuit of the " higher life," as economists sometimes term reading, embroidery, church-going, social intercourse and vacations? There is no " higher life " on the margin of such existences, except the faithfulness and patience of the toilers.

Leisure is the great civilizer. It enables us to get away from ourselves and to approach and know other men. It lays its calming hand upon tangled nerves, unknots and smoothes them till life is felt normally once more.

Time, then, salvaged from unnecessary and destructive

labor, is the high gift of the home demonstration agent to the farm woman. It is the currency with which the laborer can purchase life itself, health, recreation, financial independence; the health, education and comradeship of her children, the respect of her husband, the esteem of her friends, the power to enjoy the splendors of nature which are a special bequest to the country worker, a compensation for the greater conveniences and more frequent diversions of town life, and one which most of them hold high in value.

Farm women love the country. What they desire is not the city, but normal conditions on the farm. The home demonstration agent is supplying the material out of which with a constantly increasing rapidity, normal conditions are developing. Her gifts are directly to the farm population but they permeate all our institutions, inasmuch as there is no barrier between the two civilizations, country and city, but a healthy metabolism, building up the living tissue of national life.

HELEN JOHNSON KEYES.

LESSER LITERARY LIGHTS

BY MRS. W. S. COURTNEY

WHILST much has been written about the women novelists of the early nineteenth century, comparatively slight attention has been paid to its poetesses. It is true that most of their reputations died deservedly almost as soon as they were born and that not one of them can be mentioned in the same breath as their contemporaries, Miss Austen and Miss Burney. Who now, except the *Dictionary of National Biography,* remembers Maria Jane Jewsbury, or Caroline Bowles except that late in life she became Mrs. Southey? And even the *Dictionary* has forgotten Miss S. Evance (was she Sarah, Susanna, or Selina?), whose "earliest productions" were given to an indifferent world by her friend, Mr. James Clarke of Organford in Dorset. Charlotte Smith, whose "mournful Sonnets" he quotes as affording some sanction for Miss Evance's predilection for "indulging the petrifying gloom of lonely wretchedness, or the deep horror of wild despair," is less obscure, and her reasons for indulging in gloom, as far as we know, are better founded. But probably not one in twenty modern readers has so much as heard of her, though she is included in Mrs. Ellwood's *Literary Ladies* (1843) and the *Dictionary* gives her four columns.

One versifier there was, however, even in the days of George IV, deserving of more than a passing mention in any chronicle of women poets. She pales before the greater lights of the middle of the century, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, George Eliot and—brightest of all—Christina Rossetti, a poet worthy to take her place amongst poets without tacking any feminine termination to the word. But Felicia Hemans—and for that matter Caroline Bowles and Charlotte Smith at their best—had the poet's sensibility, if they lacked the true poet's power of giving it expression.

Their failure was due in a great measure to absence of the critical spirit. They were at no trouble to select. Once recognized as professional poets, they seem to have felt bound to be always committing effusions to paper. They could let no event occur, and no guest arrive or depart, without addressing to it, him, or her, the appropriate copy of verses.

This is especially true of Mrs. Hemans, whose forty years of life yielded poetic material to fill seven volumes, all promptly and for the most part justly forgotten except a few ballads and lyrics, which show what she might have done, had she developed the selective instinct of the true artist. To do her justice, she knew this, and late in life she regretted the facility, "amounting almost to improvisation," which poured out those *Songs of the Domestic Affections,* as well as the domestic necessities which impelled her to publish. But if only she had known the difference between the opening of the *Pilgrim Fathers'*:

> The breaking waves dashed high
> On a stern and rock-bound coast
> And the woods against a stormy sky
> Their giant branches tossed.

and the beginning of *The Land of Dreams*:

> O spirit-land! thou land of dreams!
> A world thou art of mysterious gleams.

she had been a truer poet.

She lived in an age reticent as regards its women. Such biographies of her as were written by her sister, Mrs. Hughes, and her friend, Henry F. Chorley, tells us little that is intimate. We know only that she was the fourth child of a Liverpool merchant named Browne, of good Irish lineage—he could claim kinship with the Marquesses of Sligo—and a mother half Italian and half German, whose old Venetian surname of Veniero had been teutonized into Wagner. It was a promising racial mixture. There was nothing British about Felicia Dorothea Browne except her earliest environment, and even that soon changed to the romantic northern shores of Wales, whither her father moved his family when she was but five years old. The most susceptible years of her childhood were spent at Grwych, not far from Abergele in Denbighshire, in an old

solitary, rambling house close to the sea and shut off from the land by a chain of rocky hills.

She seems to have been a remarkable child, remarkable not only for her talents but for her radiant beauty. About that there were no two opinions. All who remember her in her youth speak of her loveliness both as a child and as a young girl, and her portraits show that she retained much of this beauty even when ill-health had taken the gold from her hair and the color from her cheeks. She was also remarkable for her memory. "Why, Felice, you cannot have read that," a friend once exclaimed to the child of eight. "Oh, yes I have and I will repeat it to you," and proof positive followed. Her sister says that often when she seemed to be merely fluttering the leaves of the book, it would be found that she had not only read its contents but had committed them to memory. A devoted mother, herself an accomplished woman and particularly fond of reading aloud, brought the child up in an atmosphere of literature. Felicia had a natural gift for languages and learned readily French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and in later life German, and amongst her poems are to be found translations in verse from all these literatures. She was also not ignorant of Latin. And she was both musical and skilled with her pencil. No wonder that in the first freshness of her beauty, and fired by enthusiasm for martial deeds, she captivated her brother's friend, Capt. Hemans, when she was only sixteen, and married him three years later.

Before that time she was already winning recognition as a poet. Her first volume of verse appeared at fourteen. It was unkindly noticed in some review, and she was much upset; but she soon recovered and took to writing again, this time a poem on England and Spain. It was the period of the Peninsular War. Both her brother and her future husband were fighting in Spain; but her main interests were nearer home, and her second volume of poems was entitled *The Domestic Affections, and other Poems.*

Affectionate and devoted as Felicia was in all other relations of life, for some unexplained reason she was unhappy in her marriage. She herself never drew back the veil which hid from the world the reason why, after some years of wedded life and the birth of five sons, she and her husband practically separated and lived the rest of their lives apart. They had begun life together at Daventry near

Northampton. After a year they came to live with Felicia's mother at Bromwylfa in Flintshire. Five years later Captain Hemans went to Italy " for the sake of his health," impaired by fever during his military service. He settled in Rome and he never returned, and his wife, whose fifth son was born shortly afterwards, was apparently content to have it so, for she seems to have made no effort to rejoin him, though she continued to correspond with him and to consult him about his boys, two of whom went to him later on.

It is impossible not to speculate as to the reasons for this separation. It might have been the proverbial mother-in-law; but Felicia's mother, to whom she was tenderly devoted, is described as a woman of uncommon sense and deep piety, not, one would imagine, likely to be a disturber of domestic peace, or inclined to think lightly of wifely duties. Moreover, joint establishments of two generations were common enough in England then, as common as they are still in France. Perhaps it was a spirit of detachment born of the war. Something of the kind is in the air now. Women have perforce learned during the last five years to manage their own lives and to bring up their children without masculine assistance. They had the same experience during the Napoleonic wars; they may have learned the same lesson that men, though no doubt desirable, are by no means indispensable. Any way, whatever grief the separation may have caused her, it did not embitter an essentially sunny nature. She herself was fond of quoting Mlle. de L'Espinasse's saying, *" Un grand chagrin tue tout le reste,"* and she lived up to it in so far as she never allowed herself to be vexed by unkind criticism, or pernicious gossip.

For the rest her life was uneventful. She went once to London as a child of eleven but never again. After she had achieved reputation as a poet she paid visits to Scotland, where she made friends with Sir Walter Scott, and to the Lake country, where she met Wordsworth and addressed a poem to him. She maintained an affectionate correspondence with Miss Mitford, Mary Howitt, Maria Jewsbury, Joanna Baillie and others, and towards the end of her life she went to live in Ireland, where she died.

In America her poems had considerable success, as befitted the writer of *The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.* Dr. Bancroft, author of the *History of the United States,* was one of her correspondents; but the tribute she most

valued was an entirely unsolicited letter from Professor Andrews Norton, the father of Charles Eliot Norton, telling her that a complete edition of her works was wished for in Boston.

This was in 1825. At that date she had already published the two volumes mentioned, *Tales and Historic Scenes, The Sceptic,* a couple of tragedies, *Welsh Melodies, Dartmoor,* and *Belshazzar's Feast,* the last one of her most ambitious efforts and one of the more successful. The tragedies did not come to much. Like most writers of the period she had theatrical ambitions, and she did actually succeed in getting *The Vespers of Palermo* accepted, paid for, and staged by Kemble at Covent Garden. But it proved "all but a failure" and was played only once. Later it was produced in Edinburgh, with some success; but the stage was not her *métier,* and she had to recognize this truth. *Lays of Many Lands,* the result of studying Herder, appeared in 1826, *Records of Woman* in 1828 and *Songs of the Affections* in 1830. By that time her Welsh home had been broken up, her mother was dead, her sister married and her brother removed to Ireland. She lived for a time at Wavertree, near Liverpool; but it did not suit her health, and she did not care for its society. She went to Dublin to be near her brother, and there she published *Hymns for Childhood, National Lyrics,* and *Scenes and Hymns of Life.*

The titles of these volumes must, to American readers especially, recall their Longfellow, a poet whom Mrs. Hemans immediately preceded and with whom she has much in common. Compare, for instance, her *Casabianca* with his *Wreck of the Hesperus,* and then both of them with Browning's *Incident of the French Camp* to see how modern poetry has gained in directness of expression. Or again compare her *Forest Sanctuary* with his *Evangeline;* in narrative poetry the advantage is with Longfellow. But in sound, if not in sentiment, his *Psalm of Life* is commonplace compared to her *Hour of Death.*

> Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
> And stars to set—but all,
> Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

This has the true note of a dirge, just as the last stanza of her *Invocation* breathes the spirit of silence:

No voice is on the air of night,
Through folded leaves no murmurs creep,
Nor star nor moonbeam's trembling light
Falls on the placid brow of sleep.
Descend, bright visions! from your airy bower:
Dark, silent, solemn, is your favorite hour.

Not very profound, perhaps; but we do not go to Mrs. Hemans, or to Longfellow for that matter, for profundity of thought. We go to her for sensitive femininity, for perception of natural beauty, for heroic sentiment, for graceful and tender tributes to "the domestic affections." And at her best, we do not go to her in vain. She wrote a great deal too much, but so did Wordsworth. Like him she has her *longueurs;* there are pages and pages which we can spare. Sometimes the domestic affections descend to mere banality as in *The Homes of England;* but sometimes, too, they sound a note of true tenderness as in *The Graves of a Household.* And to appraise her at her true worth, we have to look back to the poetic tradition which nurtured her, and to compare her with contemporary poets both of her own sex and of the other.

To begin with, she was a contemporary of Byron, but also of Southey, Coleridge and Wordsworth—in other words in between the romantic and the natural schools of poetry. She was clearly influenced by Cowper—her *Charmed Picture* was definitely occasioned by reading his lines to his Mother's picture, and many of her "occasional" verses have something of his felicity. She had been bred in the traditions of classical elegance, illustrated by such contemporary poets as Samuel Rogers and Thomas Campbell. She has a good deal of affinity with Campbell both in treatment and choice of subjects. She touches Byron only in so far as she shares with him the idea that there are subjects in themselves poetical, instead of thinking with Wordsworth and Coleridge that poetry resides in the treatment, not the subject. Consequently she is sometimes too ambitious. She is less concerned with what she has to say than with what, given the subject chosen, ought to be said. And in a sense she was too cultivated. The result, to borrow a phrase of Mr. Courthope's originally applied to Rogers, was that she brought "a tasteful mind cultivated by reading and devoid of inspiration" to bear upon subjects, such as Belshazzar's Feast, which, if dealt with at all by a modern

poet, should be dealt with greatly. She could only deal with them adequately, sometimes scarcely that. But when she was taking herself less seriously, she could achieve a simple directness worthy of Wordsworth. *Christ Stilling the Tempest* is a good example:

> Fear was within the tossing bark
> When stormy winds grew loud
> And waves came rolling high and dark
> And the tall mast was bowed.
>
> And men stood breathless in their dread
> And baffled in their skill;
> But One was there, who rose and said
> To the wild sea—*Be still!*

This was very different from the description of Belshazzar's revel,

> And He who sleeps not heard the elated throng,
> In mirth that plays with thunderbolts, defy
> The Rock of Zion! Fill the nectar high,
> High in the cups of consecrated gold!

And so on, and so on. One is sorry sometimes that she did not write prose for her letters have this same charm of simplicity, combined with a vivacity which does not appear in her verse. "I fear I shall not have any evening that I can quite call my own," she writes to a Mr. L——, "until Friday or Saturday of next week, on either of which it will give me great pleasure to receive you . . . I think I shall not ask any 'human mortals,' as Titania calls them, to meet you, unless you *particularly wish* for the society of—— —— who so edified us in the concert room. Pray do not betray me, but I really have been haunted ever since that awful hour (when she had been asked to write an Ode to Music) . . . I am under a humiliating impression of having actually composed in my sleep, during the influence of this deadly spell, four lines, beginning 'Enchanting nymph,' but of the remainder *non mi ricordo* . . . I have an ominous feeling, too, that we are destined to meet again, and that 'the words of fear' will again be solemnly uttered —if so, I am sure they will drive me to some deed worthy of the Tragic Muse herself." And, to a woman friend—"I have been very ill used in several ways since I saw you. Here is a great book on Phrenology which a gentleman has just sent me and expects that I shall *read!* People really do take me for a sort of literary ogress, I think, or something like the sailor's definition of an epicure, 'a person that can

eat *anything'* . . . And imagine some of my American friends having actually sent me several copies of a Tract, audaciously calling itself 'A Sermon on Small Sins.' Did you ever know anything so scurrilous and personal? 'Small sins' to *me,* who am little better than a grown-up Rosamond (Miss Edgeworth's), who constantly lie in bed till it is too late to get up early, break my needles (when I use any), leave my keys among my necklaces, answer all my amusing letters first and leave the others to their fate; in short, regularly commit small sins enough every day to roll up into one great, immense, *frightful* one at the end of it!"

* * * *

But if a great deal of her verse would have been better in prose, that is even truer of Caroline Bowles, whose most pretentious poem, *The Birthday,* is not only prosaic but of an infantile dullness:

> Unwelcome hour, I ween, that tied me down
> Restless, reluctant, to the sempstress' task!
> Sight horrible to me, th'allotted seam
> Of stubborn Irish, or more hateful length
> Of handkerchief, with folded edge tacked down
> *All* to be hemmed; ay *selvidge sides* and all.
> And so they were in tedious course of time.

But not more tedious than the ninety-six pages of drivel, which relate how "kindest care, Considerate of my long, hot, dusty walk" took off my hat and tippet and gave me a chair and told me to sit and rest till tea-time, with other such simple nursery precautions.

There are better things in the volume of her *Poetical Works,* verses to her dog, Ranger, and a poem *To a Dying Infant* (she is much concerned all through with death), sincere both in feeling and expression and not without poetic dignity:

> Sleep, little Baby! sleep!
> Not in thy cradle bed,
> Not on thy mother's breast
> Henceforth shall be thy rest,
> But with the quiet dead.
> * * *
> And then to lie and weep
> And think the livelong night—
> Feeding thine own distress
> With accurate greediness—
> Of every past delight

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty, playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,
And all his little wiles.

But then follow such lines as

Oh! these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling!

which are pure prose both in form and feeling, and show that she did not know the difference.

She must have read her Mrs. Hemans, for in a poem *To the Sweet-scented Cyclamen* occur these stanzas:

Ay, shadows all—gone every face
I loved to look upon
Hushed every strain I loved to hear,
Or sounding in a distant ear—
All gone!—all gone!—all gone!

Some far away in other lands—
In this some worse than dead—
Some in their graves laid quietly—
One, slumbering in the deep, deep sea—
All gone!—all lost!—all fled!

Mrs. Hemans had phrased much the same lament in *The Graves of a Household,* only she phrased it better and less pretentiously.

* * * *

But the palm for pretentiousness must be awarded to Miss S. Evance. Like Caroline Bowles she is greatly concerned with death, which with her becomes "the Tomb," and we hear a great deal about "Pale Disappointment," "dark Despair" and "dismal cries of woe." These, strange to relate, seem to be uttered by fairies disturbed by the dawn and fluttering off

To the sequestered spot where low is laid
The form of Adela—a village maid,
Who torn with pangs of unrequited love,
Plung'd in the stream that wanders thro' the grove.
Her grave in rude unhallow'd ground was laid,
Without one rite to sooth her hovering shade;

so that the fairies had to try and soothe it by flinging "pale flow'rets" until "the cock crows loud" and, listening to "the warning sound," the fairies "fly with one doleful shriek that echoes round." All this is in a poem called *The Glowworm* and apparently recounts his experiences as he

lies upon a violet bank. There are other more portentous utterances, such as a Sonnet addressed to Despair, which begins,

> Pale ruthless Demon! terrible Despair,

and another, "written near the sea," which talks about "Ocean's deep tempestuous roar" and goes on to say that far more wild is the soul's tumult:

> More turbulent the feelings tossing there;
> For every hope is blasted by Despair
> And clouds of darkness o'er my prospects roll.

There were, however, brighter moments, and in some of them Miss Evance makes incursions into natural history and tells us about the "faint imploring cry" of the Fly, which is adjured to "leave the haunt of man" and take its flight to

> Where heathy mountains wild arise,
> Where sun-beams ever warm and bright
> Serenely gleam from cloudless skies,
> Where lovely flow'rets lift their heads,
> And to the gale soft fragrance give;
> Where Nature every beauty spreads—
> There sip each sweet—and gaily live.

which would be all very well, if the fly were a bee; but where is the garbage for it to feed upon?

Miss Evance is very scrupulous in making her elisions. Violets are generally vi'lets, just as flowers are flow'rets. And she has studied her Milton to some purpose, as when she apostrophises Hope to "illume" her "fleeting transient day":

> Not deckt in sweet alluring smiles
> Not with thy train of sportive wiles;
> But come with looks benignly grave,
> And from despair my bosom save;
> Gild with thy beams this dark oppressive gloom,
> And point with steady hand unto the peaceful tomb.

We are back at that tomb even when it is Hope that is in question. There are other Miltonic touches, as in the *Canzonette,* which would have us find pleasure, "not in Fashion's gilded fane"

> But in some still secluded spot,
> Where Innocence has raised her cot,
> And meek-eyed Peace delights t'appear,
> While calm Contentment lingers near
> With holy Piety;

only—and this is Evantic, not Miltonic—

In such a scene my quiet mind
Feels soothed, exalted and refined.

Miss Evance is best when she is Miltonic. She is worst when she is moralizing, or elegiac, as in the poem *To Miss Burton:*

But here that gentle form of thine
I never more shall view;
Thy last farewell of love is mine—
Maria, oh—adieu.
Prepar'd as thou art to depart,
I should not wish thy stay;
Be still, my weak, my throbbing heart!
Ye tears—away, away.

The 'feeling heart,' indeed, is part of her religion.

The God of Nature—he alone,
Who form'd the feeling heart, and knows
Each secret throb—each stifled groan—
He can relieve its mighty woes.

It is a comfort to know that there were other moments when her emotions were of a gentler order and the redbreast could inspire her with "a wish of emulative love," or when she quitted "the social throng" with sighs for the loss of Mr. ——'s mild manners.

Warm'd by benevolence so kind;
That conversation ever sweet
Improving, elegant, refin'd!

The little volume—it is only one hundred and thirty-one pages—ends appropriately with a poem *To Sensibility:*

Ah! child of sensibility!
The cold world nothing knows of thee!

And apparently the world has been content to know nothing more of Miss Evance.

* * * *

There is little space left for Charlotte Smith; but she was more novelist than poet. She did, however, publish two thin volumes of *Elegiac Sonnets,* which ran into nine editions and were not without merit. She seems to have been as precocious a child as Felicia Browne and even more unfortunately married, for her husband had a passion for expensive and futile undertakings, and they had twelve children to support. To add to her troubles, the family were involved in interminable litigation by the grandfather's obstinacy in drawing up his own will, a most voluminous docu-

ment profiting no one except the lawyers. She alludes to these difficulties with some bitterness in the preface to a later edition of her Sonnets; but the sadness of the sonnets themselves sprang mainly from grief at the loss of her eldest boy. "When in the beech woods of Hampshire I first struck the chords of the melancholy lyre, its notes were never intended for the public ear; it was unaffected sorrow drew them forth; I wrote mournfully because I was unhappy!"

"Unaffected" is the word which best describes her poetry. It is simple and sincere and achieves considerable felicity of expression:

> Ah! then, how dear the Muse's favors cost,
> If those paint sorrow best—who feel it most!

And she has a tender appreciation of nature:

> Again the wood, and long-withdrawing vale,
> In many a tint of tender green are drest,
> Where the young leaves unfolding, scarce conceal
> Beneath their early shade, the half formed nest
> Of finch or woodlark; and the primrose pale,
> And lavish cowslip, wildly scattered round,
> Give their sweet spirits to the sighing gale.

Still it says a good deal for the general appreciation of poetry in 1789 that "so many noble, literary and respectable" people were prepared to subscribe for copies of the *Elegiac Sonnets,* which by that year had run into five editions and eventually reached nine. Charlotte Smith finally left her husband and supported herself and her children mainly by her pen; but as the rest of her work was prose fiction or books for young people (*Rural Walks, Minor Morals* and the like), she has no further place in a chronicle of poetesses.

MRS. W. S. COURTNEY.

PORTRAIT OF SIDNEY LANIER

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

LANIER lived in a spiritual whirlwind, until it snuffed him out. His whole existence was a fight with circumstances; but if every external circumstance had been easy for him, still he would have nourished a perpetual tumult and turmoil within.

Nor was this instinct of fighting wholly figurative or spiritual. As a mere child, Lanier organized a military company among his Georgia playmates and drilled them so thoroughly that they were admitted to parade beside their elders. Before he was a man, the Civil War came, and he enlisted in the cause of his beloved South and served her with distinction. Military glory was not the kind he sought. He was not in the least a bravo or a ranter, and the references in his letters to his military experiences are few and slight. But a touch now and then shows that he knew what suffering was and what endurance was: "Did you ever lie for a whole day after being wounded, and then have water brought to you? If so, you will know how your words came to me." And if he had felt the agony and strain of war, so he responded with the keenest thrill to its picturesqueness, its fever of excitement, its glow and glory.

But the clash of physical war was the least part of Lanier's fierce and constant struggles with circumstance. From his youth till his death in 1881, in his fortieth year, he had ill-health against him, had to contend not only with actual disease and pain, but with the depression and the listless, hopeless discouragement which disease and pain bring with them and leave behind them. The results of this incessant struggle were written on his face and figure, manly and dignified and noble as they were. The worn carriage showed it, the finely cut features, the deep, earnest, passionate eyes, the hands that were vigorous, but white and fine

and delicate. He understood and analyzed his condition perfectly, sometimes trumpeting those fits of exaltation which seem to lift the tuberculous invalid above the world: "I feel to-day as if I had been a dry leathery carcass of a man into whom some one had pumped strong currents of fresh blood, of abounding life, and of vigorous strength. I cannot remember when I have felt so crisp, so springy, and so gloriously unconscious of lungs." And again he describes consumptives as "beyond all measure the keenest sufferers of all the stricken of the world," or casually speaks of himself, "tortured as I was this morning, with a living egg of pain away in under my collar bone." But never for a moment could pain or lassitude subdue him or make him give up the struggle to do his work. In the splendid moments of hope he worked. In the dark, dull moments of despair he worked. If ever a man died fighting, he did.

All these strains and torments of ill-health are bad enough when one has means to meet them, can afford at least the necessary lenitives, without anxiety as to where every dollar is to come from. This was far from being the case with Lanier. No one ever lived who cared less for the excitement or the satisfaction of accumulating wealth. He did not even long for the finer luxuries and elegancies that go with wealth, it was simply a question of hard, bitter struggle for actual necessaries. Brought up in the full taste of Southern ease and abundance, he found himself, at the close of the War, like so many Southerners, beginning life in the most cramping bonds of poverty, obliged to fight his way upward from the bottom against every difficulty that material obstacles could oppose to him. Determined as he was to win success in lines of life not in themselves profitable, or only rarely and poorly so, he could not give himself to getting money with the single energy which is most of all necessary to achieve that result.

How desperate, how constant, how blighting this need of money was, is written all through Lanier's biography and letters. Bread—mere, bare bread—is the word that occurs and recurs. Indiscreet utterance "may interfere with one's already very short allowance of bread." Again, "My head and my heart are both so full of poems which the dreadful struggle for bread does not give me time to put on paper."

Any honest means of earning is resorted to. To all are given faithful, conscientious effort. Comfort and independ-

ence are achieved from none. Teaching? The last pitiful refuge of those who have immortal thoughts to sell? "'Tis terrible work, and the labor difficulties . . . make the pay very slim." Government employment? It requires influence, and immortal thoughts are the last requisite for it. "I have allowed a friend to make application to every department in Washington for even the humblest position . . . but without success." The strain wears out body, wears out soul, wears out courage, wears out hope. "Altogether it seems as if there wasn't any place for me in this world, and if it were not for May I should certainly quit it, in mortification at being so useless." To some it seems that his physical decay has a physical cause; but he finds the cause rather in "the bitterness of having to spend my time in making academic lectures and boy's books—potboilers all—when a thousand songs are singing in my heart that will certainly kill me if I do not utter them soon."

For among all these external struggles the most intense and passionate, made of course doubly so by the distraction of the others, was the struggle for reputation, recognition, success in the positive career, or careers, since music was almost as dear to him as poetry, that he had chosen for himself. And in this struggle, more than in any other, come the fierce alternations of hope and despair. In the first rapture of achievement, after the toil and travail of creation, work actually finished seems worth doing, seems never indeed a full realization of one's ideal, but seems at any rate to embody something of what one aimed at, what one hoped for. One is proud of it, if not satisfied with it, and above all one is inspired by what one has done with infinite confidence in what one can do. "So many great ideas for Art are born to me each day, I am swept away into the land of All-Delight by their strenuous sweet whirlwind." And then come the reaction and the despair. What seemed yesterday a masterpiece, today sounds dull and poor and tawdry, and that land of All-Delight becomes merely as barren as your heart.

As some stay against this wretched self-distrust, this bankruptcy of confidence, you must have the recognition of others. There are times when your own approval seems as nothing, and even so you cannot get it. Then a simple word of appreciation may bring heaven to you. To be told by an ardent admirer "that I was not only the founder of a school

of music, but the founder of American music," is intoxicating, even if you quite understand the exaggeration of the statement. Even more intoxicating is it to feel and see that you have carried a great company of people out of themselves, as Lanier so often did by his wonderful flute-playing. "When I allowed the last note to die, a simultaneous cry of pleasure broke forth from men and women that almost amounted to a shout, and I stood and received the congratulations that thereupon came in, so wrought up by my own playing with thoughts, that I could but smile mechanically, and make stereotyped returns to the pleasant sayings, what time my heart worked falteringly, like a mouth that is about to cry."

And even such triumph is not enough for the eager spirit, but it yearns for more creation and more recognition and more and more. There is no bound, no limit, because beauty is limitless and life is limitless. To be the founder of American music would be well; but might there not be something more than that, something, who can tell what? So through all the long and bitter struggle with circumstance the soul goes staggering, reaching onward, with no rest, no respite, because the outer struggle is but the image and reflection of the deeper and more passionate struggle within.

For Lanier's was none of those contented spirits who meet the battle of the world with a quiet and self-subdued mastery, who oppose to its rude shocks the unfailing tenacity of a clear and four-square purpose. With him the inner world was as full of battle as the outer. His thinking life was one long, unbroken effort to solve problems, to break through difficulties instead of dodging them, to reach the last analysis of his own soul and the souls of others. Life could never have stood still for him, never have stagnated. There was always some obstacle to be met, to be fought with, to be conquered.

For such a nature the moral life meant struggle, of course. Little errors became great sins and had to be mourned over with a repentance wholly out of proportion to the fault. But the same ardor was carried into the aesthetic world, also. The enjoyment of great beauty, in music or poetry, was not a serene enchantment, a mere ecstatic oblivion, but was sought with suffering and maintained with long effort and paid for too often with

enormous lassitude. Spiritual delight is dearly bought—perhaps not too dearly bought, but dearly bought at any rate—when it has to be described like this: "I have just concluded a half-dozen delicious hours, during which I have been devouring, with a hungry ferocity of rapture which I know not how to express, *The Life of Robert Schumann.*" And Lanier's own criticism of this same Schumann is certainly by no means true of Lanier himself: "His sympathies were not *big* enough, he did not go through the awful struggle of genius, and lash and storm and beat about until his soul was grown large enough to embrace the whole of life and the All of things."

Even in matters of pure intelligence, not essentially aesthetic or emotional, even in curious metaphysical or psychological speculations, of no direct bearing on the conduct of life, Lanier showed the same intensity and activity and sincerity. He thought with passion, did not play with ideas or trifle with them or amuse himself with them, but threw himself upon them with a fierce determination to get rid of the rags and shroudings of tradition and convention and thrust way down to the solid structure of naked verity. He speaks somewhere of "the Latin works of Lucretius, whom I have long desired to study," and in whom he found a friend. For in all literature and in all thought there is no soul who made thinking more of a battle than Lucretius did, and Lanier is like him.

It is this fighting quality of the analysis, rather than its actual permanent result, that gives a profound interest to Lanier's critical writings. His books on the English novel and on *The Science of English Verse* may not have the highest permanent critical value. Their ample abundance of theorizing may not always work out to a final and satisfying illumination of fact. But there is an intensity, a throb in their spiritual movement that whirls you along with it, whether you agree or not. Indeed the intellectual activity is too great for clarity. Every simplest element and principle is subjected to an uncompromising test of investigation and is torn to pieces with an ingenuity of insight which discovers fine threads of affinity and causality hardly perceptible to coarser vision. Again as with Lucretius, one feels that one is battered with a storm of solutions for problems that can be solved more simply or need not be solved at all. And as with Lucretius, one is sometimes moved to pity to see

such a splendid intelligence wearing itself out for futile results.

But the passion for theory, for getting to the bottom of things, is infectious, just the same. This passion is manifest not only in Lanier's formal criticism, but in all his writing and thinking. "I don't mean this for a theory," he says in one case: "I hate theories." But, hate them or not, he was born to theorize; not to accept blindly the theories of others, not to wallow widely in inherited formulæ: "Why do we cling so to humbugs?" he exclaims. But into humbugs, and into the crowding facts of life and into the elusive secrets of passion, he loved to plunge the fine instrument of thought and twist it and turn it, with a touching confidence that it would at last lead him to the inmost shrine of truth. He was no disbeliever in intellect, no doubter of the supremacy of reason, he was not smothered with education until he came to despise education altogether, like Henry Adams. He believed that the secrets of God could be wrestled for, that every good thing was an object of combat and conquest, and that, whatever peace might be in heaven, life on this earth, to be life at all, must be perpetual war. "A soul and a sense linked together in order to fight each other more conveniently, compose a man."

At the same time I would not give the impression that Lanier was always fighting, that he was one of those uncomfortable persons who thrust their combative tendencies into the face of every interlocutor or housemate. Far from it. His external battles were confined to proper occasions, and such unfailing conflict as he had within was masked by perfect control and gracious dignity and ease. To chat with him an hour you would never suspect that he carried a world war in his heart.

Moreover, like all great fighters whose fights are worth anything, he had his hours of peace, his intervals of relaxation, when he could forget even the fierce violence of thought. His beautiful appeal to tranquillity does indeed seem more like a longing than a hope:

> Oh! as thou liv'st in all this sky and sea
> That likewise lovingly do live in thee,
> So melt my soul in thee, and thine in me,
> Divine Tranquillity!

Yet even in the furious ardor of his art there were charming moments of refreshment and repose. Music,

though, in a sense, more than any the art of struggle, though its essence seems to consist of effort for the impossible, of discords resolved only to be perpetually renewed and to seek for new resolution forever—music has its suggestions of wide quiet and all-involving peace, only the more celestial for their rarity. Writing, which at times tears the soul to shreds with its turbulent effort, which at times means only a vain, futile, exhausting wrestle with thoughts that will not be disciplined and words that flit away, writing also has its glorious compensations, when all the puzzles vanish, and sudden, splendid phrases come from unknown depths and fit into their perfect sequence with divine smooth ease.

And there were other more common human relaxations also, hours of putting work aside and thought aside altogether, and just dabbling in sunshine and simple pleasantness. Like most Southerners, Lanier loved a good horse, and a rush through the sharp morning wind helped to shake out the creases in his soul and brush the crumbs of doubt from them. And he found and loved the repose of nature even more than her activity. He knew well that the best medicine for the insupportable fatigue of thought is the quiet of green fields and the mellow oblivion of autumn sunshine. Sometimes he simply touches the soothing features of the outward world and leaves the peace they brought him for the reader to divine: "The sun is shining with a hazy and absent-minded face, as if he were thinking of some quite other star than this poor earth; occasionally a little wind comes along, not warm, but unspeakably bland, bringing strange scents rather of leaves than of flowers." Sometimes he makes perfectly plain what nature says to him and what she might also say to you: "To-day you must forego expression and all outcome, you must remain a fallow field, for the sun and wind to fertilize, nor shall any corn or flower sprout into visible green and red until to-morrow."

Nor is he always serious in his relaxation, but recognizes that sweet and kindly laughter relieves tense nerves and fervid brains more completely than almost anything else, that it at once indicates that the soul is free and makes it so. And laughter not only relaxed, but comforted; for the harsh pressure of circumstances and the bitterness of neglect and rejection were made more tolerable by it. How could a man play more lightly with the peace of home after poverty-

stricken wandering than in such phrases as these: "I confess I *am* a little nervous about the gas-bills, which must come in, in the course of time . . . but then the dignity of being liable for such things is a very supporting consideration. No man is a Bohemian who has to pay water-rates and a street tax. Every day when I sit down in my dining-room—*my* dining-room!—I find the wish growing stronger that each poor soul in Baltimore, whether saint or sinner, could come and dine with me. How I would carve out the merry-thoughts for the old hags! How I would stuff the big wall-eyed rascals till their rags ripped again."

As these words indicate, his social, human instincts went always abreast with his love of merriment. The true life of his soul was solitary, but he would step out of it at any time to feel the warm touch of his fellows and revel in it. And his heart gave warmth as well as drank it in. His large, sunny cheerfulness was infectious, inspired cheerfulness in all about him, even strangers. Not but that he had a temper, could feel a poet's fiery indignation at wrong or meanness or injustice, as when he stood up in his place, in the middle of an orchestra rehearsal, and told the conductor who had spoken brutally to a young woman at the piano just what he thought of him. But the temper never hardened into sullenness, never secreted a long grudge or a blighting quarrel. "I was never able to stay angry in my life."

He liked to share his pleasures with his friends, too. He recognized that music is the eminently social art, and entered with a splendid, ardent zest into the common enjoyment of it. He delighted in a fascinating human mixture of tangled diversions, "Kinsfolk, men friends, women friends, books, music, wine, hunting, fishing, billiards, tenpins, chess, eating, mosquitoless sleeping, mountain scenery, and a month of idleness." He stepped out with ease and grace from the exclusive society of high thoughts: "I hope those are not illegitimate moods in which one sometimes desires to surround one's self with a companionship less awful, and would rather have a friend then a god." He even recognized that the friction of brains with each other is sometimes necessary to push thought to its highest: "There is not enough attrition of mind on mind here, to bring out any sparks from a man."

Lastly, and perhaps in Lanier's case most important,

among all the forms of refuge and repose from the harsh struggle of existence we must place the mighty solace of domestic love and home. Lanier married quite early a very charming woman, and her companionship and comfort were the greatest possible relief in all his troubles and difficulties. Though he wandered widely and his artist's calling took him among all sorts of people and made him friends with all sorts, there was nothing of the Bohemian in his nature. He loved the ties of life, all of them, did not find them ties but sweet intimacies, loved to bind the large divagation of his spirit to the quiet daily habits of hearth and home. And he shared all his ecstacies and enthusiasms with her whom he loved, so far as such things can be shared on this solitary and confining earth.

And the solace of childhood, its grace, its eager gaiety, its wild, wayward self-assertion, shifting into absolute dependence, varied exquisitely the intenser mood of this higher companionship. While the affection for children and wife both is enlarged and interfused with a wider charity which aims to spread its all-involving grasp over those near and far away and like and unlike: "Let us lead them to love everything in the world, above the world, and under the world adequately: that is the sum and substance of a perfect life."

Yet, after all, these elements of repose and distraction, even the most sacred, were but secondary to the mighty effort and struggle to succeed, to achieve, to do great things in the world, to leave a name that should never die. And one asks one's self, as in so many similar cases, but especially with Lanier,—because the struggle was so definite and so desperate,—what was the motive back of it all? Why should a man fling aside health and wealth and ease and the endless variety of ephemeral diversion to give the world what it never asks for, and to demand of it in return what it yields only with brutal reluctance and usually too late? What is the fierce sting, the cruel driving spur that urges the artist onward, till one is sometimes almost driven to conclude that genius consists in the sting itself, even more than in the gifts and powers that it forces to its service?

Is it the mere desire of praise, of applause, of having men honor you and esteem you, point you out and seek your work and treasure it, *volitare per ora virorum,* as the Latin poet expressed it, better than any one has expressed it since?

The best and wisest have recognized this motive, sometimes frankly, sometimes reluctantly, and with vain effort to disguise it under other names. The young Milton knew well that

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise.

Lanier, who analyzed and dissected everything, did not overlook the value of praise in its crudest forms: "Much reflection convinces me that *praise* is no ignoble stimulus, and that the artist should not despise it—although I am far more independent of praise than formerly, and can do without it perfectly well: yet, when it comes, I keenly enjoy it."

Again, besides the mere love of fame and of applause, there is in the artist the passionate desire to create things beautiful. This seems to be quite different from the appreciation of such things, though naturally such appreciation is implied in it. There are plenty of persons whose sense of all beauty is exquisite, evidently as exquisite as that of any creative artist, who yet are content to drink in and never to give out, who never apparently have the impulse to reproduce or rival the masterpieces that give them the intensest pleasure of their lives. But the artist cannot rest without the devouring effort to realize a new beauty, a different beauty, a beauty more overwhelming, more enduring than even that which intoxicates his whole being as he receives it from others. Many doubtless have felt this passion as keenly as Flaubert and Keats. None has more passionately recorded it. It is the cry that echoes in Phineas Fletcher's simple line.

Ah, singing let me live and singing die.

It echoes everywhere in the letters of Sidney Lanier. "It was a spiritual necessity, I must be a musician, I could not help it. The fury of creation is upon me." "This unbroken march of beautiful-bodied Triumphs irresistibly invites the soul of a man to create other processions like it. I would I might lead so magnificent a file of glories into heaven!"

And with the instinct of creating beauty, there is the instinct of diffusing it. In some artists this appears to be lacking. They are content to achieve the beautiful, to scatter it about them, to leave it behind them, without considering or caring whether the world learns to enjoy it or not. Not theirs to create the seeing eye or the hearing ear. Let such creep in their traces and slowly arrive at comprehension. It was different with Lanier. He burned to make others feel

what he felt, all that he felt. Beauty was not to be his alone, whether conceived or created. It was to light the whole wide world with a radiant glory. "We are all striving for one end," he cried, transfiguring other artists with his own ardor, "to develop and ennoble the humanity of which we form a part." And he could not understand that musicians could be content to give subtle aesthetic emotion to a few, when it was possible to "set the hearts of fifteen hundred people afire."

So we analyze vaguely, imperfectly, the deep motives that lay at the root of such a life struggle as Lanier's. Yet who shall say that we have quite touched the secret, or really, finally, explained why a man should be willing to wear out his life striving, striving, striving for a goal that forever fades away!

As we have analyzed the nature of the struggle and its fury and its motive, so let us consider its outcome and result. There is the result for the artist himself, and the result for others. For himself there is no doubt that the struggle means life. It often means death also, as it did for Keats and for Lanier. Oftener still, it means death in life, health shattered through long years, nerves broken and unstrung, quivering to utter exhaustion with misdirected effort and inadequate desire. The joy of successful creation is shot through with ardor that consumes even while it intoxicates. "Our souls would be like sails at sea; and the irresistible storm of Music would *shred* them as a wind shreds canvas, whereof the fragments writhe and lash about in the blast which furiously sports with their agony." Yet withal he who has once tasted the creative rapture knows nothing else that can be called living beside it. Certainly Lanier's testimony on the point is as explicit as anyone's; "To die, consumed by these heavenly fires:—that is infinitely better than to live the tepid lives and love the tepid loves that belong to the lower planes of activity." And if he says so, it is beyond question true for him; for no man ever lived more fully for the rapture or died more patently from the domination of it.

And the result for others? In Lanier's case, the value of example is clear, even disregarding actual achievement. He was a Southerner, always a Southerner. He loved the South, and the South loved and loves him. And in his day the spur of that glorious spirit, ever toiling, ever hoping, giv-

ing up all material success for the long pursuit of an ideal, was the very stimulus that the young men of the South needed above all others. Who shall say that the young men of the whole country do not need and cannot profit by it now?

Moreover, Lanier's ardent struggle bore fruit in a considerable literary product. Of this the prose criticism and other writings have their place and will probably continue to be read with pleasure by a limited number. But it is the poems that give their author a permanent rank in American literature. With their purely literary quality the psychographer does not concern himself. The testimony of critics of different schools is enough on this point. But to one who comes to the poems fresh from the close study of Lanier's inner life, they must necessarily prove a little disappointing. He gave them grace and dignity and charm and above all, music; but why could he not put his soul into them? He gave them thought and observation, magic of description, and witchery of movement; but why could he not put his soul into them? Flaubert diligently kept his soul out of his novels, and the consequence is that the letters to Mademoiselle X are worth a dozen *Salammbôs* and *Education Sentimentales*. But with Flaubert it was a matter of theory. With Lanier it would seem to be rather an instinctive reserve. Lucretius made all life a fight, as Lanier made it—Lucretius, of whom Lanier himself says,

> Lucretius mine
> (For oh, what heart hath loved thee like to this
> That's now complaining?)

Then Lucretius took the dullest subjects in the world, and because he poured the whole of his fighting soul into them, he left the tangled thorns through which he tore his way all glorified with shreds of luminous immortality. Lanier chose the most promising, the most poetical subjects; but somehow the battling spirit is not there. As he himself most aptly says of another, "There is a certain something —a flame, a sentiment, a spark kindled by the stroke of the soul against sorrow, as of steel against flint—which he hath *not.*" *Sunrise* and *The Marshes of Glynn* are no doubt musical, magical, enduring poetry. But there is more to stir my spirit in these lines which throb with the actual passion of the long, despairing fight:

Given, these,
On this, the coldest night in all the year,
From this, the meanest garret in the world,
In this, the greatest city in the land,
To you, the richest folk this side of death,
By one, the hungriest poet under heaven
—Writ while his candle sputtered in the gust,
And while his last, last ember died of cold,
And while the mortal ice i' the air made free
Of all his bones and bit and shrunk his heart,
And while soft Luxury made show to strike
Her gloved hands together and to smile
What time her weary feet unconsciously
Trode wheels that lifted Avarice to power,
—And while, moreover,—O thou God, thou God—
His worshipful sweet wife sat still, afar,
Within the village whence she sent him forth
Into the town to make his name and fame,
Waiting, all confident and proud and calm,
Till he should make for her his name and fame,
Waiting—O Christ, how keen this cuts!—large-eyed,
With Baby Charley till her husband make
For her and him a poet's name and fame.

Here, at any rate, we have a torn red bit of Lanier's heart.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

BY MURIEL HARRIS

To have been born an Arnold implies in England a tradition of culture and achievement from which no member of the family can hope to escape. Many Arnolds have distinguished themselves along more or less conventional lines. In others the intellectual yeast worked itself out in eccentricity, in religious struggles, in political protest, even in fads. If their genius was unrecognized, it was none the less there, and four generations of gifted Arnolds—of reformers, poets, historians, scholars, scientists—is a record that is rare enough. Of such stock was Mary Arnold—Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Almost the whole of her generation distinguished itself as much as, if less successfully than did she. Her brother, William Arnold, was a scholar and statesman. One of her sisters, following directly in the Arnold tradition, founded a famous school. Another sister was a notable lecturer. The present generation shows the same quality. Julian Huxley, the biologist, is Mrs. Ward's nephew. Another nephew, Aldous, is a poet of no mean capacity, while young Tom Arnold—one of the many lives cut short by the war, showed at the early age of fourteen remarkable poetic thought and facility.

Even in their marriages, the Arnolds never deviated from their tradition. The Selwyns, the Huxleys, the Trevelyans, the Wales, into whose families they have married both amplify and underline the Arnold tradition of learning and achievement. With their strong brains, their queer corners, their passion for activity and their sense of direction, they are among the most English of the English. Centuries earlier, they would have sailed in the Mayflower, combining with their social-religious protest, that taste for adventure which makes so many Englishmen love England

as a point of departure. Mrs. Ward was an Arnold of the Arnolds in her sense of rightness, her zest for literary and political activities and in her need to give that zest practical form. She differed from her family in one point. Where they remained people of moderate means, she was financially eminently successful. This was out of the tradition, since success often obviates the need to protest and every Arnold is a natural Protestant. Instead Mrs. Ward was a propagandist.

It is probable that if propaganda had been a fine art in Mrs. Ward's youth, she would have been among the most distinguished propagandists. As it was, the novel with a purpose, the pamphlet, the social undertaking, the political tendency, these were the breath of life to her. In the double motive, as it were, of all her work—the artistic, coupled with the political or the social or the religious—she made a peculiar appeal to the England of her day—the England which had emerged from the grosser prosperity of the industrial era and was looking for its soul. As a novelist, Mrs. Oliphant was far beyond Mrs. Ward. But she was a novelist pure and simple, an artistic entity which English people are slower to appreciate than when it is combined with moral or political purpose. Mrs. Ward gave to the novel-reader the sense that he or she was not merely wasting time in reading stories. She implied that he was thinking and reforming and governing and having religious difficulties himself, all in the most interesting and romantic way. She gave to the politician a sense of romance which he had not hitherto perceived among the dry dust of party manoeuvrings. Trollope described politics with an exactitude and humor that were almost too much like the real thing. Mrs. Ward was thrilled by them herself and she conveyed that thrill to the reader. She conveyed to him that politics were really a series of week-ends in great country-houses, where high purpose was mingled with the atmosphere rich and rare of great minds, and it was his privilege, that of the ordinary commonplace reader, to share in these august assemblies and help to run the England of their making.

In the same way, the social reformer at her hands was no mere drab worker among the poor, no illiterate, inarticulately fighting for his beliefs, no dryasdust airing his theories. He became the hero of a popular novel. However

improbable his schemes, they carried him so far that he could be rude to duchesses and they liked it. There was a great deal of Charlotte Brontë's 'Rochester' in Mrs. Ward's heroes, with their massive brows and eccentricities. More willingly than any other novelist, Mrs. Ward followed in the steps of the great woman romanticist. Her social reformers appealed to the multitude who were thrilled by her thrills. She was, in short, the propagandist, able at will to fire the ordinary person with fervor for causes or for people.

That her novels were artificial to a great many people, just because of their double motive, mattered less because of her own obvious conviction. She had the quality of belief. She believed in England—especially the England of the country-house and a poor tenderly looked after by the great. She believed in people and not to share that belief, when she really felt strongly, was to incur her displeasure. She believed in the great man as such. And above all she believed in a world in which the word 'culture' was writ large. Her panaceas for social problems are often a museum, even while she actually took much more practical steps to help the world out. She believed firmly all that she wrote and what she did not believe she never wrote.

One of her beliefs was that divorce was wrong. And so she wrote the novel *Daphne* to prove it. *Canadian Born* represented her belief in the glory of the British Empire. *Lady Rose's Daughter* stood for her belief in the ruling classes, even while they erred. *Marcella, Sir George Tressady,* were both expressions of her belief in a method of social reform. *Eleanor* glorified her belief in the great man—however tiresome.

The war brought forth a belief essay. It is not remarkable that she was chosen by the British Government during the war to be the exponent of *England's Effort.* England—the idea of England, the England of the Arnolds, was a subject to which she could with the fullest heart give the whole outpouring of her patriotic feeling. Every soldier was a hero; every hero died with 'England' on his lips. And if too many of these soldiers were generals—some of whom had made ghastly mistakes, costing thousands of lives, and if all spirits did not always find glory in the mud and blood and beastliness that is called war—why then, they were hero-ized by the flood of enthusiasm which

Mrs. Ward honestly felt for them. A better propagandist could not have been found, because no one but a real Victorian could so have concentrated on one point to the exclusion of so many cognate points. It is a mark of her power of propaganda that she begins her war-novel with characters who are definitely anti-war and devoted instead to the study of Greek. There is no attempt to minimize their right to an opinion; on the contrary, it is made rather attractive. But, in the end of course, their conversion is proportionately more effective.

The propagandist—the really successful propagandist—must inevitably be able to believe two things at once, whether or not they happen to coincide. And the greater his faith, the more telling will be his work. Mrs. Ward was a confirmed anti-suffragist. She was head of the anti-suffragist party and, both by pen and voice and great personal influence in the House of Lords, struggled against the giving of the vote to women. Incidentally, she was a good loser, too, and when the Suffrage Bill became law took her defeat gracefully, writing that at the moment of her defeat she could not help feeling how pleased she would be in Mrs. Fawcett's place. On the other hand, she believed firmly in municipal work for women, did much to promote it and recently became herself one of the first women justices. But opposed as she was to the suffrage, she saw no inconsistency in her strenuous efforts to put her son into Parliament, where he was nicknamed the Member for Mrs. Humphry Ward. Here again, her powers as propagandist came into play and by a series of very able "Letters to my Neighbors," which were afterwards printed and used widely by other candidates, she effectively won her son his seat, where he represented her views to the last fraction.

It is difficult to reconcile the two attitudes, unless one remembers that Mrs. Ward was thoroughly romanticist by temperament. Always deeply interested in current questions, religious, social, political, this interest became officialized, as it were, with Gladstone's sixty-page review of *Robert Elsmere*. Hitting off exactly, as it did, the religious problems which were agitating people at large, this novel thrust her into the forefront of the then "new thought" and thence it was but a short step to the practicalities of politics and social reform.

Mrs. Ward was at heart a hero-worshipper of all gov-

ernment—preferably good government, but still government, for bad government has the advantage of being reformable. I do not suppose there was ever a government which left no room for reform, but if there was, it would be a bad day for the reformer and Mrs. Ward was a born reformer. In this capacity, she pictured herself and others of the elect in the romantic rôle of aiding with counsel, and privately, those who were to carry out the great work. It was to be no mob of women voters, all with the same right to give counsel, but a Paradise of the few. It was not to be shouted in the market-place, but whispered amid cloistered shades. Hence her instinctive dislike for the vote, even while in her own mind she permitted women to fill subordinate offices. Herself the friend of Asquith, Grey, Balfour, Haldane, of most of the prominent politicians of the day, she invested them with a golden romantic atmosphere, discussed with them all the leading questions of the times, played the rôle of Egeria, which obviously did not include the vote at large.

On the social side, Mrs. Ward was also a propagandist, but here perhaps the double thread harmonized most perfectly. It is not only her novels, which are full of schemes for the betterment of the less fortunate, full of sympathy for those whose lots are cast in unpleasant places. She does not only write about poverty and squalor and hardship. Her intense love for her little grandchildren was founded on a broad basis. Her Passmore Edwards Settlement work is well known in this country. Her work for crippled children and for London children generally, is often obscured by her other outstanding achievements. The Play Centres were the beginning of a great movement in London to improve social conditions not only at the end but at the beginning of life. In spite of London's many parks, there were yet, in its huge extent, thousands of children in the poorer districts whose only playground was the street. This had the inevitable consequences in accidents, poor health, juvenile delinquency. Mrs. Ward began her work in a small way, by opening privately a Play Centre or two and securing workers from among her friends. Games were organized and those who wished could follow occupations—wood-carving, needlework, drill, dancing. The success of the original Play Centres was instantaneous and it became something of a tragedy to turn away children for whom there

was no room. A system was organized by which children took turns in coming, but obviously here was a great need and one which demanded to be met. The work might have stopped short or have run its promoters into debt in extending it indefinitely. Mrs. Ward, with statesmanlike instinct, conceived of the idea of using schools for play as well as for work. The idea, obvious enough now, but regarded at the time as an innovation, went through amid much head-shaking on the part of the authorities generally. In the end, and after immense labor and organization, the Play Centres were extended all over London and when sufficient voluntary helpers could not be found, money was raised and competent and carefully chosen helpers were employed, who otherwise could not have afforded to give their time. Occupations and amusements extended their scope and five-year-old Percy in plush breeches and with a perpetual cold in his nose, flocked to the Play Centre as eagerly as did Florence on the verge of leaving school, and giving herself airs in consequence.

Nor did her work among children stop here. Crippled children also came under her care and she was one of the first people to conceive of the idea of making the lives of these unfortunate children as normal as was possible under the circumstances. They all came to her—some pushed by their mothers in long chairs—children who otherwise never had an outing; some carried, some hobbling along on their crutches; some, who were merely hump-backed, helping to bring more unfortunate friends. Their health was the first consideration and many of them recovered to a certain extent through the care given and the opportunities provided of country air and good food. They were taught occupations according to their capacity, and at Christmas—there never were such Christmases as these—they used act a little play, of which the hero often limped and the heroine too often perforce reclined upon a couch. The enjoyment of these crippled knights in brown paper armour and of wan princesses in gilt crowns was beyond all words. Among them all Mrs. Ward used constantly to go. Often they were a little shy of her dominant voice and rather grand manner, but at bottom they knew that, but for her, perhaps none of them would wear brown paper armour or gilt crowns. Here the propagandist and the human being were entirely one. The development of Mrs. Ward's work—of the Arnold tra-

dition of social obligation—is carried on by both her daughters, one of whom has been the promoter of excellent dental clinics for schoolchildren in London and both of whom interest themselves actively in after-care work among children just leaving school and children with enfeebled health.

You cannot dogmatize without a sense of rightness. The Victorians had this sense very strongly. The Arnolds were essentially Victorian. Dr. Arnold of Rugby invented a new system of morals for public schools. William Arnold, Mrs. Ward's brother, would have fought under Cromwell with all the charm of a cavalier. A scholar of the first water, he knew how to control rightness—my rightness as opposed to your rightness—and to keep it in proportion. One of the most brilliant men of his time, he might have achieved anything but for ill-health. Mrs. Ward's rightness was more dogmatic, partly because she was less disciplined, partly because she was a romanticist and colored things as she wished them to be. She corresponded with all the eminent people of her time and was intimate with many of them. They used to come to the house in Grosvenor Place, with its beautiful pictures, but they, as did lesser people, found her most herself during the happy week-ends at Stocks. Here the week-end parties used to include Trevelyans and Huxleys, Lord Haldane was a frequent visitor, Lord Grey, Henry James, the Asquiths, the Rothschilds—all used to contribute to the philosophical, literary or political discussion in which Mrs. Ward revelled. Frequently also they would join in the games, terrifying to the less gifted—of cap-versing and other intellectual acrobatics. From the truly great, Mrs. Ward would take any contradiction, mind leaping to mind. But let a lesser personality attempt to defame one of her idols—and there were many of them—and the lesser personality was not long in regretting his temerity. She could not even bear reflections on minor points, such as dress or bearing. Any one whom she had once canonized was, once for all, perfect—to be worshipped as she worshipped them. The same characteristic applied equally to causes. She could tolerate the point of view of her peer, but she simply could not bear the differing point of view of any lesser light. This sense of rightness and her power of expression made her a formidable antagonist.

My pleasantest memory of Mrs. Ward dates back to the spring before the war—a Sunday in her country house at

Stocks. It was a day of fitful sunshine. Purple hyacinths scented the air and in the copse near the house, daffodils bloomed, thousands of them, their yellow heads swept by the breeze. Patches of sunlight flecked the smooth lawn. The grandchildren were there—a little Mary, remarkably like her grandmother, with the keen eye, the dominant character, the tendency to brush aside the non-essential.

The kindest of women, Mrs. Ward never suffered fools gladly. In her early married days at Oxford, she was centre of a group of intellectuals. She came of the George Eliot tradition, was indeed Elisha to her Elijah, carrying on George Eliot's passion for learning with perhaps something of the same self-consciousness that a woman should indeed read Greek before breakfast! But she mellowed greatly as she grew older and this mellowness was never more apparent than on that spring Sunday, in the tenderness which she showed to her own family, her passion for the flowers in her own beautiful home, her pride in her son, and her fondness for a little yapping Pomeranian dog, who, after the manner of Pomeranians all the world over, took liberties under her august protection, which did not make for his general popularity. I see her now, wearing a long cloak, sweeping, stately, across the wide lawn to greet her friends, her face alight and the dark, hawk-like features losing something of their keenness in the welcoming smile.

With her death, a great personality has passed away, many-sided, full of beliefs; belonging actually to the comfortable, leisurely world before the war; carrying with it some of the old-time fragrance, upon which a new world has no time to dwell. A new set of problems has outstripped her, who was in the forefront of the problems of her day. Outwardly successful and prosperous, she had many sorrows, so bravely borne as to show the real grit of the woman, the underlying Arnold fibre. Her enthusiasms, her generosity to all and sundry, her warm and ample personality, link her up with all outstanding characters, whose very antagonisms, once they are no longer there, inspire the greater affection in those who are left behind.

MURIEL HARRIS.

BIOGRAPHY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—II

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

THE wonderful Greeks who visualized in permanent and vital symbols even their deepest thoughts, pictured time, Chronos, as devouring his children. His appetite is as insatiable now as ever. Just as we have come to regard one fashion as enduring, he creates another to take its place. Thomas Carlyle thundered his depreciatory doctrines on eighteenth century France until he had made the world listen to him and believe; and then, while his echoes still went reverberating, John Morley came and taught us in tones far less vehement, to see the good in the France which Carlyle had weighed and found wanting. Morley's account of Voltaire if you seek to know what Voltaire actually was in time, will give you the necessary information. But for Carlyle, time was always merely a film, stretching in front of eternity, neither wholly transparent, nor wholly opaque. So Carlyle's judgments are not those of a decade or a fashion, but those which conform to the eternal laws, as he saw them. And Voltaire, or Rousseau, or Mirabeau, has a very different appearance to the intellect busied primarily with things temporal from what they have when they are thrown on the screen of things spiritual and eternal.

During nearly forty years, I have passed through several phases in my estimate of Thomas Carlyle. In my youth he made me a hero-worshipper and a hater of shams; he held me spell-bound by his humor and by the magnificence of many of his pages; he disclosed to me reality more real, than I had found in any other writer; he spoke to me with an austerity strangely fascinating, and in language as rhythmic as the long, everlasting roll of the sea, messages that might have come from a Hebrew prophet.

Then followed a period, not entirely of disillusion, but

of criticism and of slackened admiration. I perceived his mannerisms both in diction and in method. If nature has mannerisms she disguises them. Although she brings us a hundred storms in a year, each seems original and not an imitation of any which went before. I fell to doubting Carlyle's eternal verities; and I asked myself whether a man who did not discern a living hero in two of his contemporaries, like Lincoln and Cavour, could be trusted to discover dead heroes in times long past, and to measure them truly. Having lived through, if not outgrown, the age of wonder, I hungered for hard, concrete facts; for ideals which could be demonstrated; for the logic and continuity which science afforded us.

Then I entered a third phase in which I saw again Carlyle as an amazing genius, Carlyle, who flashed into the very heart and soul of men and women, Carlyle, who had a special gift for seeing through many parts of the film of time which were opaque to most of us, Carlyle, who beyond all other historians understood the terror of life and its inexorable doom, in which each of us has a stake. I delighted afresh in his incomparable humor. Who can compare with him in seizing upon the small, homely, cosy things? How he pounces on an apparent trifle, which, properly estimated, was the pivot on which history turned—such, for instance, as old Dragoon Drouet who, having caught a glimpse of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette taking flight in their berline towards the French border, strides over the fields by a short cut to Varennes, intercepts them there, causes their arrest, and so turns awry the catastrophe of the French Revolution. I doubt whether any other biographer or historian has ever equalled Carlyle in his genius for discerning the smallest detail in externals and in sweeping, as on a seraph's wing, over vast generalizations on the inmost meaning of life.

As a biographer, Carlyle is very uneven. Having decided that Frederick the Great was a hero, before he undertook to write about him, he could never look straight at the man except when he had magnifying or distorting glasses on. The result is that Carlyle, the most insistent of all historians on the moral interpretation of history, makes of Frederick the Great, who was really a monarch without moral sense in public affairs and the corruptor of the German people, a hero and model. No wonder that Carlyle,

blinded by this false simulation of greatness, should not recognize true greatness in George Washington but should sneer at him. Granted, however, that Frederick's portrait was to be painted as Carlyle saw him, what other historian could equal the variety, the humor, with which Carlyle painted it? For lifelikeness it could not be excelled, and yet it lacks symmetry, compactness, and the supreme quality of finality and beauty. If Carlyle only had had more of the Greek in his make-up! If he had only taken the Greek motto Μηδὲν ἄγαν—nothing too much—which every artist should carry stamped on his heart! But he was a Goth, and Gothic genius riots in digressions and superfluities. He reminds me of Rembrandt among the painters who gets so many of his effects from shadows and darkness. The figures in Carlyle's historic dramas seem like Rembrandt's portraits to emerge out of blackest night into life and color before they sink back into blackest night again.

> We are no other than a moving row
> Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go
> Round with this sun-illumin'd lantern held
> In midnight by the master of the show.

Carlyle's *Oliver Cromwell* is another masterpiece of interpretation. In it he exalts another great man who, it happened, was worthy of exaltation. Perhaps it is fanciful to suggest that to understand this book we must remember that it was written ten years after *The French Revolution* —the most astonishing prose epic in the language. In his study of the upheaval in France, Carlyle saw that anarchy and ruin must result from such an upheaval, unless there were a truly strong and wise man to lead it. Oliver Cromwell, who dominated the English revolution and was swayed by the deepest religious principles (fanaticism, his enemies would say), *was* a strong man and worthy of being revered. If, on the other hand, you turn to the *Life of Schiller* written earlier, before his passion for interpretation hurried Carlyle before it, you will discover rather a conventional specimen of biography in the first third of the nineteenth century. His *Life of John Sterling,* however, is one of the sweetest revelations of a fine manly character which one friend ever made of another; although viewed from the ideals of art, it has its excrescences and excesses.

The Italians have a proverb which sums up the common opinion of authors towards translators: *" Traduttore, tradi-*

tore." The play on the Italian words cannot be reproduced in English, but the meaning can be: "Translator, Traitor or Betrayer." I feel that in too many cases this motto would apply also to biographers and to no one more conspicuously than to James Anthony Froude. I once asked Charles Eliot Norton who knew both men, how Carlyle came to designate Froude as his biographer, and Mr. Norton replied by quoting Landor's sadly cynical epigram:

> The wisest of the wise
> Listen to pretty lies,
> And love to hear them told.
> Doubt not that Solomon
> Listen'd to many a one,
> Some in his youth and more when he grew old.

Froude, who was younger than Carlyle by more than twenty years, had been one of his earliest and staunchest devotees and, as Carlyle sank into old age, Froude attended him assiduously, and, it is not unkind to infer, suggested that he be made the great man's literary executor and biographer. We can see how, under the circumstances, Carlyle should be gratified to know that a disciple who gave him back his own opinions, should have charge of this important service. But see how tragic the results were!

Thomas Carlyle, in many respects, filled for the English speaking world during fifty years of the nineteenth century, a place similar to that filled in the eighteenth century by Samuel Johnson. Through the good fortune of having James Boswell for his biographer, Johnson lives as the most interesting, if not as the most beloved, figure of his age; whereas Carlyle, after the publication of his life by Froude suffered a personal eclipse from which he has not yet emerged. This is not owing to the fact that the fashion in writing history has changed, that science has discredited romanticism, that liberal and even radical ideas have swamped Carlyle's conservatism—Johnson's Toryism also had gone out of fashion before he died, but that did not lessen the interest men took in his personality: Carlyle's wounded name with posterity was due to Froude's betrayal.

I do not imply that Froude intentionally traduced Carlyle, his natural purpose being, of course, to magnify his hero; but as a biographer he was both false and inartistic. He was false, because he used the material which he found in Carlyle's letters and diaries to scourge persons whom he himself hated; he was inartistic, because by putting the

wrong emphasis on Carlyle's conduct he gave the world a wrong impression of the *total* man. To pick out a temporary state of mind, a fleeting irritation, a unique rudeness, a whim or foible, harmless and even amusing if described properly, and to present these as if they were habitual, the very bone and sinew of the man's character, was bad art. That kindest of critics and sweetest-natured of friends, Horace Furness, told me that he never wanted to hear of Carlyle again after he read in Froude's life, that he had allowed his wife to scrub the bricks in the little backyard of Number 5, Cheyne Row.

This is merely one example out of hundreds in Froude's biography, which illustrate the harm biographers may do by improper emphasis, unless each event is so framed that the reader can judge it truly, as he would do if he could have seen it himself. He either sins wilfully or is incompetent. In Froude's case we are forced to conclude that he sinned deliberately in order to gratify his own spite, or to push his own opinions. How otherwise shall we explain the multitude of verbal changes from Carlyle's manuscript to Froude's printed version—changes in some of which the neutral or kindly epithets of the original became abusive or malignant? How otherwise shall we explain that the slip of paper, on which Carlyle prohibited the publication of one of the volumes of reminiscences, disappeared, and that Froude discovered it only after the volume was printed, and Carlyle's niece insistently demanded it? I cite Froude as the great warning to biographers. He not only committed a crime against the hero he wished to glorify, but I fear that he so damaged Carlyle's reputation that it can be restored only when some true man, equipped with honesty, artistic sense, and adequate biographical talent shall write a life of him.

How different the fortune of Macaulay, Carlyle's chief contemporary master in the writing of history! His life by his nephew, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, seems to me, second only to Boswell's Johnson. Trevelyan wrote on a different plan from Boswell's, but he achieved what he intended not less remarkably than did Boswell. In this work you have a perfect interweaving of biography and history, balance, discretion, a rare skill in summarizing, ample quotation from letters and journals, but not too ample, and a sufficiently intimate portrayal of Macaulay as public man,

and especially as son, brother, uncle, and friend. The doctrinaires, who supposed thirty years ago that they had killed Macaulay, are themselves dead, but he lives on, and it seems quite unlikely that the English-speaking race will soon if ever throw over into oblivon this spokesman of some of its mightiest characteristics. As long as Macaulay is read, Trevelyan's life of him also will be read, and it will serve as a pattern for countless future biographers.

Remember that one-half, I might almost say four-fifths, of a biography depends on the biographer. The charm of *The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer* springs from the fact that her husband, Professor George H. Palmer wrote it. He saw her as a beautiful ideal, and had the art and imagination, and glow to make us all see her as he did. On the other hand, Justin Winsor, in his biography of Columbus falls short, because he devotes too much time to the low qualities and misdemeanors of Columbus. Now Columbus was created to discover America, and not to be a pattern, like St. Francis of Assisi, or some of the Pilgrim Fathers, of the highest Christian virtues. In like fashion, it seems to me, the Reverend A. V. G. Allen's portrait of Phillips Brooks is out of drawing, because he emphasizes too much, matters which interested Allen as a theologian, more than they did Brooks as an Evangelist, whose mission it was to speak at all times and at all places with wonderful persuasion, the message of God.

I shall not attempt to discuss, even briefly, the later biographies in English. I have already mentioned Morley's *Life of Gladstone* and Winston Churchill's life of his father, Lord Randolph. The latter would be twice as good if it were half as long, for Churchill errs, as most Englishmen do, in attaching an exaggerated importance to partisan political details. After all, Sir Stafford Northcote, Goschen, Lord Hartington, and even Lord Salisbury are not personages of heroic size or gigantic importance, when viewed through the perspective of thirty years, and Mr. Churchill describes them so minutely that I find it difficult to trace in his description the trunk-line of their policy.

Hallam Tennyson's life of his father would confirm those who hold that the widow or son of a celebrity ought never to be his biographer. On the other hand Francis Darwin and Leonard Huxley both produced satisfactory biographies of their fathers.

I have not considered French, Italian, and German biographical works, partly because I am not familiar with enough of them to draw any general conclusions. A whole library has been written about Napoleon but, as far as I know nobody has yet achieved a transcendent biography of him. The same is true of Bismarck, and the likelihood seems slight that he will ever be put into a book to be read throughout the world. For German biographers are so absorbed in the shoe-buckles and laundry bills of their heroes—witness Düntzer's *Goethe* and *Schiller*—that they are unable to get inside of the man, or even to stand upright and look at him eye to eye. They have too much the posture of lackeys and valets.

In French, Paul Sabatier's *Life of St. Francis* illustrates how, through sympathy, the right biographer can almost persuade his readers that a character who comes to them through a golden mist of miracles is real. More recently, Valéry-Radot has depicted the great man of science, Louis Pasteur, so nobly that he seems as worthy of wearing a halo as did any medieval saint.

In one branch of biography the French have excelled, and that is in critical and analytical lives of public men. Whoever reads the monographs on *Cavour* and on *Metternich,* by Charles de Mazade, will see excellent specimens of this *genre,* which has thriven too little among us because our historical students were long intimidated by the German professors, who sneered at any work in which footnotes and references did not outmeasure the text. But this despotism by pedants is, we may hope, at an end.

Bringing our survey of the art of biography down to the present, multiplicity seems to be its foremost trait. We understand that any man who is *interesting* may be a proper subject for a biographer; kings, dukes and the upper classes must now have more than their title and position in order to attract us. We recognize, also, that each person, like the sitter for a painter, requires to be drawn in the attitude and atmosphere which will most fitly reveal him. I regard sympathy as an indispensable qualification in the biographer, although a good many persons still believe that devil's advocates are more likely to tell the truth. The sympathy which I mean, however, does not degenerate into unrestrained eulogy but interprets the defects, blunders, and even the sins of its sub-

ject, in their true relations. The aim of the biographer should be *totality* which, if achieved, coincides with Michael Angelo's definition of beauty: "*Il più nell'uno*" —the whole in one, or the universal in the particular.

> To see a world in a grain of sand,
> And a heaven in a wild flower;
> Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
> And eternity in an hour.

So I leave biography on the threshold of what may be a golden age. Its outlook was never brighter. Its votaries will practise it with a constantly increasing skill. The demand for veracity will not slacken. The public, grown more discerning, will read it with greater relish. And I think that we may predict that the general average of biographical writing will be higher than it has been, though the number of master biographers like that of master portrait painters can never be large, hardly more than two or three in a century.

The fact that the persons and events the biographer depicts were *real* will lend to them an additional attractiveness.

Given life, the first impulse of life, the incessant triumphant impulse, is to manifest itself in individuals. From the beginning there has never been a moment, or the fraction of a second, when the universe or the tiniest part of it, became abstract. In the world of matter not less than in the organic world of animals and plants, always and everywhere and forever—individuals! From atom to Sirius, nothing but individuals! Even in the protean transmutation of one thing into another, of life into death, and death into life, individuality keeps pace with each changing stage.

Since the process of individualization is from lower to higher, from simple to complex, the acknowledged great men in history, or the persons who stand out from any mass, are endowed with unusual qualities, or with common qualities in an uncommon degree—an endowment which gives them more points of contact, more power, more interest, more charm. These are the men and women whom biography perpetuates. The master creations of fiction spring from the human brain; the subjects of biography are the very creations of God himself; the realities of God must forever transcend the fictions of man.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

LOUIS BERTRAND

A Study in Artistic Personality

BY FREDERICK PEARCE DELGADO

Hélas! nous avons tous dans le passé un jour de bonheur
qui nous désenchante l'avenir.

The Romantic School in France has had its historians and its apologists, its adherents and its detractors. The battle for and against its dogmas and its theories of literary esthetics has concerned itself largely with the great names of the period. Writers such as Hugo, de Musset, Sand, Gautier, Dumas, Nodier and Sainte-Beuve were the generals, the standard-bearers around whom gathered the foes of an earlier classicism and a later realism, and against whom the self-confessed Zola led a somewhat heterogeneous army composed of widely divergent elements. But the sub-lieutenants of the period have been forgot. Many perished in advance of their day, before they had obtained the rank they deserved. They were not unworthy of Théodore de Banville's haunting lines:

Dis-nous mil huit cent trente,
Epoque fulgurante,
Ses luttes, ses ardeurs—

They left the field of action to their stronger compatriots and bequeathed to the *memorabilia* of those arduous days the memory of a book, a polemic, a verse or a troubled line.

It may be said of Louis Bertrand, one of the lost souls of French Romanticism, that in a literary interpretation he exemplified the philosophy of the great Corsican who once declared that every grenadier carried a marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack. In the case of Bertrand, however, the *bâton* was a pen whose delicate point became dulled before its time. His one book, *Gaspard de la Nuit,* despite the somewhat sinister aspect of its title, reveals the promise of a genius that was too early stifled out, that exhausted itself in

the struggles of an epoch that was fatal to minds and bodies too delicately attuned.

That little is known of the life of Louis Bertrand is comparatively unimportant, because what one accomplishes by no means attains the importance of what one thinks, as life is only a feeble translation of volition. For the benefit of those, however, who demand the *data* of time, place and environment, it may be stated that Bertrand was born in 1807, at Céva, in Piedmont. His father was French and his mother an Italian. Of the former, the son has left the following pen-picture: " My father was one of the patriots of 1789, a soldier of fortune who for eighteen years fought along the borders of the Rhine and who at the age of fifty had completed thirty years of service, nine campaigns and had received six wounds. He left me only his honor and his sword." Bertrand's school days were passed at Dijon where his parents had established themselves after the fall of the Empire. Among his school-mates was Antoine de Latour, the poet. When quite young, he began contributing verses to a journal of Dijon, *Le Provincial,* which attracted the attention of Chateaubriand, of Nodier and of Hugo. In 1828, he undertook his first trip to Paris—that gypsy star of all those who are of the provinces and who find their abilities unappreciated and their longings unassuaged in a small provincial city. There he was well received by *la jeune école poétique,* but he was not of those who seek the protection and the acclaim of brother artists. He continually flitted from Dijon to Paris and back again, a vagabond whose long road was thus marked by two mile-stones. At Paris, he attached himself especially to Sainte-Beuve, who became his friend and counselor. Upon the outbreak of the July Revolution, he was at Dijon. He eagerly acclaimed it and served it energetically with his pen in the *Patriote de la Côte d'Or.* For awhile he entered into the violent political struggles of the day, but he soon retired into fields of lesser activity and where his talent might better display itself. Accordingly, he returned to Paris, to the alluring but, at that time, unremunerative vocation of literature. Poor and of ill health and forced moreover to support his mother and sister, he found the struggle too great. In 1841, at the age of thirty-four, he died in a charity hospital. It has been said that he was buried without consecration or ceremony. After his death, his friends Sainte-Beuve and David d'An-

gers published the one unique manuscript of his verse and prose—*Gaspard de la Nuit.*

Having thus set down somewhat briefly the main events in a life that ended so abruptly and was so incomplete, the significance of his book, how far it was removed from the exigencies of his daily affairs, his philosophy of art and life, demand a more extended treatment. To be exact, *Gaspard de la Nuit* consists of a long introduction in which the past glories of Dijon and certain questions and reservations concerning art are touched upon, a short preface explanatory of the *esthétique* of the book, a dedication to Victor Hugo and then a series of Fantasies, very short, very polished, scintillating, almost, recalling the delicate technique of the lapidary's art and exemplifying the theory expounded in the preface. The *raison d'être* of the fantasies is as follows: In the introduction, the author relates how, demanding one day of a stranger what were the laws of literary esthetics, he who bore the name of Gaspard de la Nuit, gave him in reply the manuscript of these poems in prose. Of this strange individual he writes: "My conjectures had charitably ranged him among those strolling artists, players of violins and painters of portraits, whom an unceasing hunger and an unquenchable thirst condemned to wander throughout the world in the trace of the Wandering Jew."

It is in the preface, however, that the theory of art which the fantasies illustrate is exemplified. According to Bertrand, art has always two antithetical aspects, a medal, for instance, the face of which bears the resemblance of Paul Rembrandt and the reverse that of Jacques Callot. Rembrandt is typical of the philosopher, his mind occupied in meditation and in prayer, who communes with the spirits of beauty, of science, of wisdom and of love, and who devotes himself to penetrating the mysterious symbols of nature. Callot, on the contrary, is the blustering and light-hearted vagabond, who struts about the square, who is noisy in the tavern, who swears only by his sword and his carbine and who has no other care than to wax his moustache. Art is thus considered under this double personification. But it is not too exclusive. Accordingly, there are studies in the fashion of Van Eyck, Lucas de Leyde, Albert Durer, Peeter Neef, Breughel de Velours, Breughel d'Enfer, Van Ostade, Gérard Dow, Salvator Rosa, Fusely and other masters.

Before examining the fantasies, it is well to study some-

what the introduction to the book wherein is set down much that is curious and illuminating concerning Dijon which Bertrand loved passionately. His regard for that city recalls to mind Rodenbach's passion for the Flemish city of Bruges. Yet he was not so much concerned in the *esthétique* of a city as was the jealous Fleming of Tournai. He loved more its outward appearance, sought not so deeply for its soul. "I love Dijon," he declares, "as the infant its nurse, as the poet the young girl who has initiated his heart." Then, as an afterthought, he adds, "Infancy and poesy! How ephemeral is the one and how delusive the other!" It was the ancient city of the dukes of Bourgogne that he loved best, whose history, whose terraced walls and embattlements he ever sought to recall—*un Dijon d'autrefois.* In the following lines he gives expression to this regard.

Gothique Donjon
Et Flèche gothique
Dans un ciel d'optique,
Là-bas, c'est Dijon
Ses joyeuses treilles
N'ont point leurs pareilles;
Ses clochers jadis
Se comptaient par dix.
Là, plus d'une pinte
Est sculptée ou peinte;
Là, plus d'un portail
S'ouvre en éventail.
Dijon, moult te tarde! (1)
Et mon luth camard
Chante ta moutarde
Et ton Jacquemart!

Coming now to a consideration of the fantasies themselves, we approach the real charm of the book, the charm that clusters about and clings to work that is delicately chiselled out, that depends more upon the presentation than the subject matter, whose interest as a human document is almost completely overshadowed by its form. This may not be art in the larger sense, but it is in the more specific and restricted sense that interpretation ever instills an element of subjectivity into principles that of themselves are purely obvious and are of only material consideration.

The fantasies are divided into six books according to their form and subject matter, and are titled as follows: *Ecole Flamande, Le Vieux Paris, La Nuit et ses Prestiges,*

(1) *Moult me tarde!* Paraphrase on ancient communal devise of Dijon.

Les Chroniques, Espagne et Italie and *Silves.* There are likewise a few detached pieces added. True to Bertrand's theories, they assume the various characterizations of certain schools of art, and in many cases adequately represent the analogy they were intended to convey. In the *Ecole Flamande,* for instance, there is one entitled *Harlem* which as a pen-picture admirably brings to mind the work of David Teniers or of Rembrandt. The author portrays minutely and deftly the canal in which the blue water trembles, the church whose windows glow golden in the sun, and the storks which lazily flap their wings about the town clock, stretching their necks high in the air to receive in their beaks the drops of rain. Then in another, *La Tour de Nesle,* he describes, as Callot might have painted it, the pressing crowd of jesters, cripples and beggars flocking together upon the square and dancing before a spiral column of flame and smoke. Murillo would have loved to depict on the canvas *Les Muletiers,* the brown Andalusians among their mules and at prayer, rosary in hand and calling upon Our Lady of Atocha for protection. Finally, may be cited the delicate sketch, *Octobre,* recalling a study by Gérard Dow or Fusely. The little Savoyards are returning home and already their cry awakens the sleeping echoes of the quarter, for as the swallows precede the spring time, they precede the winter.

In order to present a more extended idea of the scope and grace of these little fantasies, it is necessary to translate some in detail, in spite of the fact that such poetic flora must of necessity lose a great deal of their charm when transplanted into the hardier soil of a less melodious tongue. The one that follows was suggested by and no doubt inspired by this phrase of Saint-Simon's: *"Madame de Montbazon était une fort belle créature qui mourut d'amour, cela pris à la lettre, l'autre siècle, pour le chevalier de la Rue qui ne l'aimait point."* Bertrand has caught and preserved the poignant tragedy that lurks in those lines.

MADAME DE MONTBAZON

The nurse arranged upon the table a vase of flowers and the wax tapers whose reflection illuminated, in shades of red and yellow, the curtains of blue silk draped over the head of the sick bed.

"Do you believe, Mariette, that he will come?"

"Oh, sleep, sleep a little, Madame!"

"Yes, I will fall asleep soon in order to dream of him throughout all eternity."

A step was heard upon the stair.

"Ah! If it were only he!" murmured the dying woman, smiling, the shadow of death already upon her lips.

It was a little page who brought from the queen to Madame the duchess, some sweetmeats, biscuits and cordials upon a silver platter.

"Ah, he comes not," she said with faltering voice, "he will not come! Mariette, give me one of these flowers in order that I may breathe in its perfume and kiss it for the love of him!"

Then, Madame de Montbazon, closing her eyes, became motionless. She had died of love, rendering her soul into the aroma of a hyacinth.

* * * * *

In its original tongue, it would be hard to find anything more beautiful, more concisely expressed than the above little tragedy. There is not a superfluous word. It is unique, photographic almost, essentially human. It may be taken as typical of that face of the medal on which the head of Rembrandt is engraved. For the reverse side, that of Callot, the fantasy entitled *L'Office du Soir* will suffice.

L'OFFICE DU SOIR

Thirty monks, their eyes riveted upon psalters as unkempt as their beards, were praising God and vilifying the Devil.

* * * * * * *

"Madame, your shoulders are a cluster of lilies and roses." And as the cavalier inclined his head, he pierced the eye of his valet with the tip of his sword.

"Mocker!" she whispered. "Are you seeking to distract me?"

"Is it *The Imitation of Jesus* that you are reading, Madame?"

"No, it is *The Game of Love and of Gallantry.*"

But the service had been chanted, and she closed her book and arose from her chair.

"Let us depart," said she. "Enough of prayer for today."

* * * * * * *

And I, a pilgrim, kneeling apart, seemed to hear the angels descending melodiously from the skies.

The art of the above is both scathing and satiric, quite in keeping with the art of Callot. In contrast to it may be quoted the simple, tender appeal of other fancies, selected at random, such as—" The poet is like the wall flower which clings, frail and fragrant, to the granite and demands less of the earth than of the sun."

Other and perhaps more extended citations might be given of Bertrand's peculiar talent, but those already quoted indicate the delicate vein of his genius. There remains only the consideration of his place among his contemporaries, certain deductions upon his art and style, if critical methods can rightly be brought to bear upon a personality so intangible, so imprecise as to baffle almost the scope of criticism.

Bertrand cannot be classed among the leaders of the Romantic Movement, but he ranks high, and is among those who just missed getting into that charmed circle over which Hugo held such royal and undisputed sway. Perhaps if he had lived longer and if poverty and illness had not dogged his footsteps, he might have given freer and larger expression to his genius. He was not fecund in his work. He loved best to retouch, to repolish. He was never satisfied with it, and that is why he produced so little, was forced aside while others, stronger and perhaps less scrupulous, soared to heights he was unable to mount. Yet a nature such as his scorned the readiness and often the eagerness which others sometimes assert in proclaiming their talents to the world. He knew that his work would not live except perhaps in the memory of a few who love to delve into the little byways and discover there what the world has brushed aside and unjustly forgot. In his dedication to Hugo, he affirmed that his little book would succumb to the fate of that which perishes, after having perhaps for a day amused the court and the city which were both so easily entertained. But the aroma that clings to the few pages that still evoke his name will live long among those who are captivated and enchanted by the graces and subtleties of a poetic prose. For indeed his prose is harmonious, cadenced, rhythmic, of an irreproachable purity, clear and precise in its expression, with a picturesqueness that reveals the art of some of those great painters with whom he was

spiritually and artistically in accord. And his work has not been without its influence. Baudelaire and Rodenbach both exploited his *genre littéraire.*

The work of Bertrand was not personal in so far as it mirrored or suggested his own unhappy career. It is largely detached, belongs to quite another day than the long one whose hours he so patiently and so quietly counted. Yet here and there are touches, little confessions that illustrate the theory that no man can ever completely separate himself from the children of his imagination. One can almost look back and resurrect his personality from among these *fantasies mignonnes.*

No doubt, from time to time, he wandered about his Dijon, perhaps on a spring day, captivated by the remnants of its old bastions, its façades barred with the cross of St. Andrew, its churches, its *sainte chapelle,* its abbeys of Saint-Etienne and of Saint-Bênigne, its castle and monastery of Chartreuse, in a word the Dijon of Philippe-le-Hardi, of Jean-sans-Peur, of Philippe-le-Bon and of Charles-leTéméraire. Strolling among the ruins of a past and now decaying glory, he must have become conscious of a Dijon of a later day, the capital of the department of the Côte d'Or known for its Burgundian vintages, its manufactures and its trade in grain. Perhaps, somewhat *désillusionné,* he returned to his lodgings and in the quiet of his room, apart from the manifestations of modernity, dreamed anew of that ancient Dijon with its towers and its turrets, its marvelous histories and its past glories. There, no doubt, in the gathering dusk he set down on paper the phantasmagoria of his keenly sensitive and impressive mind. Like the worker in mosaic, deftly and patiently, he resurrected and reconstructed, fitting here and rejecting there, as persevering as the goldsmith hammering out with dexterous strokes the bit of flashing color that glistens in his hand. In this wise he undoubtedly labored until his fantasies became more than exquisite little bits of prose, scintillated with all the touches and polishings of a beloved craftsmanship recalling here a Gothic jewel, there an example of Japanese enamel, a *potiche d'ivoire,* an ornament of Chinese jade.

FREDERICK PEARCE DELGADO.

NOTES ON A SEASON'S MUSIC

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

I.

WE have heard it said by naïvely flamboyant souls that New York is "the musical Mecca of the world." Well, allowing for certain obvious qualifications which it would be tedious to recite, that is now substantially true. Sooner or later, the European sovereigns of the tonal kingdom—fiddlers and pianists, conductors and singers—journey to this alien capital, and, if they see a chance to make sufficient profit, they become naturalized and remain to dwell among us, bravely subduing their ineffable contempt for us by a determined contemplation of their mounting bank-accounts, and an appreciative observation of the worth of the dollar as against the worth of the lira, the franc, the florin, the ruble, the peseta, and the mark. And where the sovereigns of music dwell, thither flock the worshippers—to lose themselves in wonder, love, and praise at the feet of the businesslike ladies and gentlemen who are willing, for a consideration, to cast their pearls before the herds of this modern country of the Gadarenes—which, for those keen-eyed foreigners, is still, as in former days, upon "the other side of the sea."

It is an ancient comedy, of course, and those who observe its perennial reënactment—the unabated (but tactfully suppressed) contemptuousness of the dispensers of aesthetic largesse, and the ecstatic caperings of the herd—would be wasting their energies if they should view it with any emotion more exhausting than a resigned and melancholy humor. We mention the phenomenon only to make clear once more why it is that so much of the excellence of New York's music-making is a matter of the performer and the performance, rather than of the thing performed. It is still possible, for example—indeed, it is the easiest thing in the

world—for the Metropolitan Opera House to ignore, as it has ignored year after year, that work of extraordinary genius which competent opinion has agreed to regard as the most distinguished music-drama composed since the death of Wagner. If the Metropolitan wishes to add to its French répertoire, it need not concern itself with the difficult best: it need only reach out languidly and gather in—*L'Oiseau Bleu.* What if *Pelléas et Mélisande* is available? What if *Louise* is available? What if *L'Heure Espagnol* is available? What if Ernest Bloch's remarkable *Macbeth* is still unknown outside of Paris? If the Russian répertoire needs expansion, the Metropolitan need not seek to acquire Stravinsky's incomparable *Rossignol;* the banal *Eugene Oniegin* of Tchaikovsky will suffice. Why will it suffice? Because, so long as the Metropolitan has Mr. Caruso (and, less consequentially, Mrs. Tellegen) it need not seriously bestir itself about the rest of its répertoire. Anything will do.

Hence the question asked, year after year, by a certain disconsolate few,—Why does the Metropolitan so often choose third-rate or fourth-rate operas, when first-rate ones are available?—is easily answered. The Metropolitan need not put itself to the trouble of seeking and acquiring works of the first class, because it does not have to. There is no compelling public demand for the best music, but only for illustrious and exciting artists. If, for one reason or another, it seems expedient and rewarding to offer *Zaza* or *La Juive,* why should the Metropolitan concern itself with *Pelléas* or *Louise?* If the public can count upon hearing Mr. Caruso and Mrs. Tellegen, it is wholly satisfied. Not only is it indifferent to the particular vehicles used by those charmers, but it is amiable about the constitution of that negligible part of the répertoire which does not employ them. If it can observe Mrs. Tellegen emotionalizing in the shoddy and worthless *Zaza* on the first Friday of the month, and Mr. Caruso stirring the ancient dust of *La Juive* on the second Friday, it will stomach *L'Oiseau Bleu* on the third Friday without complaint. It is not greedy. If it can have Mr. Caruso, Paris and Lexington Avenue may keep *Pelléas et Mélisande.* Thus it happens that the Metropolitan seasons have resolved themselves, for the most part, into devices for exhibiting Mr. Caruso (or Mrs. Tellegen) and lazy apolo-

gies for withholding them. The devices are easily achieved; the apologies suffice.

That chronically disrespectful observer, Mr. William James Henderson, pointing out in the *Sun-Herald* that the unspeakable Leoncavallo "enjoyed eighteen performances with only two operas, *Pagliacci* and *Zaza,*" observes: "Shall we not grasp something of the great open secret?" We shall indeed: for, as is known to all, Mr. Caruso sublimated the one and Mrs. Tellegen the other. In view of that momentous fact, an enumeration of the season's additions to the Metropolitan list falls into its due position of bottomless unimportance. But, to point our moral and adorn our sorrowful tale, let us name them: There were four "novelties": *Zaza, L'Oiseau Bleu, Eugene Oniegin* and *Cleopatra's Night.* There were four "revivals": *La Juive, Manon, L'Italiana in Algeri* and *Parsifal.* Concerning these refreshments of the répertoire, it may be said briefly that the "novelties" (Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Oniegin* is a toddler of forty-two) are, without exception, works of the fourth or fifth class, and that of the "revivals", two are irremediably antiquated, one is a charming specimen of the operatic *bon-bon* school, and one is among the treasures of the world's art.

The Metropolitan gave seven performances of *Zaza.* But it also gave six performances of *Parsifal,* and for that, much will be forgiven it—even, let us dare to say, *Zaza.* The sagacious and diplomatic Gatti-Casazza not only set up once more within our holy temple of operatic art the holy temple of the Grail, but also, with exquisite Latin courtesy, he made public avowal of his conviction that Wagner, after all, was a very pretty fellow in his day—that he was even capable, perhaps, of enduring the sunlight of a modernity which is irradiated by the genius of Puccini and Rabaud and Albert Wolff.

"Let us say, in no uncertain tone," resolutely affirmed Mr. Gatti-Casazza in a statement to his patrons, "that no war, no human stupidity, no contumacy, can obscure the fact that Richard Wagner created a new musical world which no force ever can destroy or depreciate—a world which exists for the enjoyment of lovers of the theatre and for the life of the theatre itself. . . . If one considers the combination of gifts with which he was endowed, and the result which he succeeded in achieving, beyond all

doubt Wagner was the greatest man that the theatre ever produced. . . . The Metropolitan Opera House was the first to receive *Parsifal* outside its place of origin. This great mystic drama, which ends with the descent from Heaven of the white dove, returns for presentation as if it were a symbol of peace to men of good will.

"It will not be performed either as a social or religious function; no, but as a function truly artistic, and it will evoke emotions profound and pure, such as the rarest scenic-musical spectacles can possibly awaken.

"The life of the Director of a theatre is so infrequent in veritable artistic enjoyment that no hypocritical reason can prevent me from sincerely manifesting my great pleasure in an event so splendid, and of applying to Richard Wagner the invitation of Dante:—

Onorate l'altissimo Poeta!"

. . . . . .

Happily said, and possessing the subordinate virtue of verity. And so, thus graciously chaperoned by one whose contrateutonism was above suspicion, *Parsifal* and his healing spear returned to town. He is not quite the Pure Fool of old. He conveys to us less the atmosphere of Monsalvat than of Muncie, Indiana. He lacks elevation and distinction and imagination, and he walks through a scenic world that suggests Alaska and Asbury Park rather than the mellow quietudes of Monsalvat and the sensuous luxuriance of Klingsor's enchanted houri-land. But the marvelous music is there to compensate every insufficiency and extenuate every ineptitude by its sufficing and inexhaustible beauty.

II.

If the Metropolitan is justly to be wept over for its sins of omission, the visiting Chicago company was equally culpable for its sins of commission. The Chicago organization has an amazing répertoire—a répertoire that stretches from *Pelléas et Mélisande* to *Dinorah,* and exhibits along that almost measureless route such excellent refuges as *L'Heure Espagnol* of Ravel, Montemezzi's *La Nave,* and John Alden Carpenter's delightful *Birthday of the Infanta.* It possesses the incredible Miss Garden, and Rosa Raisa, and Amelita

Galli-Curci—to utter only a few of the most plangent names. But its performances have fallen upon evil days since the death of Mr. Campanini; many of them have become almost unendurable by reason of their crudity and roughness and incoördination. Even the company's supreme artistic card, the *Pelléas* production, tends to decline almost into frustration because of the mishandling of the insensitive bungler who conducts it. Mr. Campanini cannot, alas, be raised from the grave; but the New York performances of the Chicago company must be raised out of the rut of carelessness and perfunctoriness and ineptitude into which they have fallen, if the directors wish to hold the respect of those who are not to be appeased by the Bashanism of Mr. Ruffo or the excitement of waiting to hear if Mme. Galli-Curci is going to sing off the key. It is too much to ask of Miss Garden and Miss Raisa and Mr. Dufranne and other comforting artists among the organization that they should generously compensate for all the aesthetic sins permitted by those who now misdirect the Chicago Opera Company.

III.

Outside of the two opera houses there was, of course, a torrential flood of music-making, yet it bore to us surprisingly little that was both new and important. We discussed some months ago in these pages Mr. Walter Damrosch's production of Vincent d'Indy's Symphony, *De Bello Gallico,* Mr. Stokowski's exploration of Michel Dvorsky's *Haunted Castle* (now leased by Joseph Hofmann) at a concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and certain adventures in pursuit of novelty by Mr. Stransky and the Philharmonic. The concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra yielded us, further, Rachmaninoff's choral symphony, *The Bells,* concerning which we shall content ourselves by remarking that Mr. Rachmaninoff is an admirable pianist. Mr. Carpenter's symphony, *Sermons in Stones,* expounded by Mr. Damrosch, was, alas, unheard by this deponent. Mr. Bodanzky and his new orchestra—to be known henceforth as the National Symphony—played only one work unfamiliar to this capital: a set of variations by that Russian composer who is (or was: there is a vaporous legend of his death) Rimsky-Korsakoff's son-in-law, Maximilian Steinberg. It was worthy music, but it unsettled no complacencies and

troubled no preconceptions. The unfortunate Boston Symphony Orchestra, up to its patrician neck in tribulations, and worn to a shadow of its former self, has continued with desperate bravery to give concerts. Prior to the revolution in its ranks, it made known to New York an admirable score, *The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan,* by the lamented Charles T. Griffes, who died just as his sincere and finely-grained music had begun to win a belated recognition. Mr. Griffes was a creator who uttered his own thoughts, who looked out upon the world from a hilltop that he himself had discovered. He was a poet with a sense of comedy. He was neither smug nor pretentious. A fastidious craftsman, a scrupulous artist, he went his own way, modestly but unswervingly. Incidentally, he was an American. His loss is deplorable. Many among his confrères could be better spared.

IV.

The outstanding feature of the musical season has been the triumphant return of Wagner to his kingdom—not yet (save for *Parsifal*) in the opera house, but in the concert-room. Mr. Damrosch, Mr. Stransky, Mr. Monteux, Mr. Bodanzky, must have agreed in anticipation with those wise and sane words of General Mangin, of the French Army, spoken at Paris a few months ago: "So far as I am concerned, I fail to see that music has anything to do with patriotism. The repugnance which we have known toward German art must disappear. I am not shocked when I hear Wagner's music, and I can still appreciate the works of Goethe." A year ago Sir Thomas Beecham gave *Walküre* in Manchester, as he had given *Tristan* and *Meistersinger* before that. We in America have thus far achieved only *Parsifal.* But our concert-going public, like that of Paris (which recently declared by referendum its desire for Wagner) has clamored with an irresistible voice for the music of that supreme magician of the orchestra. Wagner—Wagner the virulent anti-Prussian, the revolutionist of 1848—has overwhelmingly come back to our concert-rooms, and "the mighty marching and the golden burning" of his music have swept across the season's programmes like a renovating wind.

There are in music two transcendent masters of beautiful speech. One of them knew the secret of a loveliness so

searching and exquisite and unflawed that the marvel of it wears an almost supermundane cast. The other made of his music a blazing pillar of fire—a thing so incandescent and unquenchable that every other flame that had shone before it seemed, for a time, a little dulled. Debussy we have had constantly with us through the dark pain of recent years; Wagner we have now recovered.

His ultimate place is really, after all, in the concert-room rather than the opera-house. We conceive him not primarily as a master of stage-effect through music, but as an acute and absorbed interpreter of the human heart—of its emotional and spiritual conflicts, and of the natural backgrounds, splendid or terrible, against which are projected those passionate silhouettes. His cumbrous and overloaded dramas will probably endure only by virtue of the incomparable music for which they were the excuse—that wonderful tonal flood which streamed inexhaustibly for a quarter of a century, from *Rheingold* to *Parsifal*. Nothing can dim the glory of Wagner the weaver of tones. His place is unique among the Olympians, where he sits, one fancies, apart—a little homesick for that distant moon, the Earth, but measurably consoled, no doubt, by the realization (which he would be the last to discount) that he had left to mankind the greatest music in the world.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

THE meeting of the Prime Ministers and other representatives of the Allied Powers at San Remo began with a practical repudiation of any further dictation by President Wilson in the Turkish or other European questions; an action reported to have been taken at the initiative of Mr. Lloyd George. This was followed by an invitation to the United States to undertake the organization and tutelage of the restored Armenian State, with a large degree of authority in fixing its boundaries. While it was believed that the President was not averse to accepting this proposal, the enormous prospective cost of it in both men and money, in addition to the danger of unwelcome complications with other Powers, made it certain that Congress would never sanction the scheme. The United States, however, followed the example of other Powers in recognizing the independence of the Armenian Republic.

The San Remo conference promptly refused the request of Germany for an increase of her army from 100,000 to 200,000 men, and insisted that the terms of the Treaty of Versailles be fulfilled. There was a difference of opinion, however, as to the method of coercion to be applied, if necessary, Great Britain favoring an economic blockade with no independent action by any one Power, while France strongly inclined toward military occupation and insisted upon reserving the right to take independent action in case of need. It was tentatively agreed to fix the German indemnity at three billion marks a year for thirty years, the mark to be reckoned at its ante-bellum value; making a total payment of about $22,000,000,000. This great reduction of the indemnity from the figures formerly suggested gave much popular dissatisfaction in France. It was arranged that a conference should be held with a German envoy on May 25. Provision was made for the control of the Dardanelles by two Commissions, one commercial and one military; and

for a parley with Soviet Russia if an acceptable envoy were sent from that country. The conference adjourned with a scathing arraignment of Germany for bad faith, and with cordial expressions of harmony among the Allies.

In the making of the Treaty of Versailles it was supposed that what we may describe as humane economics outweighed mere political and diplomatic considerations, and that the aim was to effect a reorganization of Europe under which the various peoples could live and prosper. Yet in the practical working out of that instrument, thus far at least, the precisely opposite result has been attained. Perhaps it was for some reason necessary to frame the treaty so. Of that we shall not assume to judge. But certain it is that largely because of conditions created by the treaty great populations are suffering indescribable distress and wholesale tragedy. Of all perhaps the plight of Vienna is worst. What was formerly one of the gayest and happiest capitals in the world is now a city of death. People are literally dying in the streets of famine and of the plagues which accompany famine, and often lie dead by the wayside for a long time, because there are none to bury them. Now the treaty of peace with Austria separated politically from Vienna all those regions from which that city drew its supplies, leaving it a territory entirely inadequate to meet its needs. Also, it compelled a transfer, not merely proprietary but also geographical, of the bulk of the effective rolling stock of the railroads centering at Vienna to the Allies. The result has been that in Jugo-Slavia there were millions of bushels of wheat, spoiling in barns and warehouses; that the railroads between Jugo-Slavia and Austria were almost idle and abandoned, for lack of cars and engines; that Italian railroad sidings were overcrowded with Austro-Hungarian rolling stock, far beyond possibility of use; and that the people of Vienna were dying of starvation almost literally "like flies in a frost." Now such a state of affairs is neither humane nor economical. It may not be human nature for us to sympathize very tenderly with Germans, whether in Vienna or Berlin, in their distress, but it certainly is not human nature to doom them to death by famine or to stand by indifferent while they perish. Assuredly it is not sound business thus to let them perish, or to sink into a degeneracy and degradation from which it

will take many years to redeem them. There is not one consideration worthy of civilization which does not rebuke the unwisdom of dooming them to such a plight, and that does not demand for them the relief which it is within the power of the world, even of the United States, to give.

The distress is not alone among the Tedesci and the Huns, however. The foremost champion of the Allied cause is suffering far more sorely than one American in a thousand imagines. It is true that France has maintained her morale in a way that is the wonder and the glory of the world. It is true that she has done engineering works of restoration in the devastated regions which make our boasted labors in the Isthmian Canal seem insignificant. Yet the simple fact that the "City of Light" has, for economy's sake, to be darkened every evening at nine speaks volumes of the privations, the suffering, the woe which Paris and all France are uncomplainingly enduring. Whether, then, we look at our late foes or at our most gallant allies, it is impossible without culpable wilfulness to be blind to the fact that conditions exist to-day which imperil if not the social existence at least the economic integrity of the European continent. Sir Auckland Geddes did not exaggerate when in his first words here as British Ambassador he reminded us of the awful woe of Europe and of the necessity, for the whole world's sake and our own, that everything possible should be done for its amelioration.

Another revolution is added to the chequered and blood-stained record of Mexico; running its course with more expedition and, at least until the climax, with less wanton atrocity, than many of its predecessors. Beginning in Sonora, its real character was at first misunderstood, many representing it to be a movement for secession, and even for annexation to the United States. The latter imputation seemed to be strengthened by the very popular refusal of United States authorities to permit Mexican troops to cross the border and traverse American territory in order more easily to reach the disaffected region. For these reports there was, however, no ground, and as the insurrection steadily spread from State to State it became evident that it was a nation-wide revolution against the rule of President Carranza. The States of Sinaloa, Chihuahua, Nyarit and others in the northwest first joined Sonora, but were soon

followed by others in central and southern Mexico, including those in proximity to the capital, and by May 9 the revolution was practically complete. The City of Mexico and the ports of Tampico and Vera Cruz, together with more than three-fourths of the territory of the republic, were in the possession of the revolutionists, and President Carranza was in flight and hiding. There was comparatively little bloodshed or wanton outrage until the end, when the Carranzist government, before abandoning the capital, is said to have caused a general massacre of political prisoners. The leader of the revolution was General Alvaredo Obregon, who was formerly President Carranza's chief supporter and who led the Carranzist troops into the City of Mexico upon the downfall and expulsion of President Huerta. Francisco Villa, who for years had maintained a guerrilla campaign against Carranza, early in the revolution personally withdrew from the field and turned over his forces and supplies to General Obregon.

Venustiano Carranza, one of the greatest of the feudal "land barons" of northern Mexico, made himself "Provisional President" of Mexico in 1914 by virtue of a forcible revolution, in which he was materially aided by the sympathetic attitude of President Wilson and by the latter's stubborn refusal to recognize the government of President Huerta.

In March, 1917, he had himself "elected" as "Constitutional President," the first since Porfirio Diaz, for a term of four years, under a new constitution which abolished the Vice-Presidency and made the President ineligible for reelection. In anticipation of the new Presidential election, to take place next month, General Obregon several months ago put himself forward as a candidate. President Carranza, unable to succeed himself, opposed his former lieutenant, and put forward General Pablo Gonzales as the Administration candidate; but soon dropped him and substituted Señor Ignacio Bonillas, who had been Mexican Ambassador at Washington. It was suspected and charged that this was done in order that Señor Bonillas, if elected, might be declared ineligible on a technicality, and President Carranza might thus be enabled to retain office as a "holdover." General Gonzales promptly joined forces with General Obregon in organizing the revolution which in a few weeks overthrew the Carranza Government.

The new British Ambassador, Sir Auckland Geddes, arrived in Washington and was received promptly by the Secretary of State, though not by the President. In his first published utterance he referred in an optimistic tone to the question of Irish government as a domestic problem, to be settled by Irishmen in Ireland. The purpose of the British Government was to place upon Irishmen in Ireland "the constitutional responsibility of finding for themselves, within the framework of the British Empire, the solution for their political differences." That done, the British Government would refrain from meddling, and it would be profitable, the Ambassador thought, for Irishmen outside of Ireland, and indeed all others, similarly to stand aside and to give the island an unembarrassed opportunity to work out its own salvation. These judicious sentiments have evoked no favorable response from the agitators for Irish secession and independence, either in Ireland or this country, and there is little ground for hoping that any plan which retains Ireland "within the framework of the British Empire" will be accepted by them. Meantime the reporting of the new Home Rule bill out of Committee to the House of Commons has been delayed until May 25, with the understanding that the Nationalists will take no part in the debate and that the Unionists will offer no extreme opposition. In Ireland itself there is no indication that the Sinn Fein organization, which now has local control of most of the island, will recede in the least from its attitude of unrelenting hostility to anything short of complete separation from the British Empire and the establishment of an Irish Republic.

The "outlaw" strikes ended quickly, and almost as abruptly as they began. During their brief career Mr. Gompers condemned them as a blunder, but strove to throw the blame for their occurrence upon Congress. The great Railroad Brotherhoods consistently and resolutely opposed them, and gave their valuable and efficient aid to the railroad managers in suppressing them. The Attorney-General declared them to have been incited by "Reds" and Bolshevists from Russia, though he omitted to produce any specific proof of his charge; he caused the arrest of a number of the "outlaw" leaders at Chicago for violation of the Lever Act; and soon after their collapse instituted an investigation into their

origin in the apparent hope of proving his theory of Bolshevist origin.

By far the most important and deeply significant factor in the "strike-breaking" was, however, the revolt of the people. With quite unprecedented unanimity the public condemned the strikes, and everywhere, with spontaneity and zeal, volunteers offered their services to the railroads as temporary firemen. In this way a partial service was maintained on most of the roads. Conspicuous in this movement were men of wealth, professional men, college and university students, and members of the American Legion. Incidentally, the Legion thus incurred the disapproval of the Central Federated Union of New York City, that Socialistically inclined labor organization forbidding its members to belong to the strike-breaking Legion.

At mid-April the strikes were ordered off, and many of the men returned to work. Some refused to do so, however, although the railroad companies generously prolonged the time in which they might do so without prejudice to their standing. But when the last hour of grace had expired and their return became permissible only on the same basis as entirely new employes, they clamored to be taken back without loss of seniority. In this unreasonable demand some Brotherhood officers, apparently for the sake of avoiding controversy, were inclined to support them, though they readily acquiesced in the peremptory refusal of the companies to yield to it. The strikers announced that the Brotherhoods would support their demand and would order a universal strike to enforce it. Instead, the Brotherhoods expelled from their fellowship about 2,000 of the strikers by revoking the charters of nine of their "locals" in New Jersey.

Meantime the exigencies of the strike moved the President to make his long-delayed appointment of the new Railroad Labor Board, consisting of nine members equally divided among representatives of the roads, of the labor unions and of the general public. He also called and personally attended his first Cabinet meeting since he started on his disastrous stumping tour last summer. The new Board on organizing declined to recognize or to receive representations from the "outlaw" strikers, on the ground that their striking was in violation of law.

The new Industrial Court in Kansas was invoked against the strike of railroad switchmen in that State, and it issued warrants under which several strike leaders were arrested and sent to jail. This action was railed against by organized labor, and the constitutionality of the law creating the Industrial Court was challenged. One Kansas sheriff disgraced his office by permitting the chief strike leader to emerge from his cell and from a balcony of the jail to harangue a mob with a diatribe against the Governor and an exhortation to resist the law. The court to which appeal was made against the Industrial Court law promptly decided, however, that that act was entirely constitutional and that the warrants and other processes of the court in question were therefore valid. The ground of this decision was the broad and impregnable one of the right of a State to protect the welfare of its citizens against any injury or menace.

The railroads are reporting in hundreds of millions of dollars their imperative need of funds for immediate betterment of their service. How great is the need of such betterment must be obvious to all who have any knowledge of conditions. The Western States of the Mississippi Valley are overburdened with wheat and potatoes and cattle and other food supplies, which they are eager to ship to the Eastern States, but which cannot be moved because of lack of cars. In such a state of inefficient equipment have Government control and operation left the roads. The extent of such impairment of equipment may be estimated from the reported fact that about twenty-five per cent of express cars, including refrigerator cars, were scrapped by the Government and not replaced. The magnitude of the business done by and dependent upon those cars may also be estimated from the fact that a single company sends out about 450 of them from New York City alone every day in the year. The requests of the roads for permission to increase their freight rates 30 per cent will, if granted, afford some relief in operation accounts. But the paramount need of the day is for the construction of freight cars by thousands and tens of thousands; and cars cannot be built in a day. Meantime the Appropriation Committee of the House of Representatives reports that the loss to the Government through its operation of the railroads was about $1,129,000,-

000. Of this $904,000,000 was the outright loss, and the balance was the prospective loss of uncollectible loans made to some of the roads.

Despite official promises of relief, and sporadic and spectacular raids by the Department of Justice upon profiteers, the high cost of living continues to grow higher, particularly in prices of food. Government reports show that in February last food prices averaged exactly twice what they were in February, 1913. During the last year the general cost of living, including food, clothing, housing, fuel and light, increased 21 per cent, and during the four months ending with March it increased seven per cent, showing a pretty steady increase of 1.75 per cent a month. Varying and contradictory views of the cause also increase and multiply. The Federal Reserve Board attributes it to inefficiency, to under-production, and to the increased cost of obtaining capital. Representatives of transportation and commerce on the other hand charge it against an alleged breakdown in railroad service, alleging that the Mississippi Valley is overburdened with surplus stores of food products of all kinds, which are spoiling in warehouses for lack of cars to ship them to market. Amid the confusion of counsels the one thing certain seems to be that governmental meddling with business has not resulted in benefit to the people.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE SPIRIT OF SELECTIVE SERVICE. By Major-General E. H. Crowder, U. S. A. New York: The Century Company.

Doubtless, the "embattled farmers" who "fired the shot heard round the world" were willing volunteers. But doubtless, too, the work which they began had to be carried on by conscripts. That is one of the facts of American history too little recognized, and too glibly ignored by those who urge that the volunteer system should be retained as sufficient for all time. It is a fact that in our Revolution, when the Colonists were supposed to have sprung spontaneously to arms for liberty and independence, even enormous bounties failed to attract sufficient volunteers, and conscription had to be resorted to, at the urging of Washington himself, to fill the ranks of the patriot army. So it took seven years for our army, in which there were from first to last nearly 400,000 men, to conquer a British force which never numbered more than 42,000. Still more humiliating was the failure of the volunteer system in our second war with Great Britain. When we began that war we had seven million people, and there were only 4,500 British soldiers on this side of the Atlantic. If we could have put anything like our full military strength into the field, we should have occupied Canada and ended the war, at least on land, in a single campaign. But with an authorized army strength of 35,000 we had an actual strength of only 6,700, and we looked to volunteers to do the rest. The result was three years of disaster and disgrace and a certainty that, if peace had not come when it did, we should have had to resort to conscription for the defence of our own soil from invasion and conquest. In the Mexican War we won in spite of the volunteer system, because of our immense superiority in numbers and spirit over the enemy. But in the Civil War the volunteer system again failed to meet our needs, and not only failed but, as General Crowder says, "collapsed decisively, finally, and completely."

There are, of course, rampageous Pacifists who in their own conceit are far wiser about military affairs than a mere Major-General of the United States Army, and who will dispute the lessons if not the facts of history. To rational men and women, however, General Crowder's lucid presentment of facts and his cogent arguments upon them will prove convincing. To them, also, his account of the final resort to Selective Service, and of the practical operation of that system and of its results, will be not only convincing but also as interesting as a dramatic romance. For he has beside an attractive literary style the happy and priceless faculty of putting himself in his reader's place,

and of telling what the reader wants to know, in just the way in which the reader can best understand it. The volume is written, indeed, not as if by a professional soldier, advocating and vindicating militarism, but as if by a citizen who views the army from the civic point of view. For such illuminative and instructive setting forth of facts, both old and new but always pertinent, the volume would be of timely value.

But General Crowder goes far beyond such limits. Having seen the value of Selective Service in time of war, he conceives that its spirit and even some of its methods may be of equal value in time of peace, for the solution of some of the greatest of the problems which vex the land and which at times seem almost to imperil its integrity. Some of these problems were startlingly revealed to us, indeed, through the operation of Selective Service. It was thus, for example, that we learned that, despite the flattering unction of the census, one-fifth of our young men of military age were illiterate. Since that appalling revelation was made, all thoughtful men have realized that popular education was one of the most serious tasks before the nation. We say "before the nation" purposely, because it is clear, as General Crowder demonstrates, that it is a national and not a local or a State problem, and that its solution, while effected through local and State agencies, must be on a national principle and through a national impulse. There must, that is to say, be precisely what there was in the selective conscription; there must be a National initiative and ideal, and then coöperation among the States and coördination between the States and the Nation, for the realization of that ideal. Local and State education must be not merely such as will serve local and State needs, but such as will serve the needs of the whole Nation.

A similar application of the principle should be made to the protection and promotion of public health, and to other matters of great importance in which uniformity of practice is essential to the highest welfare of the Nation. In fact, all through our public services, without in the least impairing legitimate State sovereignty, General Crowder would have what he himself describes as "the coöperation of State and Federal governmental agencies, and their integration in the execution of great national policies, preserving local self-government, yet making possible uniform, consistent, and efficient administration of national undertakings." That was, of course, precisely what Selective Service did for our military administration. It is reasonable to believe that the same principle could and would be equally efficient in other departments of administration.

Nor does General Crowder stop there. He argues for the extension of the spirit and some of the methods of Selective Service beyond the ordinary bounds of political and civic activity, into the industrial and business world, where he rightly conceives the greatest of our problems to be. Such application of the principle is not perhaps as obvious or as simple as that to education or sanitation, yet it is no less logical, and it may well be believed that it would have highly beneficial results. General Crowder would begin by creating within each industrial plant a council composed of representatives of both employers and employes. Next he would have a national council within each industry, similarly composed. Finally, there would be a national council

of all industries, a national industrial parliament, the voice of which he thinks would be so potent that its recommendations and requests could not be lightly treated. He is not so optimistic, however, as to expect that this council would settle every dispute and prevent all strikes. So he would have some of the machinery and some of the compulsory force of the Selective Draft adopted, in local boards clothed with full power to investigate, to prescribe settlements, and to use at least the full weight of their influence as the representative of the general public to make the prescriptions effective. This would provide a nucleus and a leadership for precisely such an assertion of public sentiment and of public action as proved so decisive in the recent "outlaw" strikes. We should add that General Crowder would apply the same principle to the control of "big business" in the trusts that he would to the demands of labor unions.

It is this intensely practical application of the lessons of the narrative which gives the volume its supreme value. It may be that some of its propositions are more ingenious than practicable, though it would not be easy to point them out. It may be that the writer is over-hopeful of the success of some of his plans, though he maintains generally an admirable tone of moderation. It is certain that he has, in a broad and patriotic spirit, presented most lucidly what he esteems to be the lesson of one of the greatest administrative achievements in the history of our Government, all of which he saw and a large part of which he was, and thus has given to the public a book filled from beginning to end with instruction and with suggestion of exceptional value.

WITH THE WITS: Shelburne Essays, Tenth Series. By Paul Elmer More. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Criticism is a sort of half-philosophy—a constructive and persuasive commentary upon books and life, in which reference is made to premises often not fully or precisely stated; the point of view shifting from ethical to esthetic, and from historic to psychological. In the end, the highest praise that most critics can merit is to be thoroughly rational and human, to be well-balanced and sympathetic—to make, as the Eighteenth Century phrased the thought, "just" observations.

In his book, *The Drift of Romanticism,* Mr. More stated his premises frankly and explicitly. The "definitions of dualism" apply, of course more directly to life than to literature; but they apply to literature. The general principle of criticism that emerges from Mr. More's discussion of Romanticism, and less regularly from his less systematic essays, such as those in the present volume, *With the Wits,* is that literary enjoyment at its height is no less moral than intellectual: it implies "understanding," "insight," "intuition" *plus* the free play of feeling and imagination.

This conception is probably sound—at all events it may save a person from some bad influences and from many egregious follies and fads without necessarily making a prig of him. It is not, however —and doubtless is not intended to be—a principle on which to base a definition of art or literature. A satisfactory definition of art, or of literature as an art, no man has framed. The only way in which va-

rious attempts to define art or literature hold together is in recognizing that all art gives a certain kind of enjoyment, felt to be harmless or beneficial, that is different from the effect of the corresponding experiences in life. Every imaginative child who reads fairy tales knows that there is a delight in reading about things that is quite different from the delight of doing them or being them.

In short, the extent to which an appreciative reader in reading a work of the imagination abstracts from the content is quite wonderful, and that critic who said that "Mr. Horner" in *A Country Wife* is not immoral because Mr. Horner is, in effect "all moonshine" and was never intended to be anything else was partially justified. The pleasure given by literary art is unique and not easy to account for. The apt expression of a thing seems in many instances to be the main factor—this rather than the thing expressed. Otherwise there is really no explaining the labor bestowed upon art, and the naïve acceptance of its value, from the prehistoric times when the cave man laboriously scratched an excellent engraving of a horse upon a marrow bone and listened to stories of gods and animals before the fire at night, to the days of Whistler and Henry James. Nor have the estheticians who have essayed to reduce the spell of art to principles of form, or the psychological critics who would explain our enjoyment of Falstaff or Benvenuto Cellini as the result of releasing a suppressed wish in a harmless channel altogether convinced us.

Of course, "moral intuition" as the most important element in life must be recognized as affecting any art that deals with life. When literature advocates something either openly or covertly, the criticism of its ideas is a high function. The Romanticists conducted a sort of subtle propaganda, and the decadents are always playing up their defects as virtues. Such pretensions need to be analyzed, and no one has done this better than Mr. More in *The Drift of Romanticism;* yet admirers of Walter Pater, whose philosophy Mr. More has effectively attacked, have been known to raise their brows in some surprise and inquire whether Pater had any philosophy. Only half-educated people, as a rule, worry much over the philosophy of Omar Khayyam. In short, art, with its peculiar power of abstraction, is in itself a healthy thing, and the critic who lays too much stress upon the moral element may be found occasionally "barking up the wrong tree."

Though so rude a suggestion hardly fits the case of Mr. More, one may fairly point out to readers who are captivated by his persuasiveness and his authority, that the principle which he applies most often is just one of the many tests that may be applied in the complex business of literary criticism. It is of great value in those cases to which it is applicable; but in many cases what one really wants of the critic is an a-moral account of things, an analysis or exposition of the mysteries of the "literary sense." Mr. More's critical principle must take its chances with other and competing principles. It must be judged by its usefulness in practice; it must be judged by its fruits. In point of fact, the results in the volume under consideration, are somewhat uneven. Sometimes the author seems to be trying to make more of his ethical point of view than can well be made of it; in such cases he seems, if not by any means one-idea-ed, still a little unsatisfactory—

even impotent. At other times, when his criticism has to be mainly historical and psychological, one may feel a certain lack of zest. The accounts for example, of Aphra Behn, of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and of the Duke of Wharton—in all of which the main object is to give the proper life-setting—are, though accurate and judicious, somewhat lacking in that richness of sympathy and suggestion which can make literary criticism in some few cases of more value than the literature criticized. In still other cases Dr. More's point of view exactly fits his theme, and the results are strongly illuminating.

Perhaps a good deal of undeserved panegyric has been poured out upon the minor Elizabethans, by Swinburne and others: yet it does not seem that any sufficient object is gained by dwelling heavily upon the moral confusion that reigns in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. "If we are to criticize honestly," writes Mr. More, "and are to avoid blurring the fine distinctions in artistic enjoyment, we should not forget to weigh against such riches of entertainment the deep-lying fault which prevents this drama from taking a place beside the more fully satisfying productions of art. And, in a longer view, we should remember that, as the wit of our twin dramatists passed by a slight change into that of the restoration, so their use of the passions and emotions is one of the important sources of the romantic vein in later English literature." This is placing a heavy weight of responsibility upon the authors of *The Maids Tragedy* and *Philaster*. On the other hand, a real question would seem to be how it is that we lost the attitude that made possible the enjoyment of such plays in which moral confusion is too obvious to raise any question concerning itself, and, besides losing the capacity to enjoy drama in which the characters as moral beings are "all moonshine," became addicted to the subtle and insinuating, the melancholy and distressing unmorality of the later Romanticists and decadents.

Again, to say of Gray that "the very omissions in his self-portraiture, the very failure to carry any of his intellectual and emotional tendencies to their complete expression, may be regarded not as a weakness, but as a mark of the restraint and clarity which were the positive characteristics of the Eighteenth Century," seems rather futile. The moral significance of Gray's life and work is, indeed, rather hard to find, and restraint and clarity, it is only too clear, may not save a man from an *ennui* that is almost as bad as the romantic malady that Mr. More has so brilliantly diagnosed in other writers.

Of Swift and Pope, however, Mr. More writes with much profit to the reader. Although he confesses inability to find the secret of Swift's personality—"I thought to explore the man's soul," he says, "but my little lamp of criticism was extinguished in the heavy air of that cavern"—the account he gives of this great man who hated the human race while he loved individual men, is just and considerate—an effective exposition of greatness, free from the errors of sentiment and of the pertness of professional character analysis and retrospective fortune-telling. As much may be said for the essay on Pope, which enables one to appreciate the real greatness of the man, not only as the much patronized author of *The Rape of the Lock*, but as what he undoubtedly was—one of the greatest of satirists. To induce readers

to look clear beyond the usual criticisms of Pope—the prose brilliancies, the philosophical superficialities, and all that, and to find his real worth is no small achievement.

THE CAREER OF LEONARD WOOD. By Joseph Hamblen Sears. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Mr. Sears has written an excellent, straightforward account of his subject—an account not too eulogistic to be convincing; neither so heavy as a sketch from a biographical dictionary, nor so ex parte as a campaign document. The author does not speak of Wood as if this well-deserving soldier and citizen were a Washington or a Lincoln; yet he does successfully emphasize solid achievements and strong traits traditionally American—sterling character, a large and realistic grasp of situations; above all, that ability to get big things done without fuss, lacking which, high character has merely an exemplary value.

Leonard Wood was born in the little town of Winchester, New Hampshire, on October 9, 1860. His early years were spent on Cape Cod, the physical conformation of which, suggesting "a doubled-up arm with a clenched fist," the biographer quaintly imagines to be a symbol of Leonard Wood's character. Whatever may be the significance of Cape Cod, rugged strength of character seems to have been an endowment of Wood's from his youth up.

After graduating from Harvard Medical School in 1884, he spent the usual period of probation as an intern in a hospital, and then began practicing in Boston. But he wanted action, and he craved an outdoor life. Thus when the opportunity came to him to enter the army as a surgeon, he readily embraced it. He was first ordered to duty at Fort Warren in Boston Harbor, but he remained at this post only a few days. In June, 1885, in response to his own request for "action," he was ordered to Arizona to report to General Crook on the Mexican border near Fort Huachua.

In the last of the Indian fighting, the campaign against the Apaches under Geronimo, the young Army Surgeon distinguished himself for fighting qualities and for leadership. Years later he was awarded for his Indian work the Congressional Medal of Honor—a rare and much-coveted prize. More precious still was the consciousness that he had won the genuine respect of all the real men with whom he had associated in the army.

In 1895 Wood was ordered to Washington to become Assistant Attending Surgeon. In this capacity, he became the personal friend of both Cleveland and McKinley. In 1896 he was introduced to Theodore Roosevelt, and the friendship between these two men, who were in many respects vitally alike, lasted without a break until Roosevelt's death. Wood and Roosevelt agreed upon the necessity of military preparedness, and upon the moral obligation of this country to intervene in behalf of Cuba. "Have you and Theodore declared war yet?" President McKinley would inquire in the days before the war with Spain. And the reply would be, "No, we think you ought to, Mr. President."

Wood came out of the Spanish War a Brigadier General of Volunteers. The city of Santiago had been surrendered on July 17, 1898. On the twentieth, General Wood was summoned by General Shafter, commanding the American forces, and informed that he had been detailed to take command of the city, secure and maintain order, feed the starving, and reorganize generally. What he achieved is a matter of history. The difficulties of the task, however, can be but imperfectly realized by one who has not read some such account of the matter as Mr. Sears concisely and effectively gives. Unspeakable sanitary conditions had to be overcome; the people had to be taught respect for law and order and confidence in American justice. All this was done not only with efficiency, but with notable absence of friction.

In December, 1899, less than a year after the United States took over the Island, General Wood was appointed by President McKinley Governor General of Cuba and made a Major General of United States Volunteers. The new task, as Mr. Sears points out, was by no means merely the continuation of the work at Santiago on a larger scale. This statement holds true even if one regards sanitation alone. "It was possible in an epidemic to close up houses temporarily, stop business and commercial intercourse for a period, where only 50,000 people were concerned. But to stop the daily commerce of a large city, the capital of a state, was out of the question." If one looks at the problem as a whole, one perceives that the situation called not only for administrative talents of a high order, but for unusual breadth and steadiness of vision. The task of reorganizing Cuba for the benefit of the Cubans was a new thing: nothing quite like it had ever been undertaken before in the whole history of the world. The work was done as quietly and effectively as if the problem of making over a country without exciting the enmity of its inhabitants and of getting those inhabitants to adapt themselves to the new order of things were merely a matter of well-understood routine. Mr. Sears gives the facts that justify Theodore Roosevelt's statement in *The Harvard Graduates Magazine,* in 1901: "Leonard Wood four years ago went down to Cuba, has served there ever since, has rendered services to that country of the kind which if performed three thousand years ago would have made him a hero mixed up with a sun god in various ways."

In 1903, Wood went to the Philippines as Governor General of the Moros. Two years later, after a visit to the United States, he returned as Commander-in-Chief of the American forces in the Philippines. By 1908, his work in those islands—a work calling for the qualities of a statesman—was practically completed. The whole story, as Mr. Sears more than once remarks concerning Wood's achievements, "might be told in words of one syllable." These were typically American accomplishments—simple, but difficult.

It is much that in twenty-two years, General Wood, beginning his army life as a surgeon rose to the highest position in the Regular Army that any one may hold; it is far more that he became a mightily effective influence for patriotism. What one gathers from Mr. Sears's narrative, however, is the consistency of the whole career.

Wood's experience in the Indian wars, his struggles with red tape and inefficiency before and during the Spanish War, his work as an administrator in Cuba and in the Philippines, his thorough studies of the military policies and methods of foreign nations, his conferences with men like Lord Roberts and Lord Cromer, all helped to make him a great carrier and exponent of efficient patriotic service. Most of us now see that he and Roosevelt were profoundly and thoroughly and comprehensively right in the stand that they took on preparedness; and the country owes a great debt to both these men. Yet when, on his return from a visit to the French front in 1917, General Wood asked to be reinstated in his command of the Eighty-ninth Division and sent abroad, his request was refused.

A Golden Age of Authors. By William W. Ellsworth. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

For a bookish man there is keen pleasure in reading such reminiscenses as Mr. Ellsworth has furnished. There is delight in simply being in the literary atmosphere which pervades his pages. Connected with the *Century Magazine* throughout its career and with its predecessor, *Scribner's Monthly,* from its founding in 1870 to its renaming as *The Century* in 1881, Mr. Ellsworth has been closely in touch with American men and women of letters through a long period. What one principally treasures in his account is the impression that it gives of unaffected gentility, of high-mindedness and of right-mindedness, in those who built up our periodical literature.

The number of great literary personalities that figure in this book justifies the title: Stevenson, Stockton, Helen Hunt Jackson, Warner, Cable, Howells, Bret Harte, John Hay, Noah Brooks, Walt Whitman —one could fill a page with the names alone. If you are not interested in the older authors, you can read of Jack London and H. G. Wells. The reader will learn many curious things. He will find out in what manner many now famous authors, from Mary Wilkins to Charles D. Stewart, author of *The Fugitive Blacksmith,* were "discovered"; and how *Ben Hur* and other masterpieces nearly failed of publication.

The stories in this book are in general slight and casual; but they are all unhackneyed, and they have a quality of their own: the slightest of them is a revelation of character. When all is said, however, the most distinctive feature of the book is not its presentation of celebrities. If one had to choose between the stories of those already much written about and the author's accounts of persons notable enough in their way but much less widely and directly known to the world, one would unhesitatingly choose the latter. Much to be prized are the glimpses one gets in these pages of Timothy Cole, the engraver, of William Carey, of blessed memory, of Theodore DeVinne, founder of the DeVinne Press. In real human value the author's reminiscences of these and some others exceed even such familiar and authentic memories as those of Richard Watson Gilder and Hopkinson Smith.

The Village of Dara's Mercy

In India they still tell the story, how Prince Dara, one of the Great Moguls, was made to ride through the city in mockery, sitting on a scarecrow elephant, while his people wept with grief to see him.

This prince was loved not less for his justice and mercy than for his prowess in war. They tell how once he held audience alone with the beautiful maiden, Rukmani, who held her veil with clutching fingers in the presence of the Prince.

"What a terror you are in, woman," he spoke softly. "You tremble as the dove caught by the snarer. Who are you? Where are you from? Speak freely. Come you not willingly to Dara's tent? Dara has many beautiful women. You shall be one of them."

Rukmani drew back her veil. "It cannot be, my lord," she answered.

The reason why, and what Prince Dara did when he heard—all this makes part of one of those charming Oriental legends that the Hindus tell and retell around the village fire after the day's toil is over.

"The almond-groves of Samarcand,
Bokhara, where red lilies blow,
And Oxus, by whose yellow sand
The grave white-turbaned merchants go"—

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